IND.

MALE

MAR. 25c

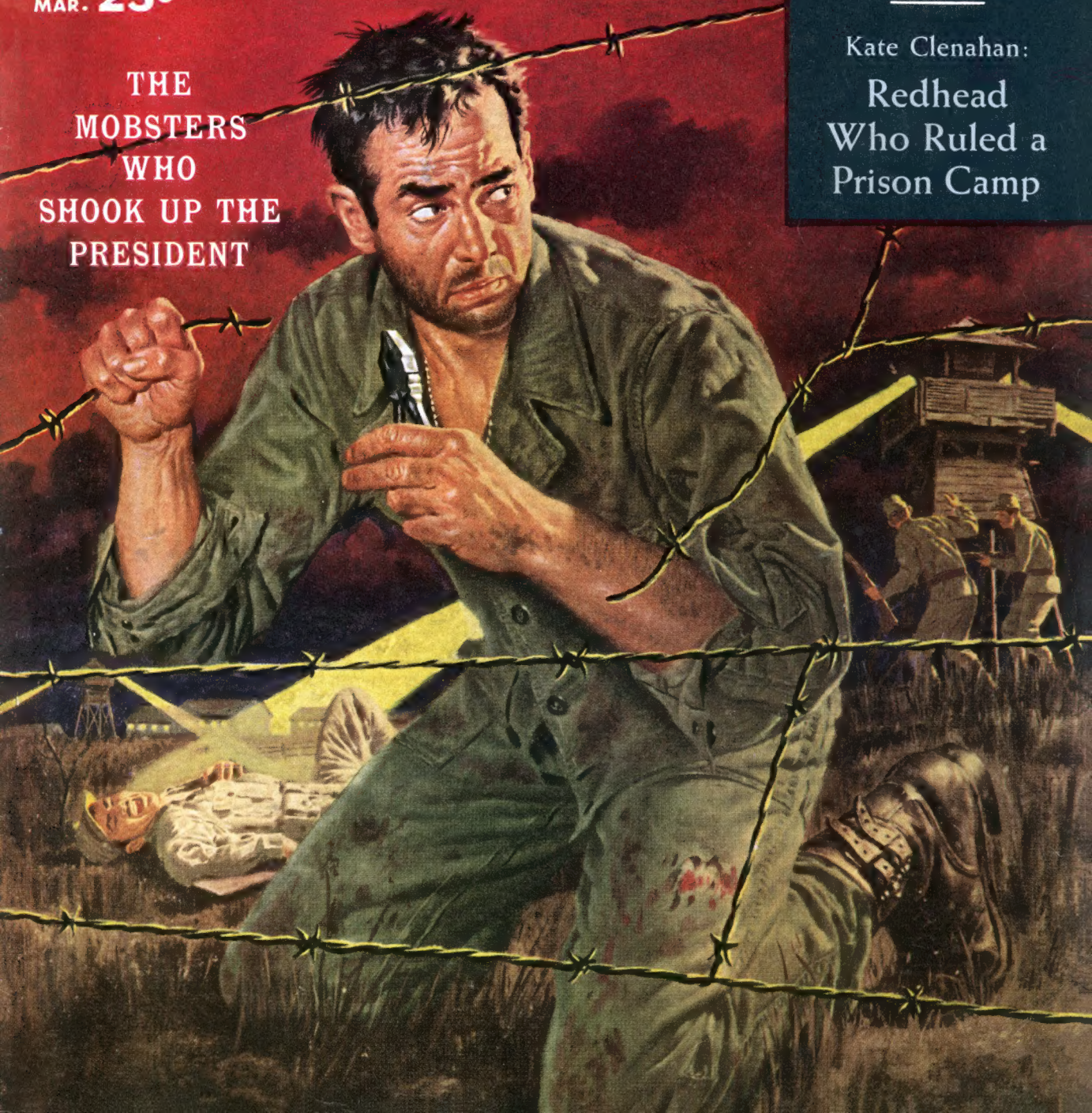
THE MOBSTERS WHO SHOOK UP THE PRESIDENT

THE GREAT ESCAPER

GUERRILLA CHAPMAN'S THREE-YEAR ORDEAL

Kate Clenahan:

Redhead Who Ruled a Prison Camp



Over and over again—It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works

"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"

I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a man much older than myself . . . and explained *why* I felt "tired" . . . *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away . . . *why* my wife and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man.

He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency in my diet could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep-building vitamins and minerals. Thousands of others had found new energy, new youth, new happiness by adding these essential factors to their diet.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the Vitasafe ad in a magazine, offering a 30-day FREE supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured *I had nothing to lose*, so I mailed the coupon. When my free supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time, I began to feel like a new man! My pep and vigor came back, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan—and I felt stronger—younger—more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as a "worn-out old man." I've got pep and energy to burn, and I have fun like a fellow half my age! *And you may too!* Why don't you take advantage of this sensational free offer to see for yourself whether you too can feel peppy and full of life! Accept this *no risk offer* as I did.

"Thirty days ago I turned back the hands of time!"

IF anybody told me that a little capsule could make me feel 10 years younger in just 30 days . . . full of pep, energy and happy well-being, I would have thought he was joking. I felt like so many people around me, just all tired out by the day-to-day pressure of modern life. I could hardly keep up with my work. Everything seemed an effort. My friends and family said I acted like an old lady.

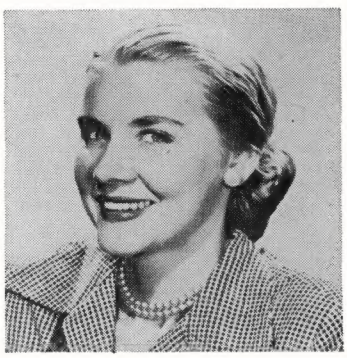
Then one day I came across a Vitasafe ad. It explained that many people nowadays may be well-fed and yet be under-nourished because of the lack or destruction of certain vital elements in their food due to storage, processing, freezing, cooking, etc.

It told how thousands of folks who have lost their full vitality because of this very common lack of balance in their diet now enjoy full, rich, happy lives again—thanks to high-potency Vitasafe C. F. capsules.

Well, since they offered a 30-day free trial supply of this high-potency nutritional supplement, I thought I might as well see whether it could help me. I sent in the coupon. *Believe me, that was the smartest thing I ever did.*

Now, I have the pep and healthy glow I last had years ago. And I enjoy my work, my family and friends more than I can ever remember.

If you just don't feel 100% up-to-par, you may also be suffering from this common nutritional deficiency. YOU would be smart to see how much younger and peppier you may feel by taking safe, pure Vitasafe capsules. So why not send for a free 30-day supply, *right now!*



TRY THESE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES YOURSELF 30 DAYS FREE

You pay only 25¢ to help cover postage and shipping expenses

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

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To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial. Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C and D — *five* times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule also contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, one of the most remarkably potent nutrients known to science.

Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid — the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY—FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C. F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours.*

HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy *anything.* With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only $2.78 per month.

AMAZING NEW PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF!

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly $2.78—or almost 50% lower than the usual retail price.

BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW — you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about the benefits of this amazing new Plan, be sure to send the coupon now!

VITASAFE CORP.
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y. **460**

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ **Man's Formula** ☐ **Woman's Formula**

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

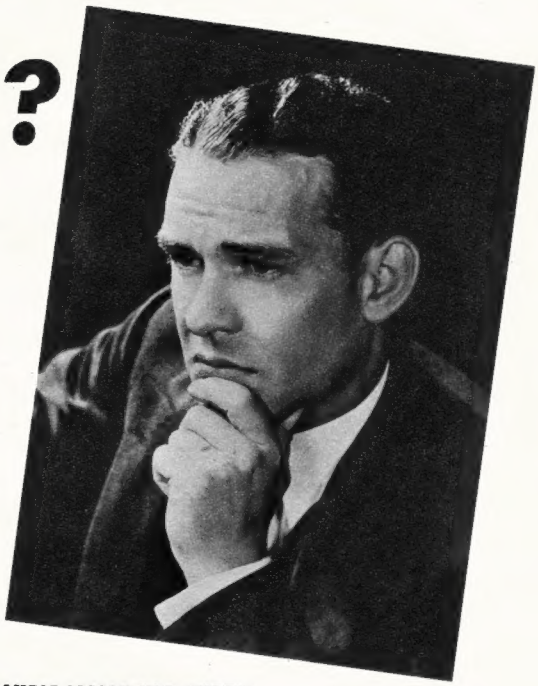
City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

ME—*in a Rut?*
—COULD BE!



YES—you may be in a rut—just getting by—and not fully realizing it.

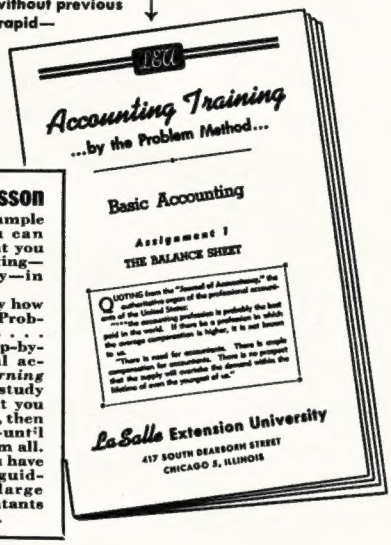
Every day you stay in that rut you "dig deeper"—make it harder and harder to get out.

So today while you think of it, take stock of yourself—are you getting ahead as fast as you should—are you satisfied to go along in a small job at small pay the rest of your life?

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself in one of the best paying positions in business or industry. Surveys show that accountants earn more than many men in other major business vocations.

If you've been looking at the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women accountants today—incomes ranging from $5,000 to $10,000 *and more* per year—and envying them—why not launch such a career for yourself?

THIS SAMPLE LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS towards well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and as CPAs and expert accountants. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This free sample lesson shows you why.



DO YOU QUESTION YOUR OWN ABILITY?

Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the Sample Lesson with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successfull accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated and perfected by LaSalle, makes Accounting simple, interesting, practical and certain—how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the coveted CPA Certificate, if you so aspire.

You don't even need previous bookkeeping experience, or to know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, auditor, controller—you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in your spare hours at home—without losing even a minute a day from your present job.

FREE Sample Lesson

We offer you this sample lesson so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accounting—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works . . . how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—*learning by doing* and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of expert accountants and CPA instructors.

SO RIGHT NOW—TODAY

If you are earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in a high-paying field of business—send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send you Free our illustrated book, "Opportunities in Accounting" and sample lesson. You'll learn about today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward success as it can for you. MAIL IT TODAY!

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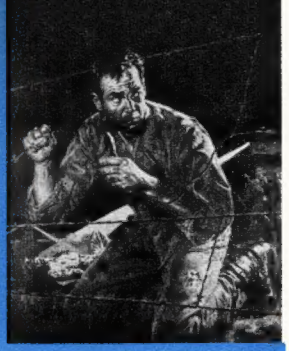
City, Zone, State.....



Cover Painting by JIM BAMA

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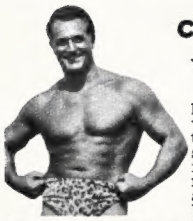
Don't Be Held Back By a HALF-A-MAN Body

Check the Kind of Body You Want—Right in the Coupon Below—and I'll Show You How Fast You Can Have It



Let me make you proud of your body—in clothes or in bathing trunks.

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if you could quickly have the kind of build you've always wanted? Imagine the difference a handsome body would make in your life. You'd be respected by other men, admired by women. You'd feel more self-confident; get ahead faster in social and business life. Instead of feeling "half-alive" and looking like "half-a-man"—you'd *feel*, *look*, and *act* like a real HE-MAN.

I sincerely believe that my famous body-building secret can do all these things for you. I don't care how old or how young you are. Just tell me where you want it and I'll add INCHES of SOLID MUSCLE to your body.

Thousands Have Become HE-MEN My Way

WHY am I so sure my secret can "turn the trick" for you? I know because I was once a 97-lb. weakling. People laughed at my build. I was shy and self-conscious, ashamed to strip for sports. Then I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Since then, thousands who thought they were "born weaklings" have become marvelous specimens of manhood thanks to my secret. It worked for me. It worked for them. And now—without cost or obligation—I want you to see for yourself the muscle-building wonders it can work for you.

No need to take "back talk" from anyone—when you know my Secret.

VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1¼ ft. high! All pupils eligible

What's My Secret?

"DYNAMIC TENSION." That's my secret! It's the *natural* easy method that develops the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body. NO theory, NO gadgets. Just spend 15 minutes a day right in the privacy of your own room. Within 7 days you start to get RESULTS you can see, feel, and *measure* with a tape or it doesn't cost you one cent!

Almost immediately you begin to feel a new power awakening inside of you. You have more energy, brighter eyes, new zip and go. You get sledgehammer arms and fists . . . chest and back muscles that ripple with power . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle. You become sure of yourself, respected, admired, successful — you're a NEW MAN!

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book Tells What My Secret Can Do for YOU

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) 32 pages packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Tells what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Check the information you want (in coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1403, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Here Are Just a Few of the Thousands Who Have Become HE-MEN My Way:

Proud of His Build Now. Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P. V., Va.

Five Inches of New Muscle. "That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."—C. W., W. Va.

"New Health and Strength." "I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 185 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build."—W. D., N. Y.

CHECK THE KIND OF BODY YOU WANT HERE

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

INSIDE FOR MEN

An exclusive report for every man on crime . . . hunting . . . jobs . . . new gadgets . . . cars . . . women . . .

SPIT AND POLISH

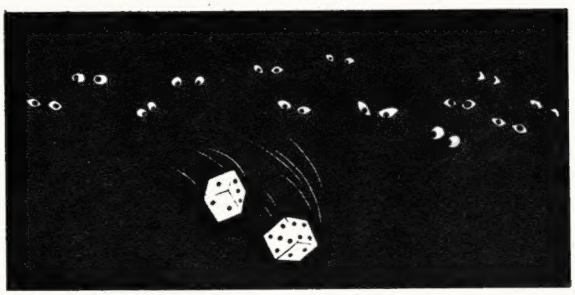
Navy's convinced that HOT POOL PLAYERS MAKE THE HOTTEST PILOTS (now using many pool tables at stations) . . . GIs overseas would rather be picked up by anyone but a French gendarme. Our guys claim first thing French cop wants to do is toss them in front of a firing squad . . . When the Navy hits

Soho district in London, streetwalkers immediately jack up prices from $8.40 TO $14—FOR A ONE-NIGHT STAND . . . Some overseas joygirls still carry Kilibri guns IN THEIR BRAS. These were miniature pistols supplied to prostitutes in allied pay who used them to shoot Nazi customers in the ear as they slept . . . West Point and Annapolis graduate officers RESIGNING BY THE TRUCKLOAD after a few years of service. NOT ENOUGH DOUGH, PRESTIGE . . . No rule says Medal of Honor winner has to be saluted by officers, BUT MOST OFFICERS WITH ANY CLASS DO ANYWAY. All Medal of Honor winner gets, actually, is space-available rides on Air Force planes (any GI gets this) and at age 65, a $10-month pension . . . Some Korean vets still insist that when the fighting was hottest in that war, ARTILLERY AMMO WAS TIGHTLY RATIONED . . .

TOO MANY GIs GET HUSTLED IN OVERSEAS RAPE CASES. Typical is case of GI who was about to get book thrown at him for raping 40-year-old dame in England. Her case fell apart when GI's lawyer proved she gave GI her address and phone number after "rape" took place . . . Arab girls squawking that Russian GIs ARE MUCH TOO TIGHT WITH A RUBLE, won't cough up anything if they can make out for free . . . Nostalgic GIs who went through them in WWII will MATCH THE BORDELLOS OF PANAMA CITY with any in the world—for imagination . . . German Army (West) now using barbed wire made of tiny iron crosses, claim it's cheaper than other kinds . . . Unit commanders in Army getting more and more power to BUST NONCOMS AND SPECIALISTS WHO STEP OUT OF LINE. All commander has to do is get a bug that the guy isn't living up to his rank and bingo the guy is cut down, no appeal . . .

SMART MONEY

Sharp operators now pulling the "blackout crap" routine. They're running floating crap games in the pitch dark with luminous dice . . .



WORLD'S BIGGEST BARGAINS coming up in Buenos Aires when ex-dictator Peron's "loot" will be auctioned off. There'll be luxury autos, sports cars, speedboats, hundreds of motor scooters, also jewelry, handfuls of uncut diamonds, emeralds, and priceless old master paintings and about

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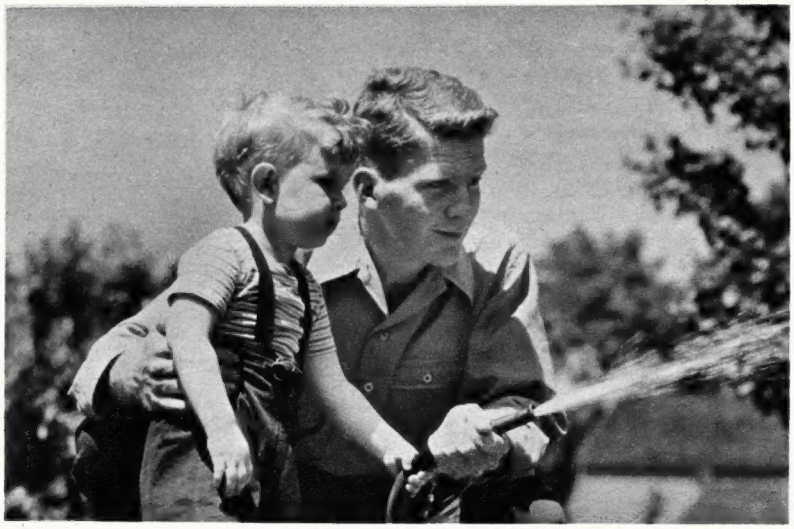

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Rig t NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

Don't *you* be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

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ICS

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- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
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- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
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- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

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- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
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- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
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Medicine for Males

FABULOUS FAKERS — Believe it or not, there are characters who will do anything to get into a hospital—even to the point of faking symptoms of the most serious diseases. Typical of patients who can produce these fantastic physical breakdowns at will is the man who burst into the State University of Iowa Hospital, coughing up blood all over the place. He claimed he had an extreme pain in the left side of his

chest. His abdomen was a mass of old surgical scars and both legs were red, hot and swollen. It was assumed that he had suffered a blood clot in the lung. He demanded drugs, diagnostic work-ups and surgery—which was performed. He then went through a long period of being an uncooperative and disturbed patient—going so far as to attempt to rip out his stitches. He was finally released from the hospital, but returned. Eventually, he was sent to a mental institution, from which he escaped. A check of his wallet showed that he had been in at least 16 hospitals in the last 11 years—leaving a record of $12,000 in unpaid bills behind him. Doctors have their own ideas as to why men will go through this completely unnecessary hospital stay. Either the patient gets a pathological enjoyment from the drama of being hospitalized, or he may harbor a grudge against the medical profession and delights in showing them all up. Other theories advanced include the possibility that the patient may be hiding out from the police, looking for a way to get drugs, trying to hustle free room and board—regardless of the surgery they go through to get it. The amazing thing is that these psychos can actually induce dramatic symptoms.

GOOD OLD DAYS—After 75 years of medical advances, somebody has a good word to say for an old time treatment. Bacteriologist Dr. George F. Reddish claims that tincture of iodine and carbolic acid—oldest tested antiseptics—are still the best available for all-around use. According to his findings, many newer antiseptics lack the broad-range qualities of the older germicides, such as effectiveness in non-toxic solutions and the ability to diffuse easily.

MEDICAL MYTHS—Doctors in five cities were quizzed about the most common superstitions they came across among their patients. At the top of the list were the following: (*1*) Mild respiratory ailments in infants are usually caused by "teething fever." All that teething does is make an infant a little cranky. (*2*) A hot bath will "bring out the rash" when measles are suspected. Actually, a hot bath is dangerous when a high fever, such as found with measles, is present. (*3*) Thick blood makes a man warm; thin blood makes him cold. (*4*) If you get shingles on both sides, you'll strangle.

HEAD HUNTERS—What really happens when you are cracked on the head hard enough to cause a brain concussion? This has been one of the mysteries of medicine. However, two

German doctors may have come up with the answer. Their theory is tied to the fact that brain protoplasm is a gel-like substance which, when agitated, turns to liquid. Allowed to stand, the protoplasm returns to its gel state. According to the doctors' deductions, recovery from a brain concussion may coincide with the reforming of the brain protoplasm from liquid to gel.

HOT PILLS—Air Force volunteers have been swallowing pills that may be the answer to keeping warm. At Ladd Air Force Base in Fairbanks, Alaska, experiments are being run on a new pill containing glycine, which causes the body to build up more heat than it would normally. If successful, the pill could be the life-saving factor for men

who are forced to spend time in icy waters, and could also revive GI's who have been chilled to the breaking point from exposure. Once it is okayed, it will be added to all survival kits.

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE—The roughest thing for an American tourist to take in Mexico is diarrhea—commonly referred to south of the border as *turista*, the "Aztec Two-Step" or "Montezuma's Revenge." If we can believe Chamber of Commerce bulletins from Mexico City, that is all a thing of the past. Health authorities have been spraying fruits and vegetables with a new chemical that, they claim, kills every bug within range. Of course, this does not eliminate the hazards of picking up a germ from water, cooking oils, seasonings.

MISCELLANY—Accidents account for 7% of all cases treated in American hospitals . . . Shooting electrically charged groups of air molecules through air conditioning systems may be the next step in killing off bacteria in the home and office.

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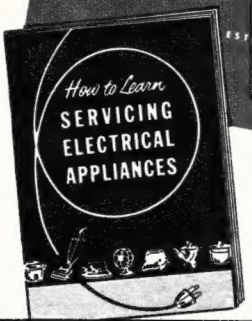

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Stories for Stags

▶ The newlyweds shyly entered their hotel room. He took her in his arms and gave her a long, passionate kiss, and said, "Guess we'd better get ready for bed, honey."

Blushing a little, she replied, "Yes, guess we'd better. Tell you what, you put your pajamas on in the bathroom and I'll change here."

"O.K., honey," he said, and went into the bathroom. A little while later, when he emerged in his pajamas, he found his new wife stretched out on the bed in a sheer black negligee. A bit embarrassed, he sat down on the edge of the bed and leaned over to give her another big kiss. He felt her lips against his ear.

"Honey," she said, "all my life I've been waiting for this night. There's something I've always wanted to do. . . ."

"Yes," he answered in a whisper, "what is it?"

"Let's have a pillow fight!" she said.

▶ The bopster went to church one Sunday morning. After the service he met the preacher on the way out and clasped his hand.

"Pops," he said, "I dig you the most. That was a wild scene and I had eyes for everything you said."

The preacher looked puzzled. "Pops? Dig? Scene? Eyes?" he said. "I'm afraid I don't understand you, young man."

"Well," said the bopster, "you flipped me so high I slipped 20 green ones on the collection plate."

"Oh," said the preacher. "Crazy, crazy!"

▶ The recent widow went to a seance in an attempt to establish contact with her husband's spirit. The medium murmured some mumbojumbo and a ghostly voice replied. The happy widow recognized it as her husband's.

"Darling," she said, "it's so good to hear your voice again. Are you happy?"

"I'm happier than I ever was before," the ghostly voice answered. "It's a beautiful world—the pastures here *are* greener and the weaker sex are the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Wistful eyes that always speak of love, sleek, firm bodies and beautifully rounded forms."

"Oh, darling," said the wife. "With so much around you to tempt you, I'm afraid I'll lose your love. I do hope I can join you soon in Heaven."

"Heaven?" said the voice. "Who said anything about Heaven? I'm a bull in Wyoming."

"Then, the very <u>next</u> thing we'll do is rig up some sort of distress flag. . . ."

▶ A bachelor is a man who can get into bed from either side.

▶ A prim matron was seated in a railroad car with her 7-year-old daughter when a seedy-looking man came in and sat in the seat opposite them. The matron, seeing that she'd have to travel the whole trip with an undesirable companion, tried to think of some way to get rid of him. Finally, she leaned across and tapped him on the knee.

"I think I ought to warn you," she said, "that my little girl is just recovering from the mumps."

"Oh, don't mind me, lady," was the reply. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."

▶ Barfly: "Do you serve women at this bar?"
Bartender: "Nope. Have to bring your own."

▶ Then there's the tale of the unconventional young man who had a date with a pair of Siamese twins one night. When he came home, his roommate asked him, "Have a good time?"

"Well," said the young man, "yes and no."

▶ A man was carrying a grandfather's clock down the street to a repair shop. Because with the clock in his arms he could not see very well, he collided with a woman and knocked her to the sidewalk.

She collected her packages and struggled to her feet, then said: "Why the hell can't you wear a wrist watch like everybody else!"

Think you can tickle the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to MALE, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns either.

11 MONTHS ON A SYDNEY PRISON FARM

FANTASTIC SAGA OF A

Convict, savage, renegade, thief—that was Kate Clenahan, the grand prize in a contest of reckless men

By RICHARD FARRINGTON

They came from the hold of the ship, limping and shuffling down the rough wooden gangplank. They were ragged and dirty, and their faces showed the effort it took to carry the ball and chain each wore attached to the right leg. The people standing on the pier or sitting on crates with names like Liverpool, Boston and Calcutta stamped on them had seen such ships disgorge their dirty regiments of humanity before, but none had ever looked like these. Some were naked or as good as naked, with what clothes they had left hanging in greasy swatches on their bodies. And some of them were coming ashore to be buried.

"What's the name of this ship?" a woman asked her husband.

"The *Mephisto*—it (*Continued on page* 44)

DOWN-UNDER REDHEAD

THE MATE YANKED her head back to show off Kate's teeth to the crowd bidding for her services
Art by Joe Little

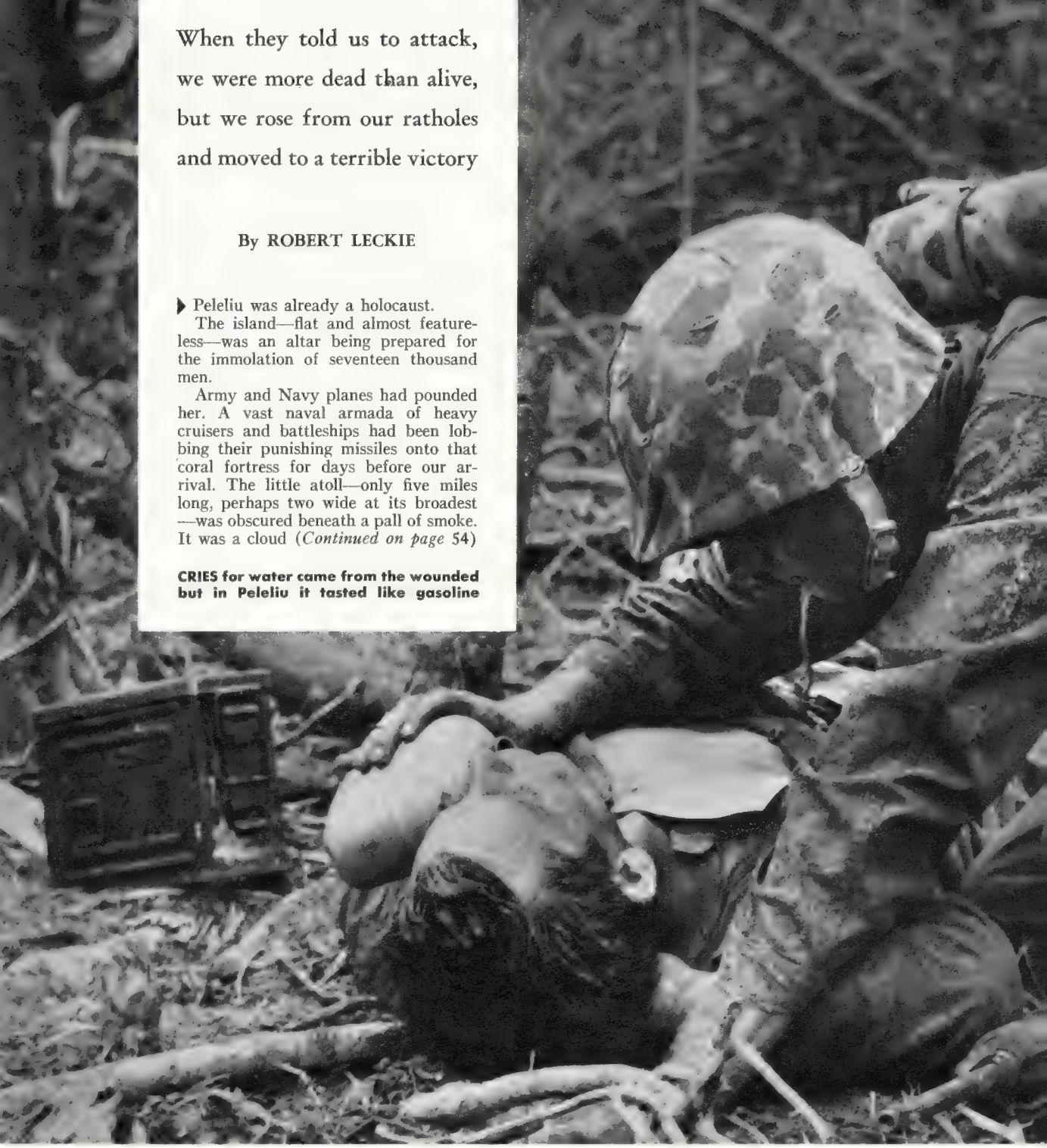
When they told us to attack, we were more dead than alive, but we rose from our ratholes and moved to a terrible victory

By ROBERT LECKIE

Peleliu was already a holocaust.

The island—flat and almost featureless—was an altar being prepared for the immolation of seventeen thousand men.

Army and Navy planes had pounded her. A vast naval armada of heavy cruisers and battleships had been lobbing their punishing missiles onto that coral fortress for days before our arrival. The little atoll—only five miles long, perhaps two wide at its broadest—was obscured beneath a pall of smoke. It was a cloud (*Continued on page* 54)



CRIES for water came from the wounded but in Peleliu it tasted like gasoline

THE LUCKY ONES DIED

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AT BLOODY NOSE RIDGE

THE TERRIBLE TURK AND HIS UNDERWATER HAREM

"New faces," he murmured, and the Sultan's ladies knew they were to be taken for a short sail and planted like flowers in a weird deep-sea garden

By MARTIN FASS

The diver's eyes froze in his head. The shock of what he saw was so great he had all he could do to keep his lungs from bursting and admitting the wild waters of the Bosporus. It was as though the sea about him had suddenly turned to Istanbul *raki* and his foolish brain now bobbed about in a pool of powerful alcohol.

He had gone down into the waters of Seraglio Point on a routine dive after a ship's wreckage. Losing his bearings momentarily, he had come upon the weirdest scene ever to enfold itself to a poor Turkish fisherman.

Swaying and twisting gracefully before his eyes was an army of savagely beautiful women. They each seemed quite young, and they were partly enclosed in leather sacks. Their graceful feet seemed weighted to the ground, and as the current passed alongside them, it caused (*Continued on page* 66)

THE DOOMED WOMEN were sown into weighted sacks while the world's most ribald sultan sat back and quietly dreamed of his next 300 young brides

Art by Samson Pollen

RUB-OUT

You're sitting in a barber chair, or maybe getting your shoes shined, when something hard digs your ribs and a soft voice says, "For you, Al"

Oh you fly high all right. Nobody flies higher than a racket boss. For a while. All you do is go around for a few hours a day and take money from people. Little people whose heads you can push in if they get a little reluctant. That's the work part of the day. The rest is play. There's the Cadillac you drive (or maybe a Chrysler—you don't want to show off *too* much, attract *too* much attention). There's the heavy-lunged girl you wear on your arm. She's really just like the Chrysler—an ornament, a badge you carry with you to show everyone you're making it big. You smoke cigars, too, that's a must, and you make with the dollar tips, and you're always getting haircuts and manicures. Very important, that last item. And that's it. You just keep following this routine for ten, maybe twenty years, really living up.

Now here's the catch. And it happens every time. You're living this life and all, and then one day you're shelling out a buck tip or having your pompadour trimmed or maybe just walking along feeling good when you hear the words. It's usually "You got company" or maybe "A message for you, Al," accompanied generally by a nudge in the ribs. So you turn around and you get your message; a warm place in your temple, turning into a hot place, turning into a deep, liquid place as the cartridge takes your brains with it, and pulls a black shade down over your eyes forever.

BENJAMIN "BUGSY" SIEGEL . . . The West Coast high chief of Murder, Inc. was sitting in the palatial home of his girl, Virginia Hill, when the machine gun began coughing. They found him later, sitting upright in a chair, a gusher of blood pouring from his head. Police thinking: He'd been losing money on the Flamingo and tried to get more money from his organization to throw back into the Vegas casino. It was cheaper to erase him.

RUB-OUT

continued

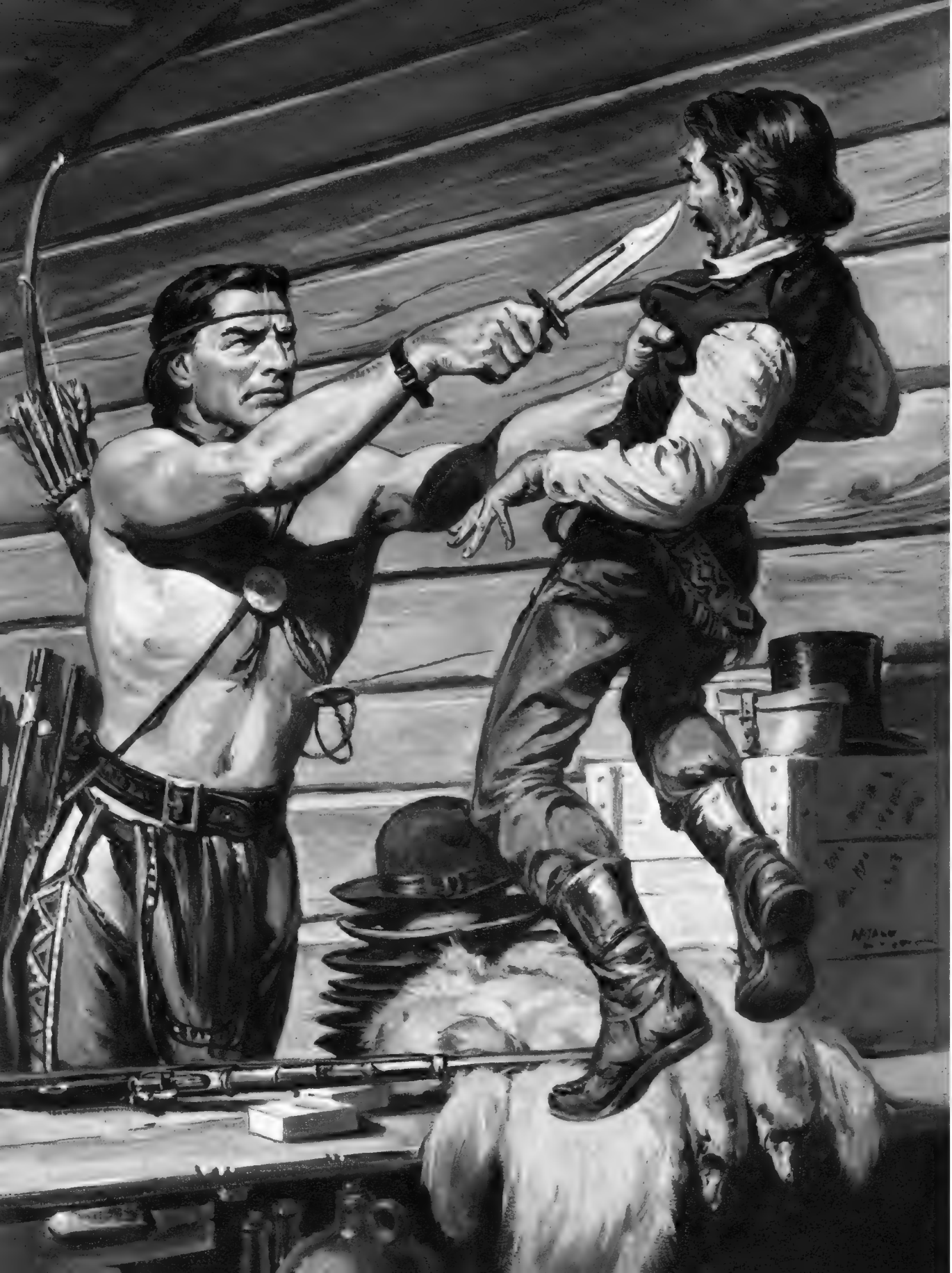
PAUL LABRIOLA . . . A huge-nosed Chicago "protection" expert, he had been selling this service to tavern owners in Elmwood Park, apparently without the approval of the Capone Syndicate. His killing in 1954 was novel in gangland terms. He was stuffed into an auto trunk, with no bullets in him. He'd been given a Mickie, and then strangled with piano wire.

SAMUEL RINELLA . . . A former Capone henchman, Rinella, was slain outside his home on Chicago's South Side in 1952. He had been operating a night club and reportedly accepted money from two police officers to help him run it. His wife and four young children looked on as he was cut down.

WILLIE MORETTI . . . The gabby pal of Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and Lucky Luciano probably talked too much to a Senate Investigating Committee. Four men greeted him one night at Joe's, a favorite restaurant in New Jersey. They kidded him awhile, then left him with two bullets in the brain. Said Joe Adonis mournfully, "Willie was a gentleman."

TONY BRANCANTO AND TONY TROMBINO . . . The two Kansas City Tonys were both on the FBI's most-wanted list, both reported enemies of Mickey Cohen. Brancanto had been a suspect in the unsolved slaying of Cohen's secretary, Sam Rummel. The two Tonys showed up dead in a parked L.A. car. The assailant, police felt, was a "friend" seated in the rear.

ALBERT ANASTASIA . . . When another underworld kingpin, Frank Costello, almost got his, burly Murder, Inc. executioner Anastasia tripled his bodyguard, surrounded his Ft. Lee, N.J. estate with a 10-ft. metal link fence and barbed wire. But on Oct. 25, 1957, Albert visited the Park Sheraton barber shop in N.Y.C. and got his finally between chairs No. 2 and 3—right in the back of the head, courtesy of two men in fedoras who wore black gloves, Mafia-style.



Epic of a frontier giant

MATT BRAYTON'S 40 YEARS AS A SNAKE CHIEFTAIN

He took scalps with them, ate pemmican, stayed in blankets with their squaws, and would have stamped the life out of any man who said he was no Indian

By EVAN LEE HEYMAN

Owah planted his huge, painted body in the lodge of Kissewa, his chief. He knew Kissewa did not want to hear of his desire, but he would not leave until he told of it again.

"My chief, I wish to speak," Owah said simply.

Kissewa only worked his jaws on pemmican, spat, and scooped more from his parfleche. The four braves of the Snake council who sat on the ground with him, feasting the band's victory over the Blackfeet that day, also were silent. One of them added brush to the lodge fire.

"I wish to leave the tribe and look for my people," Owah went on doggedly.

Kissewa growled then and again spat the dried meat from his mouth. "You are among your people," he said.

Owah shook his head. "I must learn if I am a white man."

"You are an Indian," Kissewa said sharply. Then sadness crossed his weathered face. "We will show you that you are an Indian." He lifted his hand. The four braves moved quickly then and grabbed Owah, two pinning his massive legs, two his arms. Owah did not struggle; he knew he must yield.

The braves lashed Owah to a log near the fire, his chest to the stars. Kissewa himself cut the fur tunic from Owah's waist so that he lay nude, save for leggings, moccasins and the deerskin band that bound his long black hair. Takara, Owah's close friend, took a knife from his belt. Owah felt the sharp point rip a cut in his skin from his breastbone to his navel. Then a parallel cut was made, one inch from the first. Takara put his fingers in the blood and grabbed a corner of the skin that flapped between the grooves. He ripped the skin from Owah's body.

Takara quickly made two more parallel cuts, crossing the first set. This skin, too, he pulled away. Owah did not cry out.

Now Kissewa took hot stones from the fire. These he placed in the wounds, rolling them gently until the blood bubbled, smoked, then congealed. The thing was done. Owah heard Kissewa's voice that now came from Heaven itself.

"Now you have the mark of the Indian, my son," said Kissewa. "Therefore you will understand that you *are* an Indian."

The above incident occurred September 21, 1851, at a Snake war camp in British Columbia, Canada. But doubt remained in the mind of the brave who suffered the marking, and the doubt was well-founded. For Owah, who many believed was the most savage Snake warrior in history, was really Matthew Brayton, a white man. Matthew Brayton's capture and upbringing by Indians is one of the most incredible of all frontier sagas. It is also one of the most tragic.

Brayton was born in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, in 1818, the son of a Presbyterian dairy farmer. He had five younger brothers and sisters and another brother, William, nine years his senior. He was a slow-moving, mild- (*Continued on page* 70)

THE PAINTED MOUNTAIN of a man who twisted him off the ground scared the French trader, but he said it just the same: "You're no savage, you're white!"

Art by Norman Saunders

The DAY WE GOT HIT BY

In three years, the raggedy, hard-bitten, brave men of the First never took a backward step—until the Melting Men staggered at them through the smoke

By EDWARD S. SLAUGHTER

We called the day of our landing on Okinawa "Love-Day." We hooted at the ease of it and made wisecracks about a soft campaign. "L-Day," we called it, laughing—"L for Love." A few days later, it might well have been L for Leper.

But on the morning of April 1, 1945, there was no enemy to be seen and everyone thought it fitting that such a joke of an assault had been launched on April Fool's Day. My outfit—the First Regiment of the First Marine Division—had hit the western beaches below the bluff of Yontan. With no thunderous rain of mortars and machine guns to receive us, we had scaled the dreaded sea wall as easily as a hurdle on an obstacle course, and swept past Yontan Airfield into peaceful, terraced fields.

Our eyes fell in astonishment upon the tiled roofs of houses. Houses! We blinked, remembering the dripping rain forests of Guadalcanal, the poisonous jungle of New Britain, the blasted, hell-rot coral of Peleliu —and looked wonderingly at the houses.

We knew that for the first time we were attacking an enemy island containing a civilian population. Yet, the sight of barns, of goats and chickens scampering across the road, made us feel strange and uneasy as we trudged along in our baggy dungarees (*Continued on page* 62)

A COMPANY OF HORRORS is what they were like, the eyeless, footless, handless, carrying no guns at all—they didn't need any

Art by Brendan Lynch

SILVER MEN

THE PYGMY HUNT was brief, savage and the captives were brought back on poles, like slain animals

LAST OF THE MAN-EATERS

You might learn to tolerate the way they casually devoured close friends, but you never got used to those hours in the smokehouse, guarding the remains

By LESLIE ANDERSON

It was a dance that went back to the first man and the first woman. No band. No music. None of that was necessary. Just one Kukukuku girl, the color of coconut husks, gently curved hips, sturdily constructed calves, high, comfortable breasts. There was no sound in the clearing except the soft, rushed breath of the young girl as she danced. A wet sheen of perspiration formed on her shoulders and rolled down her arms with each movement. Andy Minoso, who watched the girl from a sitting position on the afternoon of July 16, 1945, put her age at about 17. Under other conditions, he might have speculated on other details about the girl, for Minoso was a young man who liked to speculate on young girls. But there was something else on his mind.

The girl's grandmother, withered and lifeless, was propped against the doorway of a grass hut not four feet away. Her eyes, open and fixed, seemed to be staring straight at Minoso. She had been dead for eight weeks. The odor of her decaying flesh hung over the clearing like a nauseating blanket.

The girl crooned as she danced. "Come, my lover," she sang in dialect, gasping for breath. "Come, lover of the old one." Tribal superstition had it that if the corpse were permitted to "see" an act of physical love just prior to the hour the body was taken to the burial ground, the dead woman's spirit would be free to enjoy such pleasures in the afterworld.

The tropical sun shone bright and cold in the old woman's dead eyes, making them gleam like new pennies.

Minoso became quite ill.

It was on the second of July that Minoso had jumped ship.

For four long years he had worked the merchant fleets, through some of the most dangerous waters in the world. Twice—as seaman aboard the *Rollins* and as carpenter's striker aboard the Houghton Oil Co.'s *Toujour*—he had had ships torpedoed from beneath him. The first time, he was in the water no more than 20 minutes. The second time, he was in the water almost 19 hours.

He was no green kid, but he felt that some things were right and some things were wrong. When the *Clematis* got a new bosun fresh from a school in the States and he began to ride Minoso, who had been through all that the war had to offer, Minoso (*Continued on page* 50)

N'KUANANA was the chief's name. When he whirled his torch three times, it meant his wives were free

REPORT ON 10 BAD

GIRLS

One by one they trooped into the city police station—miserable, torn, pitiful, violated, empty, needing our help in the worst possible way

By CHANDLER BROSSARD

Art by James Rama

It's no great secret that our young women in American cities account for almost as large a share of crime and delinquency as our young men. The sad mistake, however, made by many parents, youth workers, and often the courts themselves, has been to lump the entire group of them into one group called "bad girl." This is a serious and tragic error. The problems that afflict young women are many. Each calls for a separate solution. In the following article, a brilliant and sensitive writer breaks down the problems afflicting our young girl offenders and separates them into ten fairly common types. The girls under study are actual cases; all of them were picked up by the police in a large metropolitan city in the course of a single weekend.—ED.

continued on next page

DIANA:
flip
BARBARA:
kleptomaniac
MAVIS:
feeb
ADELE:
lesbian

It was the same story again and again: Dead father, mother with an open door policy, a harsh, fumbling "first time," and then a lifetime of nowhere in the world to go

THE NYMPHOMANIAC

Katherine is a most unusual case. She was arrested, along with six other girls, in a raid on a house of prostitution—actually a very large swank apartment—operating on the plush East Side. During the routine investigation of each girl, it was discovered that Katherine was not a professional prostitute, as were the others. In fact, she was a regularly employed stenographer who worked in the apartment on weekends—not for the money, but because she enjoyed it. Katherine is an uncontrollable, classic nymphomaniac.

On the surface, Katherine is anything but peculiar. She is 20, red haired and pertly attractive, in a college campus style. She is neither shy nor aggressive; it is only after prolonged conversations with her that her anxiety and insecurity become noticeable as the powerful motivating forces they are. She is driven by a desire to prove herself as a woman; yet, she has—to the professional medical eye—a great deal of self contempt, and is frigid. She has never known a deep, normal, successful attachment to a male in her life.

Katherine had been arrested once before in her native state of Utah, three years ago. On the complaint of high school authorities, who were seriously disturbed by the number of young men she was presumably corrupting, she was picked up for investigation. Her sexual problem had become legendary around the school, and she constituted a real moral problem there. Unlike many girls in similar situations, Katherine was quite bright and fully oriented socially—except of course for her sexual compulsiveness. The cause of her trouble undoubtedly lay in her family situation.

Her mother was an overbearing woman who intensely disliked both her husband and Katherine and her younger sister Ann. Even before the court investigator, she was openly hostile and critical. Katherine confessed to being "crushed" by her mother ever since she was a girl. She was made to feel she simply was not a worthwhile female. Her father, a school teacher, was incompetent to counterbalance his wife's influence, since he himself had an obviously latent homosexual problem. The mother's reaction to Katherine's arrest was to suggest she be sent to the penitentiary. She was released on probation.

Katherine got a job as a secretary but lost it six weeks later because of her being so openly interested in the men in the office. She was fired after several women had complained to the boss about her flirting and disrupting the entire office. They expressed amazement that she could not attain satisfaction and tranquility, with one man, as was their own custom. Katherine had an abortion shortly thereafter, and then left Salt Lake City for New York. Her reputation in the city made it impossible for her to get along. She hitchhiked to New York because of the adventures she could have along the way with whoever picked her up. Just before she arrived in New York, she spent a week with two truckdrivers in a New Jersey motel.

Though she easily landed a job, Katherine found it impossible to develop anything resembling a normal social life because of her uncontrollable sexual needs. She tried going to night classes at the New School for Social Research, for the social contacts, but dropped out after having an affair with the instructor and three of the male students. She said she just could not help herself. Also, she admitted that she could derive no satisfaction from any of her sexual adventures.

She became an "amateur" prostitute quite by accident. While waiting for a friend in a midtown hotel lobby, she struck up a conversation with a professional prostitute who was working the place. They liked each other and began to see each other for drinks. One weekend, just "for kicks," she accepted the girl's invitation to visit the apartment where the girl worked. On a dare of one of the girls, she "took on" a customer, liked it, and that was the beginning of her strange weekend activity.

The possibilities for Katherine are negative. Nymphomania is such a deeply rooted disturbance as to be almost untreatable. It is treatable only when the person herself wants to change. In this case, Katherine showed no such signs.

THE FLIP

"What do you mean, who am I? Who the hell is anybody? Frankly, I might be Jack Dempsey in the twelfth round." This is what Diana said to the police when they arrested her in the Museum of Modern Art, along with a boy friend. The officials of the museum had called the police when Diana, with her boyfriend as a silent partner, continued to heckle an art lecturer and his audience. At first, police thought her strange reckless behavior might be attributable to drugs. But examination did not disclose any narcotic in her body. This disturbance was simply her form of antisocial fun.

Diana looks, acts, and dresses like a Village Bohemian type. She has long straggly hair, bright, disturbed brown eyes, a face full of tensions like someone under cross examination, and she constantly dresses in sweaters and slacks. She is 19, and according to police psychiatrists who tested her, has an exceptionally high IQ. She is, however, pre-psychotic, being a manic depressive—that is, a victim of extreme elation and extreme depression. "Sometimes I'm on mountain tops, Daddyo, and sometimes I'm down there swimming with the tadpoles," she sighs. Diana is an actress, supporting herself mostly with television roles. However, she isn't really sure she wants to be an actress. At times, she feels she should be a homemaker and a normal respectable wife. When she was arrested, police found half an ounce of marijuana on her, which she smokes once a week or so with her theatrical friends. "Makes you feel like that Russian satellite, man."

Diana had been apprehended three other times in the last two years. Once during a wild Village party at a painter's house, during (*Continued on page* 74)

It Hurts

That piercing scream you just heard didn't come from old Charlie Rodrigues. Old Charlie had his sketch pad balanced comfortably on his left knee and his pen in hand when he discovered he was out of ink. Equipped with a penknife his grandfather gave him to sharpen pencils, old Charlie grabbed a passerby and made a small incision in the victims' thumb, filled his pen and drew the cartoons on these pages.

"Pretty good crowd."

"Hurts like hell, doesn't it?"

"So long as you're happy in what you're doing, that's the important thing."

when I Laugh

"Now you can be taller than she is."

THE BARBS held me spread-eagled several feet off the ground and hot lights stabbed at my eyes

Art by Lou Marchetti

THE CHINESE WOMEN who shared our tiny hut had never seen white men

BOOKLENGTH SPECIAL

THE TWO INCREDIBLE ESCAPES OF GUERRILLA CHAPMAN

He finally shook the 2000 desperate men from his back, but then this amazing Major had to survive 3½ years of blackwater fever, wet leeches and jungle madness

By F. SPENCER CHAPMAN

The train whistled again as it came through the station. Now it was less than a mile off. In a minute it would be on us. We finished off the job fast and threw the tools into our packs. It took us 30 precious seconds trying to find the pliers, then Sartin remembered he had left them down the track. By now the train was in sight, 50 yards away.

We raced down the footpath beside the track. The Chinese took off like a sprinter. He went so fast we lost sight of him.

Over our shoulders we could see the dark mass of the train bearing down on the bridge with sparks spouting in an arc. On one side of the line was a hill covered with thick jungle. We turned aside, dashed down the banking—and found ourselves waist-deep in a stinking swamp.

At that moment there was a blinding flash, which gave me a glimpse of the other two, open-mouthed and holding their tommy guns up out of the water.

Almost at the same time a shattering explosion deafened us and shook the soft mud we were stuck in. It was followed by a grinding and rending of metal. A shower of missiles roared over us to crash into the jungle and swamp on the other side of the line.

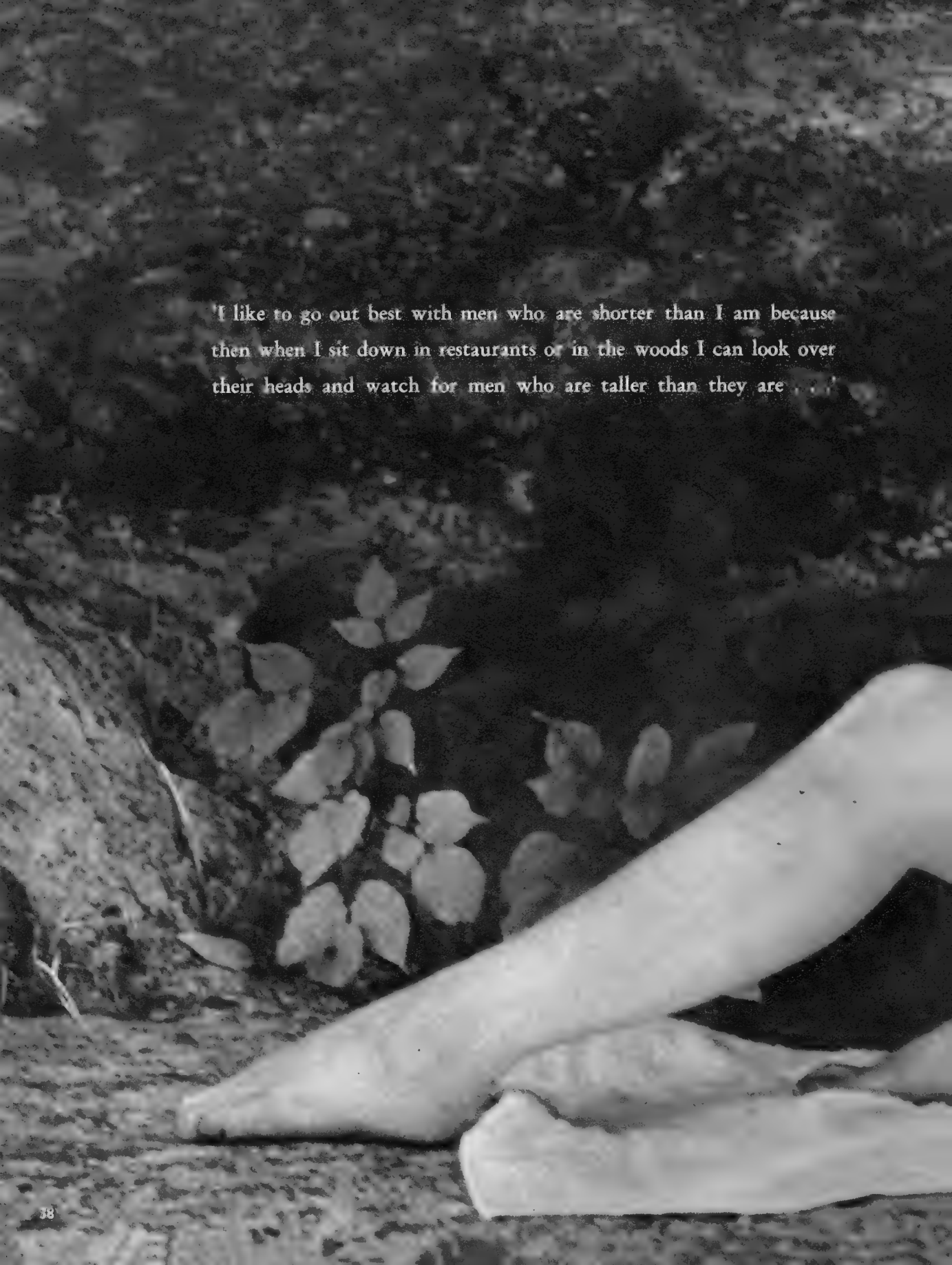
The train didn't stop, but dragged itself slowly on, over the bridge. We were floodlit for a few seconds as the cab, bristling (*Continued on page* 86)

A BOY SHE'S NOT

You're going to laugh your head off when you find out the fantastic, ridiculous problem that keeps this black-haired miss awake at night

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MALE BY CARSTEN-HARRIS

▶ She's just 22, speaks five languages, has been to Hollywood and circled the world. She came from France six years ago because she heard Americans like pretty girls. Sometimes she wants to be a designing woman (patterns for curtains), sometimes she'd like to try her luck as an actress. Most times, she's happy with her new country. There's only one small problem that worries her. Her first name is the same as a boy's, and she gets very annoyed when people think she's a male. For the record: she's Jeri Osaki, and she's all girl.


'I like to go out best with men who are shorter than I am because then when I sit down in restaurants or in the woods I can look over their heads and watch for men who are taller than they are . . .'

IT WAS AN INFORMAL AFFAIR, so Two-Gun Louie tried to shoot down the

The MADCAP MOBSTERS

Nobody complained about the murder, mayhem and

stars and some of the girls stripped off their swim suits for a dip

Who SHOOK DOWN CHICAGO

payoffs—until they threw a midnight girls-and-bullets party that woke the President

By RAY BRENNAN

Art by Gerald Allison

On a Chicago weekend not too long ago, two mobsters had their brains splattered about the unattractive scenery of West Side slums by shotgun blasts.

At about the same time, the mob's No. 1 boss was observed to be playing with a brand new pet on his front lawn. The pet was an infant chimpanzee, for which the hoodlum had been buying disposable diapers and rubber panties in a department store.

Whereupon, a Chicago reporter was inspired to write:

"A top leader of the gang has become the only gorilla ever to have a baby chimpanzee."

These events caused comment around town that Chicago gangsterism was as bloody, colorful, macabre and fabulous as it was back in the bootleg-and-blondes' days when a murder a day was par for the homicide course.

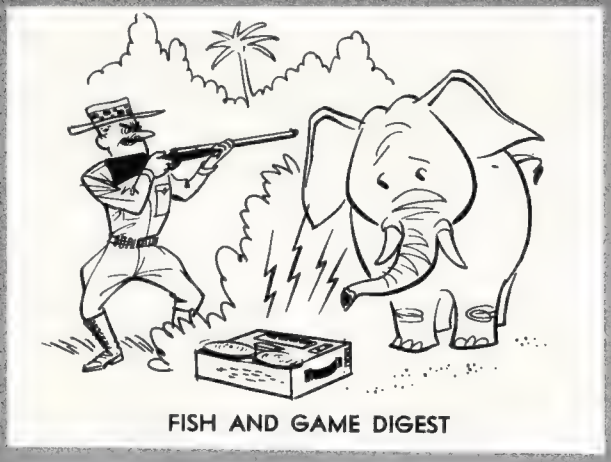
This is nonsense. Nothing ever will be as outright screwy as were the plug-uglies and the panders, the machinegunners and the madams, the politicians and the plunderers of Al Capone's rulership of Chicago.

I know, because I was a reporter at the time.

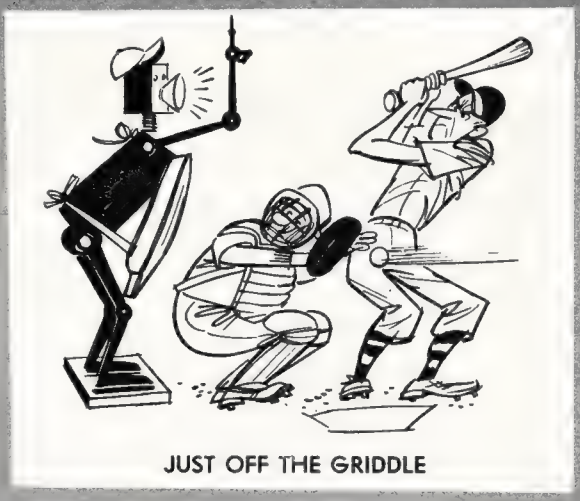
What hoodlum of today, I ask you, would have the ingenuity, the imagination, the audacity and the towering spirit of revenge to take a horse for a one-way ride? Well, it really happened, back in 1927.

The chief character in that one started out as a cheap Chicago thief, so nasty, mean and ugly of nature that everybody called him "Nails," for toughness. His name appeared in the police files—frequently so—as Samuel Morton.

Nails became irritated in a Capone speakeasy one evening when a bartender served him only one olive in his martini, instead of the two he fancied. Morton seized the unfor- (*Continued on page* 80)



FISH AND GAME DIGEST



JUST OFF THE GRIDDLE

INSIDE FOR MEN

continued from page 6

400 suits of clothes. Only rub: There'll probably be a demonstration from Peron's boys, maybe a bomb or two flung . . .
SPOT CHECK IN DETROIT showed that 20 out of 22 TV servicemen were dishonest (among those surveyed); In San Francisco, figure was six out of eight . . . If the TV serviceman, incidentally, charges less than $4–7 base fee for a house call, SOMETHING SMELLS BAD, and he's usually cheating you blind on parts or something . . .

POCKET-SIZE GEIGER COUNTERS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR LAUGHS. You can walk right over a million-dollar deposit and detect nothing . . . The guy who spent $17 a year on the flicks in 1946 now spends only $8/yr . . . ONLY A MEATBALL tries to conceal horse winnings from the government. Tax department has revenue agents spotted at every racetrack . . . With haircuts up to a buck and a half, TIGHTWAD CROWD NOW TRIMMING ITS OWN HAIR. A drugstore kit includes electric clipper, scissors, comb, neck brush and crewcut attachment. With a little practice your wife will make a good barber . . . Any flintlock rifle, musket or pistol BEARING THE NAME OF AN AMERICAN OR ENGLISH GUNSMITH from the period from 1850–1900 is worth a bundle to the finder . . .

MOTOR MEMO

At last, something wrong with the Volkswagen: YOU HAVE TO STAND IN LINE FOR THREE DAYS TO GET THE DAMNED BUG SERVICED . . .

YOU LIVE OUT WEST AND TRAVEL THE HIGHWAYS FOR LONG STRETCHES, look into speed tires. They cost you from 25 to 75 per cent more, but they're designed for continued high speeds of 90-100 and up—where you've got long distance and no traffic. Police cars do 120 on them, get up to 18,000 miles wear out of them . . .

It's hard to rap snow treads until you start comparing them to chains. They don't compare. Chains, on glare ice or hard snow, have four times the starting traction, three times the braking ability of snow treads. Chains will make a stop from 20 mph in only 38 feet, while it takes 60 feet with regular tires. BIG ADVANTAGE OF mud-and-snow tires, though, is that when you need them, THEY'RE ON, unlike chains which are in your trunk. Also, chains ride hard, kick hell out of your tires, and bust your knuckles open when you put them on and take them off . . .

TO RUN ANY TIRES AT HIGH SPEEDS, INDUSTRY RECOMMENDS YOU FILL THEM COLD WITH FOUR TO SIX POUNDS MORE THAN THE CAR MAKER SPECIFIES . . . Car that ought to make a big hit here is the West German Janus in which passengers SIT BACK TO BACK . . .

FISH AND GAME DIGEST

MOST COWARDLY HUNTERS are the Brazilians. They let their dogs drive deer from the forest into the water. They paddle over then and club the deer to death with sticks . . . Even more cowardly, in a way, are farmers who corral deer in their barns, then let "hunters" SHOOT A TRAPPED DEER ON A HALTER for $50 fee. The "hunter" then drives home with his catch and shows it off to his cronies . . . SNEAKY WHITE HUNTERS now using tape recordings of other elephants to catch elephants . . . ONE WAY TO MAKE A DECOY DUCK MORE AUTHENTIC is to tie a set of real wings onto it. You clip them from ducks you bag and then tack them on decoys in a semi-spread position . . . You've got a goldmine if you can find yourself (or train) a good bear dog. They're

WHISKEY WHISPERS

HITS AND MISC'S

tougher'n hell to find. Got to be bear-crazy, rugged enough to walk half across country and tricky enough TO FOX A BEAR INTO MAKING A STAND. Got to have the guts, too, to stay right in close on bear's neck without chickening out when lunges come . . . WHEN YOU'RE SNEAKING IN AFTER A WOUNDED CAT, your best bet is a double-barreled shotgun with a load of buckshot. Because you'll have to shoot fast and even if your aim isn't 100% true, some of your blast will slow up cat. Single cartridge is liable to miss completely . . . TAKES MORE GUTS TO STAY WITH A 300-pound Alaskan white mountain goat than any other big game. . . .

You only see a speck or two of blood, it doesn't mean you haven't taken out your animal. He might have been hit in heart and be bleeding internally. In that case, he'll probably run 50 yards or so before pouring it out . . . YOU CAN TURN AN ELEPHANT, RHINO OR LION when they're charging with a shoulder shot, but there's never any turning a wild African buffalo. You either take him out with your blast or you've about had it . . .

JUST OFF THE GRIDDLE

AN ELECTRIC COMPUTER THAT JUDGES BEAUTY QUEENS . . . Coming fast: A pill that completely kills taste and smell of liquor . . . Also coming (in about 20 years): A TRANSISTOR-TYPE WRIST TELEVISION SET . . . An electrostatic dust collector (System just like air conditioning—it collects dust all day) . . . Coming fast: All-liquid diets and machine that will call balls and strikes with more accuracy than umpire, also argue with ballplayers if necessary . . .

A new precision oiler from Switzerland that SNEAKS IN AND OILS ANYWHERE . . . Single machine that will mow, weed, feed, seed, spray, vacuum the lawn and plow snow, has running lights, radio-tv and air conditioner . . . AN ELECTRIC PAINT SPRAYER THAT LETS YOU KNOCK OFF KITCHEN IN UNDER AN HOUR . . . New fireplace powder that destroys soot in fire box and chimney . . . MECHANICAL SANDWICH-MAKER . . .

WHISKEY WHISPERS

Los Angeles bars now have lists of excuses posted in telephone booths so patrons can tell the little lady why they're going to be late coming home . . .

Some parts of the South, guys were selling shellac thinner, diluted with plain water, as "good dark corn whiskey" . . . DON'T MESS AROUND WITH EXPENSIVE WINE. Too many vibrations can kill it good . . . BIG SWING IN THIS COUNTRY TO COGNAC . . . German guzzlers get GIs all frustrated in beer-swilling contests. German stomachs have been conditioned to beer drinking slowly, over the years. TWO GALLONS A DAY IS NOTHING AT ALL TO THEM . . . Guy in Germany offers you a "Berliner Weisse" don't turn it down. It means beer with a shot of raspberry syrup . . . Relax, here's what's in a vodka "Silk Stocking": vodka, curacao, cranberry juice and lemon . . .

HITS AND MISC'S

Paris press described Jayne Mansfield's bosom as measuring 103 centimeters . . . London girls for some reason go for much older men. There are a few dozen 20-year-old coeds there MARRIED TO 90-YEAR-OLD DUFFERS . . . In case you get to Britain soon, here's how to spot the "fun" girls: They now carry suitcases . . . Headshrinkers insist the top sure thing among women is the DIVORCEE WHO WORKS IN AN OFFICE . . .

Down-Under Redhead

continued from page 12

means the devil." The man looked sad.

"It's rightly called. They look like renegades from hell."

The man shrugged. "That's the way it is," he said.

The women came down the gangplank first, but the woman in the lead did not look like the rest. She was filthy, but she still had some flesh on her. Her long red hair still had some sheen to it through the dirt. Her clothes were falling off her like dead leaves from a tree, but this only served to show off her lovely body.

The first mate of the brig halted the procession at the dock. With him was a man in a blue wool coat, knee breeches and buckled shoes. He was a ship's agent in charge of the human cargo.

"Step up! Step up!" the mate yelled at the waiting people. "For your inspection—a consignment of criminals from England, sent here to New South Wales at the direction of His Majesty to work for whatever number of years the sentence of each requires."

The man in blue was happy. The landowners on the wharf were moving in closer. The convicts would later on be assigned to them for labor on their plantations, sheep ranches, or whatever. Even though he had already been paid 19 pounds a head by the crown for transporting them to Australia, he would now make additional fees by recommending the hardiest be assigned to those settlers willing to pay.

The mate shoved the red-haired girl forward. He pulled her head back and with the other hand yanked down her lower jaw so that her teeth showed. "Here's a fine sturdy dray horse of a female," he shouted, "a prostitute from the alleys of Dublin. Perhaps we should show her only to married men." Laughter.

THE girl clasped her hand and held her wrist chain like a whip. She swung the chain in an arc. It snaked around the mate's neck. He clawed at the links, gagging, but the chain bit into his flesh and he dropped to his knees.

"You scab from your mother's belly!" she yelled. She started to kick him, but two soldiers who had been standing guard pulled her off and kicked her instead. They took her away to a whipping post down the dock.

The first in line of the male prisoners was a craggy, black-haired man of about 30, also in better shape than the others. He looked at the girl. "I taught her to use a chain like that," he said.

"A lot of good it does her," said the man behind him. "She's getting the lash again on her spine."

The black-haired man knew his friend was right, but still he admired her. He hoped he would see her again sometime. Soon, if possible. She was a woman he'd like for himself. . . .

The London *Morning Chronicle* for April 7, 1819 carried a notice saying that 133 men and 22 women had been assigned for transportation to Australia "for varied heinous crimes against the Crown" and would sail from Portsmouth sometime during the next fortnight on the 550-ton brig *Mephisto*. The *Chronicle* named each and their crimes.

Two of those assigned to the Australian penal colony were Kate Clenahan and Colin Finucane. Kate was a lusty, tawny-haired girl from Dublin who had somehow avoided TB, bad teeth, and venereal disease and developed a complexion like sunlight on the River Shannon, a firm, full figure and fine, long legs. Her crime was one of money.

HER mistake had not been in selling her body, but selling it for three shillings to a flax merchant, then trying to add 30 more to the three from the merchant's purse while he was asleep. She received seven years in transportation.

Colin Finucane's crime was one of ideals. He was an insurrectionist from Knockandarragh in County Wicklow. He had buried six muskets under his thatched peat home for future use against British soldiers. The trouble was that someone less patriotic than he told the army for a few pieces of silver. At Spring Assizes, he was found guilty of "inciting to revolt" and got 14 years in transportation.

On April 15, 1819, Kate and Finucane were loaded with other prisoners from jails all over the Isles—155 men and women with chains, crammed into holds that should have held at most 30 to 40. The holds were below the waterline, so there were no portholes. Bunks were shelves nailed to the hull with 18 inches headroom between each. The shelves were six feet wide and eight feet long. Six men were chained into each shelf.

When they had been loaded aboard, Finucane nudged Flannery, a stable man from County Tyrone who had stolen and sold one of his master's mares. Carpenters were nailing up a corral-like enclosure that ran across the *Mephisto* amidships and back to the quarter deck. It was made of thick timbers seven feet high and topped with iron spikes. "That's our airing stall," he said. Below, heavy timber bulkheads had been thrown up like the corrals on deck to keep the prisoners in the hold. They had heavy doors and ports to shove muskets through to fire in case of riot. The women's quarters forward had the same kind of bulkhead, he noticed.

He saw Kate for the first time when the men were taken on deck for air the third day at sea. He saw soldiers spotted around the deck with loaded muskets. The chains, according to rule, should have been taken off, but weren't. The captain, an old Royal Navy man named Colborne, believed prisoners were not supposed to enjoy the trip to Australia.

A noise made Finucane look to the prow. "Be damned to all of you," he heard a voice shout, then saw the red hair and squirming body being pulled on deck by two soldiers. Colborne came from his quarters.

"Your name, woman, if you can be called a woman," he said.

"None of your business."

"She's Kate Clenahan, sir," one of the soldiers said.

"What's she done?"

"Whored with one of the crew, sir."

"Impossible. The women are locked up."

"One of the seamen let her out, sir, and took her into the forward cargo hold."

"Where is the seaman?"

"Still below, sir. There was a fight."

"Bring him up."

Another soldier brought up the seaman.

"Lash them both to the mainmast," Colborne said. "Since they want to embrace, let them embrace the mast. Then give them each a hundred with the cat."

They were tied to the mast side by side, then both were stripped to the waist. Finucane heard the others suck in their breath. She *was* lovely.

"Now bring the other women on deck to watch," the captain said. The soldiers brought the others up and crowded them against the rail. "Begin," Colborne said. "The man first."

A seaman stepped up with a whip. It was a short stick with nine leather ribbons bound to it. He brought the whip forward. There was a swish, a slap and a moan as the man bit off a scream.

At 50, the man's back was a hash of red that flowed in lines down over his pants. The captain said "Stop. Can he take the rest?"

The ship's surgeon listened to the man's breathing and nodded. "Continue," Colborne said, "but on his legs."

The man's pants were pulled down. The seaman with the whip did the same to his legs as he had done to his back. Around stroke 90, the man passed out. At 100, his shipmates cut him down and brought him below.

A different sailor picked up the whip and stood behind Kate. She was petrified. Finucane could see it every time she looked around. Damned British justice, he raged and looked around him. Murderers and robbers here, and they whip the life out of a man whose only sin was that he couldn't hold himself in—and a woman whose trade it is to help such men. Dirty British swine, he thought and remembered hangings of men and women for simply wearing green. . . .

"NOT the woman," he yelled. The other convicts stared, then moved away from him. He stood alone, yelling: "Not the woman, you slimy bilge scum!" His control was gone.

"Bring that man out here," the captain said. Two soldiers unbolted the gate and pulled him out. He grabbed up the slack in his chain and whipped one in the face.

He swung it at the other and wrapped it around his neck.

Then there was an avalanche of men, seamen and soldiers, and he went down. Something hard hit the back of his head and drove the fight out of him. When his head cleared, he had taken the sailor's place at the mast.

"Stupid!" the woman whispered.

"A fine way to talk after what I tried to do for you."

"I didn't ask you to do it, and I never would have done it for you . . . ugh-h-h!" The whip cut her off. The next lash sounded like a plank slapping water. "Dear God," he heard her say, and she was silently reciting the Rosary. She was still reciting when the doctor examined her on stroke 50 and said it would be all right to go on.

"At least have the decency to continue on my back and leave my legs covered," she said, and whispered her prayers again.

THE whip worked hard. Finucane hoped she would pass out. He saw the soldiers and other seamen looking at the captain. His face was white; he didn't like lashing a woman. If she would just let herself pass out, he would stop it, but she won't and he won't as long as she's standing and mocking him. At 100, the seaman stopped. One of the tails had broken off the lash, he had used it so violently. The others cut her down and tried to help her across the deck. "Cut your filthy hands off before you let them touch me," she said and staggered across the deck herself and disappeared into the hatch.

A wind had come up, and the captain, because he was sick of the flogging, said, "The ship's begun to roll. Since this one's such a hothead, a little salt water will cool him off. Put him in the cage."

A wooden thing like a parrot cage was brought up on deck. They squeezed Finucane into it and then hung it over the side from a crosspiece on the mast. He dangled just over the whitecaps and saw what it could do to a man the first time the ship rolled to port.

The water grabbed at the cage and it went under. The waves tossed him over like dice in a cup. He felt it going deep. For what must have been a minute, he held his breath, and then the ship rolled to starboard and yanked the cage out.

A roll to port dropped it back in again and caught him in the middle of a breath. He sucked in water and choked. Staying alive became a struggle for half-breaths. At one point, he felt his nose crack against the wood and the pain almost knocked him out, but the cold water wouldn't even give him that mercy.

THAT afternoon and a whole night later, the captain ordered him cut down. When the sailors dumped him below, his skin was shriveled like a prune. His eyes and lips were puffed from salt burns. The hold was a stinking pit, made clammy from the warmth of bodies and burning spermaceti lamps, but he welcomed it like it was his own hearth. . . .

He didn't see the women again after that for the rest of the voyage. Everyone was kept below decks without exercise for a week with the hatches shut as punishment for the disturbance they had nothing to do with. The spermaceti lamps went out twice for lack of oxygen.

The ship made Teneriffe on the third week out, then pulled into Rio de Janeiro seven weeks later. At both places, fresh water and vegetables were taken aboard, but Finucane and the others saw little of either. Five weeks after Rio, they touched Capetown, then headed into the Indian Ocean for the last leg to Sydney.

Two months it took, and scurvy and dysentery lived in the hold with them. Four starved bodies were dropped over the side. It got so hot that the pitch began to drip from the deck seams. A plea for more water brought the reply: "Drink your own sweat." They sailed through the Timor and Arafura seas, and along the Great Barrier Reef that trails like a loose outer skin for some 1,400 miles down the northeastern coast of Australia.

On December 9, 1819, the *Mephisto* pulled into Sydney Harbor. Of the 133 men and 22 women, 11 men and two women had died. Many of the others lay in their own filth, dim sparks of humanity that had to be carried off. They died later on the docks.

It was at the unloading that Finucane saw Kate for the second time. She was whipping the mate with her chains as she had seen him do eight weeks before.

"I wondered how she managed the voyage," he said to Flannery. "She managed well."

"You call that managing well? She'll be lucky if they don't break her legs for that bit of business. Forget her. It'll be a cold day in hell before you see her again."

He did see her again that afternoon. The convicts were lined up on the dock at the whipping post to watch Kate get her second lashing. It was only 25 this time, but Finucane refused to watch. He had lost his head the last time, and he didn't want to lose it again, so he looked at the land instead and tried not to count the strokes.

He saw Kate even once more after the whipping, the next week. After they had been registered, the healthiest of the convicts were assigned to landowners around Sydney. A mill owner named Graves got seven of them. Kate Clenahan and Finucane were among them.

SOME of the landowners treated their convicts well and encouraged them to homestead themselves after their time was up. Others looked on convicts as work animals. When they were dead or broken, others would be sent to take their places. Graves was one of these.

They climbed onto Graves' wagon and creaked up the road toward his mill. It was on the southern perimeter of Sydney. There were hills and a tongue of forest stretching to a mountain range. To the north were open plains studded with boulders and thirsty-looking trees. He had never seen country like it. And in a canoe, paddling upriver, he saw his first black man. He stared at the over-sized buttocks, matted hair and beards, spindly legs and brownish ochre designs painted on their bodies and wondered what manner of God's creatures they were. He was still staring open-mouthed when he heard:

"So, hero, where were you this time while they were laying it onto me? You weren't so brave this time."

"You didn't appreciate it last time." The back of her blouse had been ripped from the lash and the flesh opened up again. She was still grimy from eight weeks in the hold.

"Here," he said. "Put your head on my lap and rest until we get to the mill. From what I hear of Graves, it may be the last rest any of us will be having." She went to sleep.

The wagon rounded the bend, and Graves and his overseer were bawling at them to get out. Kate sat up and she and another woman were taken to the female quarters. As she walked away, she was grinning and jingled some coins in her hand. Finucane felt for his pocket. He'd had three crowns there that he'd kept all the way from England. They were gone.

It puzzled him and he started to chase her, but the overseer grabbed his collar and pushed him into the men's quarters

The chains were struck from them that night, and the next day they were set to work for 14 hours cutting and lugging logs to feed the steel teeth in Graves' sawmill.

Finucane soon learned the best way to survive long hours and short rations. The trick was to work all the time, but not work hard. He became as quick as anyone at pilfering when he needed to and hunting for plover to supplement the salt meat and flour fed them by Graves.

He soon noticed that Kate was surviving better and easier than the rest of them. It was easy to understand why. Of all commodities in the colony, sex was the scarcest. The ration was about 12 men to every woman. The woman had two choices: submit or be raped. To avoid being taken by every man, the women would seek the protection of one.

Kate, he noticed, instead of seeking protection of one, sought them all. And because she was the lusty animal she was, she bounced from one to the other. One night, he watched her goad one man into fighting another for her, and when he lost, she went into the woods with the other, made love to him and took five pence he had earned as a laborer the week before on his time off.

Finucane felt disgust. He wondered how he could have ever thought of her as a woman he'd want for himself. He noticed that after a while, she no longer worked at all, but slept all day while the other women sweated over the pots in Graves' kitchen and the garden behind Graves' house. The reason: She had found the most powerful man of all.

HE was Wilson, Graves' convict foreman, an ex-dock-walloper from London who had more bone than brains in his head. But even for his foreman, Graves wasn't one to let an able body be idle. There had to be other reasons. Finucane learned why the next Sunday. Sunday was a day off.

Finucane and Flannery were playing whist on a log, when Flannery poked him. He looked up. Graves' carriage with its high, thin-spoked wheels and team of mares was in front of the mill. Wilson was helping Kate into it beside Graves. Graves flicked the reins and drove down the road toward Sydney. Wilson watched them go.

At sundown, they came back. Graves shirt was undone. The neck of Kate's dress was ripped. She was wearing his hat and driving the team. He had an arm around her waist. They pulled up. Wilson came out and held the team. Graves bounced out of the carriage. "She's all you said she was, Wilson," he said. "Have her here again next Sunday, and get her another dress." He went into his house.

"They're sharing the slut," Finucane said, throwing down his cards. He felt a tickle of rage run along his stomach muscles. Yet, he felt the tickle become an ache and wished she was what he thought she had been instead of what she really was.

Inevitably, he knew he would try to escape. He didn't know when, but he knew it. He wanted Ireland again. The months dragged by, and he formed vague plans. It came about faster than he expected, however, because of a bottle of gin and a tremendous homesickness one other Sunday.

Because he was homesick, he hit the bottle, and because he hit the bottle, the more the idea of hitting a Britisher got to be a real need. Flannery left him alone that night. Someplace in the dark, Finucane thought, would be Kate and the dirty beefeater Wilson. Wilson was a Britisher. Hit him.

He got up and went to the landing on the river where he knew they would be. He watched what they were doing for a while. Then, just at the moment he knew he himself would be annoyed if someone interrupted, he said:

"Wilson! Stand up!"

WILSON jumped to his feet. He fumbled with his clothes and said, "Get away if you know what's good for you."

Finucane swung at Wilson's head. The gin ruined his aim and Wilson ducked under the punch and sank his own fist into Finucane's stomach. He sat back on the ground, wheezing. Kate was watching them craftily.

Wilson kicked him in the ribs. He couldn't move. Wilson grabbed his leg and dragged him toward the river. He's going to throw me in, Finucane realized, and I'm too drunk and beaten to swim.

There was a movement off to the left. He heard something crack over Wilson's head, felt Wilson stiffen, then fall on top of him. He stood, shaking the pain of gin and the foot from himself. Flannery was there, holding a rock.

"I hit him," Flannery said. "He was going to drown you."

Finucane bent over Wilson and felt his head in the dark. There was a mushy spot the size of a fist where there should have been hard skull.

"You did a good job," he said. "He's dead." He crossed himself and stood.

"What'll we do?" Flannery said. "God! What'll we do?"

"Let me think." The gin was gone from his brain. For this they would both be hung. There was only one thing to do. "We've got to run. As far as we can."

"Where man, where?"

Where? To the north would be best, probably. He'd heard that China or Java could be reached by land that way. There was a colony—French or Dutch—that he'd heard about to the north. That would be best. From there, they could get a ship to Africa, or America, or someplace. "We go north," he said.

"We've got to take her with us," Flannery said.

"We do not!"

"We do. She'll shout her bloody head off if we leave her, and we won't get a mile."

KATE spoke. "Yes. You must take me."

"Take her," said Flannery.

"All right. All right." He agreed mostly to keep them quiet and get moving. He shoved them into the brush, but Kate stopped. She stooped and emptied Wilson's pockets and took five guineas.

"Ghoul," Finucane said. "The man's dead."

She shrugged. "We may need it."

They ran inland, then cut out across the boulder-pimpled ground to the coast. Finucane set the pace. At dawn he stopped in a blind of scrub brush near the ocean. They could hear the breakers. "Sleep," he said. "We'll travel again tonight."

When they awoke, men were sitting around them in a circle. They had black skins. Their bodies were painted with orange and brown stripes. They had bones through their noses, and they were naked. They had spears pointed at them.

Kate was the first to see them. "Finucane," she said, and the edge to her voice made him sit up. Finucane got up and the spears came up with him. "They're bushmen," he said. "They don't like whites. The earlier ones beat them and sometimes killed them." Kate and Flannery stood beside him. The one who seemed to be the leader reached out for Kate. She cringed behind Flannery. "Keep off her," he said, but the headman shut him up with a clout on the side of his head, using the spear.

He dug his hand under Kate's blouse. Finucane saw her flinch. He ripped and she was bare to the waist. He dug his knife under the waistband of her skirt and pulled. Skirt, undergarments and belt fell to her ankles. Then he pushed her down and stripped her of shoes and hose.

Next, he stripped Flannery and then Finucane. The headman threw their clothes into the bushes and the guineas tinkled out of Kate's pocket.

"Come," he said and pointed north.

"He knows English," Flannery said.

"Most of them that live near settlements do," Finucane said.

"How do we know they won't kill us?"

"We don't, but we must go north anyway, so it might as well be with them."

"How about her?" he said, looking at Kate.

HE shook his head. "Whatever they do with her will probably be no different than she herself has done a thousand times."

"Why did they strip us if they're not going to kill us?" Flannery said.

Finucane shrugged. "They probably figure they're naked. Why shouldn't we be?"

He didn't know what any of it was about, but figured if they were going to do anything they would have done it already. Best they should go along without argument. At least they were moving north.

They walked all morning in the hot air. They were dying for a drink, but the natives didn't stop.

Finucane noticed the ground gradually begin to change. The trees were denser and there was undergrowth. Insects and thorns dug into their flesh. In the damp spots, orchids and ferns grew like cabbages.

Around noon, they came to the bushmen's camp. There were fires and two temporary huts made of branches and grass thrown together and that was all, except for a few canoes tied to a branch in a stream. Women, naked and painted like the men squatted around the fires.

They were each thrown a raw fish, which Finucane threw up after he ate it. The women, he saw, were picking on Kate, and finally overpowered her by sheer weight. They rubbed her hair with fish oil and matted it into a mess. They painted her with white and brown clay, and

only when she looked something like them did they stop.

The men did the same to him and Flannery. Each of them was then given to a different warrior. As nearly as Finucane could tell, the warriors could do as they pleased with them.

Finucane's man had a name that sounded like Kumwatta. He could say "wood" and took him into the forest. They loaded his arms with dead wood and prodded him with a quartz-headed axe back to camp. They took him out for another load, then another. Right back at the sawmill, Finucane thought. After the second load, he knew his feet were in bad shape.

They left him alone at sunset, and while the women baked fish, he bathed his feet at the stream. They didn't let him out of sight, however. An aborigine stood with his club only a few feet away.

After he'd washed, he had a few bad moments wondering about Flannery and Kate. The women had taken Kate to gather fruit and honey, and Flannery had gone someplace else with the others.

He heard shuffling feet and groans at the other side of the clearing. The rest of the women came in with Kate. They were tired-looking, but no one was groaning. The men followed, and he saw Flannery. They were pulling him by his arms, his legs dragging. He stood, and he saw Kate wincing, and pointing at Flannery. The others dropped Flannery at his feet. The backs of his legs had been burned to the tendons.

"You black, zebra-striped scum," he yelled.

"Sit down, Fin," Flannery croaked, "before they do it to you."

Finucane sobbed. He looked for something for the burns. He took some fish oil and tried to rub gently, but Flannery screamed and fainted.

THE natives moved off and left the three of them alone. Flannery revived.

"Hurts a lot?" Finucane said.

"Yes. A lot."

"Why did they do it?"

"I was helping them fish. I tried to run away. They rewarded me with this for it."

Finucane dug his nails into his hands. It was his fault in a way. If he hadn't gone after Wilson, Flannery would never have followed.

Flannery could not stand the next day. He had slept curled like an embryo so his legs wouldn't hurt so much, and the watery, blackened flesh had dried and stiffened them into a bent position. Finucane went to get a gourd of water from the stream and brought it to him.

Kumwatta stopped him and knocked it from his hand. He said nothing, but went back to the stream for more. When he stood, Kumwatta was in his way, shaking his head. God, Finucane thought, when a man's hurt, he's no good to them, so they let him die. He tried to step around Kumwatta. "You ape. You damned bloody ape," Finucane said. He shoved him. Kumwatta fell. Finucane walked past.

Flannery reached up greedily for the water. He was pouring it into Flannery's mouth when he heard Kumwatta bellow. He turned, saw the native swinging his club, and ducked to get under it, but didn't duck enough. He felt a pain driven through his ear when it caught him on the side of his head. His legs buckled. Get up, something said. Get up and kill the man. He saw the blur of the club again, felt it slam into his back, and was surprised that he could no longer feel.

They left him and Flannery alone. Kate had been taken with the other women. He made his legs lift him and got to the stream and drank. He felt better, but not much. Kumwatta and the other men were looking at him, and when they saw he could stand and move, they let Kate come sit with him and Flannery. He figured it out. If he too had been hurt, he would have to die with Flannery. If he was all right, the others were allowed to mingle with him. This was all right for him, but not for Flannery.

"The canoes," he said to them. "They're the way out, if we can ever get to one."

"Go without me, Fin," Flannery said. "You'll die trying to make it with me."

"I'm taking you," he said.

Kate talked. "He's right, Finucane. He'll die anyway, and we'll be able to go faster without him."

"You smell," he said. "Is this how you'd treat him after he tried to keep the clothes on your back yesterday?"

She shrugged the same way she'd shrugged when she robbed Wilson's corpse.

They lay side by side that night, but didn't sleep. When the fires turned cold and the rest of the natives slept except for the man who watched them, Finucane got up. The man got up, too. "Water," Finucane said, pointing to himself and then to the stream. The man grinned. He understood the need to get up at night.

Finucane walked past him, then twisted so quickly on his left foot he could hear the sand squeak and punched the man in the neck. He fell over without a noise. Finucane took his club, hefted it, then drove the sharpened handle through the bushman's eyesocket and into his brain. This is for Flannery, he thought. The body twitched and was still. He crept to the canoes. In the bottom of each, he chopped a hole. The bark broke almost noiselessly. He did this to all but one. He ran back to the clearing. Kate and Flannery were watching for him.

"Get to the canoe," he whispered. "It's the only one floating." Kate padded off into the dark. He reached down for Flannery.

"For Jesus' sake. Leave me."

"No." Finucane swept him up and crouched so he wouldn't make an outline against the moon. He waded into the stream where Kate sat in the canoe, put Flannery in the middle and climbed into the stern. He dipped a paddle gently, and they floated downstream.

THEY paddled hard all night, but it didn't tire them. Even Flannery was too excited to feel his legs. When the sun was high the next day, they had come out of the stream and were skimming north on the ocean along the coast, keeping the inshore islands in sight. They pulled ashore, drank some water, ate some fruit and slept.

It was a fine island. They stayed several days. Finucane trapped fish and dried it. There was a bow and two arrows in the canoe, and he shot some kind of goat, and dried that meat. He made a water skin out of its hide, sealing the seams with pitch as it dropped from a burning log. "Tomorrow," he said, "we'll go on."

That night she came to him as he was checking the canoe for leaks. She was still naked. They all were.

"Do you really think there's another settlement?" she asked.

"There's supposed to be. Even if there's nothing, we've got to try."

"Fin (she had never called him that), you don't like me, do you?"

"No," he said. "I don't."

"Did you ever like me? I think you did once."

He didn't like this talk. He thought of the things she had done in Sydney, and how she wanted to leave Flannery behind. He knew what he thought of her in that way, but she was making him think of her in another way. He hadn't had a woman in a long time.

"I don't like you now," he said. "You're so twisted and crooked, the priest will have to screw you into the ground when they bury you."

She slapped him. He slapped her back. She went for his eyes. To protect himself, he threw his arms around her middle and pinned her hands at her side. She

"That just refers to the gasoline, mister!"

rammed the top of her head into his chin and knocked him backwards. He fell into the sand, her hair tumbling into his face. She had scrubbed it clean and soft. She bit his shoulder and he shook her off with a grunt. Her body was warm. The hair smell caught him.

He hated her, but he hadn't had a woman in a long time. . . .

He felt a bitter liquid form in his throat and the two of them thrashed up a cloud of grit. It got in their mouths and eyes. He tried to hurt her, hoped he would hurt her in taking his pleasure, but as he fought with her, he knew he couldn't, because even though she was fighting him, she had wanted a man as much as he had wanted a woman. . . .

They headed north along the coast the next day. He didn't speak. Neither did she, and Flannery dozed. Things went well until the third day.

IT was a squall that ruined everything, not much of a squall as squalls off Australia go, but enough to tip them over because they weren't sailors and didn't know how to head a boat into the wind to keep it steady. A wave dumped them.

Flannery yelled "Help" and went under. Finucane saw the canoe upside down and Kate hanging onto it with her hair plastered on her back like a red cape. He dove for Flannery. He towed him back to the canoe and let him hold onto the prow.

The sun came out bright and hot as quickly as it had disappeared. Finucane looked about him and a wave of panic on top of salt water almost made him vomit. The land was gone. The wind had carried them off, and he didn't know where it was.

They bailed the canoe dry with their hands. Finucane took stock. The dried meat and fish were gone. The bow and arrows were gone. The water and one paddle were all that was left.

"We must find land again," he said, and paddled in the direction he judged it should be. But there was the wind, and if he was paddling the right way, he never knew because for every foot he went forward, the wind drove him back two. After three hours, he stopped, winded.

"What do we do now, Fin?" Flannery asked.

"I don't know. God, I don't. Paddle some more when the wind dies, I suppose."

The wind had died, and Finucane had paddled, but there was no land. He rationed out one swallow from the skin to each and said, "That's all we'll get each day until it runs out. Perhaps there'll be a ship."

Not bloody likely, he knew, but didn't say it. For two more days they drifted. They had been brown from the sun before, but blisters raised on their skins and salt caked their mouths and eyes shut. At night they froze. They didn't talk; the only time they came to life was to drink the swallow of water Finucane carefully allotted them.

It was over Flannery that Kate finally outdid herself, as far as Finucane was concerned, on the sixth day. Finucane slept. It was around midnight, he guessed, when a splash woke him up.

He saw Kate in the moonlight, pushing on something at the side of the boat. It was a hand—Flannery's hand. "You pushed him over," he bellowed.

He went into the water, and the coldness knocked the breath from him, but he dived and groped. Nothing. Flannery was gone. He climbed back into the canoe. He sat in the middle, wheezing and coughing up mucous. Kate didn't move or speak.

"I didn't think even you were this rotten. Why did you do it?"

"He asked me to. He knew he was going to die. He said the water would last us longer if he was gone. He asked me to."

"He was fighting you. I saw his hand."

"He changed his mind."

"You mean you knew he didn't want to die and you didn't help him?"

She shrugged. The same shrug. "He was already over . . ." She stretched out to sleep. "Don't be an ass," she said. "He was going to die anyway, and now the water *will* last longer."

Finucane looked across the water. It all came out then. He could take no more. He felt the sob begin deep inside him and come out like a cough. His eyes filled. He didn't think he had any tears left. He hated her more than anything in his whole life, and as exhaustion forced him to close his eyes, he thought how it should have been her instead of Flannery.

The water in the skin went down. Kate took her swallow. Finucane took his. He didn't want to look at her, for the thought that it should have been her instead of Flannery was on his mind. So were the other things he had seen her do, and finally he came to the conclusion she was an animal, an animal nobody would miss if it were dead. For days he kept this thought away if he could, for that made him no better than herself, but it was the skin being less than a third full that finally did it.

She took her swallow. "You just drank Flannery's water," he said softly.

She said nothing.

"It's only a third full now. If one of *us* was gone, the water would last even longer, like Flannery said."

She didn't like the look of him and sat up straight.

"I'm going to throw you overboard, Kate."

He crawled along the bottom toward her. She moved away from him.

"Don't come near me!"

He scratched after her on all fours, too weak to stand. She poked at him with the paddle, but he backhanded it into the prow. He threw himself on top of her.

She tried to get his eyes, but he bent her wrist back. She was panting, trying to kick. He kneeled on her, twisted her around somehow, got a grip on her waist and boosted her into the water. She moaned and locked her fingers over the side of the boat. He lifted both fists and brought them down like hammers on her fingers. She let go. He reached over and pushed her head under.

When she came up spluttering, he had the paddle and was pushing the canoe away.

"FIN! FIN! You won't leave me here!"

She swam after him, flailing up foam with her arms. After a while, he saw her stop. Just her head was above water.

He saw the hair for a moment, a red jellyfish undulating on the water, and then it was gone. He looked at the spot for a moment, then fell back into the bottom of the canoe, mouthing sounds that weren't speech at the sun, and he didn't even know it when he finally passed out. . . .

HE was unconscious when he was found by the crew of the *Lynn*, a whaler of American registry heading home to Nantucket with a full hold of oil and blubber. He had the water skin clutched to his chest. There were possibly two swallows left. It was December 11, 1820.

Weeks later, when he had meat on his bones and was able to get about again, the captain, Obediah Jenkins, started to make out his report. He asked Finucane if there had been others. He said there were. Jenkins asked what had happened to them.

"The thirst," he said. "It killed them."

Jenkins opened his chest and handed him the skin. "I saved this," he said. "I thought you might want it as a memento."

He took it, but threw it over the side that night. He didn't need it to help him remember.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above story was transcribed from an account Colin Finucane wrote years later. It turned up recently among some old papers sold at auction in Boston. Finucane told the captain he was an escaped convict, but the War of 1812 had left him with no love for the English, so he did not turn Finucane in. He took Finucane to the United States with him instead. In Nantucket, Finucane became a carpenter, married, had two sons, and died on June 3, 1859.* ***

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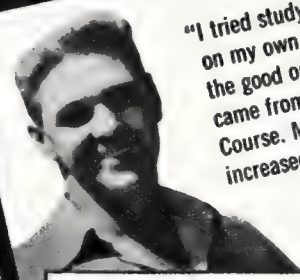

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Last of the Man-Eaters

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made up his mind to jump ship. When he told his buddies in the crew they laughed.

"Yeah, sure," they said. Somebody was always threatening to jump ship.

But two days later, when the *Clematis* entered Papua Bay and rode the purple waters to within a quarter of a mile of the Orokola Coast, he began to plan. Before dawn broke over the jungle horizon he lowered the second officer's small power launch. He didn't dare start the motor; it took him a long, hard time, but he poled his way to shore.

He had stocked the boat with whatever provisions he could steal from the *Clematis,* but there were still some things he needed. An old Englishman ran a trading post that was little more than a hut on stilts at the edge of the bay. Minoso stopped there and added to his stores.

The trader took his money first, then glanced out to where the *Clematis* rode the swells at anchor. "Take some advice," he said casually. "Go back to your ship. The coast ain't navigable and the jungle's poison. The only way out of here by small boat is up the Tauri River, and that leads to cannibal country."

"Cannibals?" Minoso laughed.

The man nodded. "Kukukukus," he said.

It was the name that made Minoso decide the old man was having his little joke at the expense of an AWOL merchant sailor. "Sure," he said, poker-faced.

By ten o'clock that morning he had located the Tauri and was moving upriver.

TWO days later, just before nightfall, the launch motor coughed apologetically and died. Cursing, Minoso checked the fuel tank. It was dry. He started to paddle ashore with his hands. Baby crocodiles, only a couple of feet long, made playful passes at his fingers as he paddled. Shaken, he snatched his hands out of the water.

Straining against the current, he poled to the left bank of the river and leaped ashore. There was a small trail, and he followed it for a short distance until dusk fell. That night he slept fitfully in a jungle clearing, huddled close to a small fire that went out three or four times. In the morning, fearing to press on through the unfamiliar jungle, he turned back toward the river, deciding to ride the current in the fuel-less launch back to the rivermouth.

When he got to the boat, however, he found it occupied. Four natives were clambering all over it like monkeys. When they saw him they fell silent. They were slightly shorter than Minoso, spare-fleshed but muscular. They were naked. Each man's nose was pierced by a short piece of dirty white bone. Three of them held wooden blackpalm bows; the fourth carried a large club.

He seemed to be their leader. He approached Minoso while the others watched warily, their weapons ready. The native passed his hand over Minoso's face and body, inch by inch. Finally he grinned and patted the sailor's shoulder.

Evidently, the verdict was that the white man was a friend and not to be feared. Immediately the jungle man relaxed and hurried to inspect him. Minoso waited, blank-faced, while they prodded and sniffed at him.

There was a loaded .38 in a holster at his hip. He might have drawn and fired if there had been two of them, but with four he didn't dare. Then the decision was taken out of his hands. The leader discovered the pistol just as one of the other savages found his pocket comb. Snarling, the leader snatched the comb and gun.

He growled a few words, and the tribesmen picked up everything they could carry. Then the whole group started off. At first Minoso just waited, hoping that they would leave him. But twice the chieftain came back and shoved him. The pushes weren't hard, but the intent was clear.

The village was half a day's march through the jungle. In area it was huge, consisting of many little family compounds located a few hundred feet from one another. Each family group had from three to five grass-thatched huts, enclosed in a fence of sharp-pointed bamboo stakes.

The fence was about six feet tall, designed to keep animals and enemies out. It also had another function the first few nights Minoso stayed in the village. It served to keep him in.

The chieftain's name was N'kuanana. It was to his family's hut that Minoso was taken. The family consisted of N'kuanana's two wives, a host of children of various ages ranging from infancy to past puberty, an old grandfather and three old grandmothers.

The chieftain's eldest daughters were named Vuonu and Afali. By western standards, their faces were ugly—broad, large-featured and masculine. By any standards, their bodies were beautiful. Unlike the men, who for the most part wore nothing, the women of the tribe sported small tufts of grass which covered the lower parts of their bodies.

The first night Minoso slept in the chieftain's hut. He fell asleep trying not to listen to the sounds of N'kuanana making love to his number one wife. Some time after midnight, he was awakened by what at first he took to be one of the village dogs snuggling against him for warmth. Subsequent exploration, however, proved the newcomer to be Afali. Within an hour, he was also joined by Vuonu. It was a strenuous night. When morning finally came, the whole family crowded into the nuptial chamber, laughing and patting the new bridegroom on the head.

Within a week he was part of the tribe, an accepted member who could go or come at will. He was free to escape, but the miles of jungle were his prison walls. He was in no hurry, however. His two wives pleased him, and he was enjoying the kind of vacation the boys in the crew only dreamed about.

The tribe had some cute social customs. Using some pidgin English, a minimum of grunts and groans and a maximum of very graphic sign language, Minoso's new father-in-law proceeded to teach him some of the rules.

MEN, N'kuanana explained, slept around a lot. Their wives did, too—but only with their husbands' permission. When a man wanted a night out, he came out of his house bearing a lighted torch, whirled it around three times and dashed it to the ground. This was a signal that his wives were free for the night. The whole village seemed to be playing a kind of sexual musical chairs.

Every once in a while a group of natives would get together and hold a *kango,* a kind of legalized orgy. It would begin with a feast. Meat in the New Guinea jungle was scarce. On rare occasions there would be the flesh of the wild Kanaka pig or the Cassowary bird, and more often mice, rats and wild lizards. But mostly the feast consisted of *kau kau,* a kind of wild yam, wild beans and baked white caterpillars.

At first Minoso's gorge rose when he reached in and grabbed a handful of the baked caterpillars, but he found to his delight that they were crisp and salty, like bits of burnt bacon.

The natives had no liquor, but they chewed the blood-red betel nut constantly, and Minoso found the habit an easy one to acquire. The nut didn't make one drunk, he found, but it was easy to get "high" on a couple of mouthfuls.

They would sit and chew the betel, while the fires flickered low and the drums beat louder and faster. Soon the women would dance, and the odor of their sweating bodies would fill the clearing. When a man saw a dancing woman who met his fancy, he would rise and carry her off into the jungle.

During his third week of village life, N'kuanana took him to an initiation ceremony. Eight teen-age boys with frightened eyes were ushered into a clearing deep in the jungle. They had just come from a water-hole, in which they had stood and beat each other with leafy branches to remove any trace of woman-smell from their bodies. On their arrival at the clearing the boys were made to run the gauntlet, darting down two rows of men armed with thorny sticks, who literally beat from the boys their last contact with childhood.

(Continued on page 52)

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(*Continued from page* 50)

Then, in place of anaesthesia, drums began to beat. For five hours the hypnotic beating continued, lulling the boys into a state of semi-trance. While they squatted on their heels and listened, the tribe's strongest men inflicted wounds in their own bodies and sprinkled their blood on the waiting boys, giving to them some of their own strength. Finally, the tribal elders, a group of small, skinny patriarchs, went into action.

Two of the men kneeled together, forming a sacrificial table with their backs. One by one, the boys were thrown across this table. Each was given a chunk of wood, placed between his jaws, and told to bite—hard.

Then, with the "surgeons" working in high gear, the slashing took place. Wielding razor-sharp scalpels of honed bamboo, the first team of old men performed a circumcision, while the second team bore a hole in the gristle between the nostrils, using as an auger the jagged bone of a small animal or bird. As soon as the hole was drilled, a small twig was inserted. This would be replaced after healing, N'kuanana explained, with the bone which is the mark of jungle manhood.

MIDWAY in the ceremony, N'kuanana motioned with a horny black fist toward the living operating table.

"You-fella," he said to his son-in-law.

Minoso wisely didn't break and run, but he shook his head violently. "Me-fella taboo," he said, doing his best to keep his voice firm.

N'kuanana looked disappointed that his daughters' husband refused to be circumcized and nose-drilled, but he didn't press his point. Thereafter, however, he was never quite so cordial toward Minoso as he had been before.

Two days later, Minoso received another shock.

Two Pinatan pygmies, a male and a female, were captured by a hunting party, more dead than alive, half a day's march from the village.

They were brought back slung from poles by their bound hands and feet, like slain animals. Just conscious enough to weep and whimper, they were bound to stakes in the middle of the village compound.

And the children of the tribe stoned them to death.

The adults hung around watching the stoning, laughing and pointing with pride when a well-aimed rock glanced off one of the pygmies' skulls. The children yipped and howled with a blood-lust worthy of the jungle, their small eyes glittering with pleasure.

It was soon over. The dead pygmies were cut down, and fires began to blaze all over the native compound as if by magic. The hands, feet and heads were chopped off the small corpses. All organs were cut into tiny pieces and distributed to the old men of the tribe. Some sections were handed out to the old crones, too. Eating these parts by aged persons was believed to restore flagging sexual appetites and abilities.

As calmly as if they were dressing a pair of shoats, the men of the tribe slashed at the bodies with bamboo knives, reducing them in minutes to rude steaks, chops and roasts which were wrapped in palm leaves and thrown into the hot coals as fast as they left the body.

Minoso's face must have reflected his feelings, because he looked up at one point to see N'kuanana watching him through narrowed eyes. Presently, accompanied by a cluster of glowering tribesmen, the chieftain approached Minoso with a haunch of well-done meat.

"Ela Kanaka;" N'kuanana said shortly. "Fala." *Long pig. Good.* Minoso forced himself to take the meat and tear off a huge bite with his teeth. To his amazement he found that once he forced down the first mouthful it was easy to eat the rest. It tasted not unlike the flesh of the wild pig.

The natives gorged until only gnawed bones were left. Then, in high spirits, they held a wild *kango.* Minoso sought out his own number one wife and dragged her into their hut. He caressed her until she purred, then, remembering the name used by the old English trader weeks before, he pointed his finger at her.

"Kukukuku?" he asked.

She reacted as if he had dropped a red-hot coal down her back. Eyes blazing, she raked her nails down his cheek, then she crawled to the other side of the hut.

"Ngwodiaga!" she screamed. It was what he had always heard the tribe call itself. Much later, after he had left the jungle, Minoso learned that Kukukuku is a name applied to the tribe by other jungle people. A term of disparagement with homosexual implications, the word is never used by the tribe.

Fearful that she would complain to her father, he courted her for almost an hour before she was pacified.

He began to desire very strongly to get away.

This desire was intensified when N'kuanana's mother died. For persons who treated the bodies of strangers casually enough to eat them, the cannibals, he discovered, had a strange reverence for the corpses of persons they loved.

THEY mummified the remains, smoking them for several months in huts, permeated with strong wood-smoke. As a member of the family, he had to assist in preparing the old lady for eternity. First the whole clan stripped and streaked each other's bodies in mud and red clay, as a sign of their intense mourning. Then, removing the old lady's grass skirt, they carried her into a smoke house and propped her up in sitting position, using arrows stuck into the floor to give the body support.

With the help of some 20 strangers, whom Minoso took to be volunteers, the men of the family began a task that wasn't to let up for nine weeks—the gathering of wood to keep the smoke fires going.

Afterwards, he remembered the smoking time as the worst nightmare of his life. At night the entire family would sleep huddled around the sitting corpse. During the day the men would alternately gather wood until their backs threatened to crack, or sit within the hut with the cadaver and feed wood to the smoke fires.

Under the constant heat the corpse would swell from time to time, as body fluids arose. To keep the epidermis from exploding, the natives would prick the skin with sharp bamboo tongs. The stench from the decaying flesh and from rotting food which the women constantly stuffed into the corpse's mouth was terrifying.

MORE humiliating than anything else was the love rite which had to be performed just before the corpse was taken to the burial ground. But Minoso forced himself through the whole experience, determined to run away at first opportunity. When finally the mummy of the old crone, withered and dried to a leather-like texture, was taken to the burial-place, he thought that the worst was over. But it turned out that families in mourning served as a sort of death detail for a season. This is where all the "volunteers" had come from when the old lady had died. And now, as N'kuanana's son-in-law, he was forced to join the group.

They lived at the village, but daily each reported to the burial place. In a strict sense it wasn't a burial place at all, since none of the dead was interred. The corpses were propped up in sitting position all about a large clearing. Animals were no problem, since the leather skin evidently presented no attraction for the jungle beasts. But ants bored into the mummies, and maggots followed the ants. After three months, each corpse, despite its smoking, was a mass of putrefaction.

When a party of whites came through the village one morning seven months after Minoso's arrival, he greeted them with almost hysterical joy. It took several minutes before the travelers, Englishmen on their way to the goldfields at Bulolo could understand that his babbling was English. Naked and burned dark by the sun, he looked like a native.

"For God's sake," he told them, "take me with you. I'm an American." To his vast relief, the Britishers agreed.

To avoid trouble, the party left in the middle of the night. Minoso, holding two borrowed pistols which he intended to use if they were pursued, left without bidding anyone goodby.

For 13 weeks he worked in the goldfields as a dredger for Simpson Mining of Liverpool, Ltd. Then, having saved enough to stake his way home, he shipped back to San Francisco on a Greek ship.

The war had ended, and he had served in the Merchant Marines with distinction almost all the way through. There have never been any charges because of his AWOL.

Today, Andy Minoso is skipper of a tug hauling coal on the Great Lakes run. He will never again ship out on a seagoing vessel. This is not, he explains, because he has lost his love for deep water. But he must work in a region where it is possible for him to stay on a strict diet. Minoso is very particular about what he eats.

For the past twelve years he has been a vegetarian. ***

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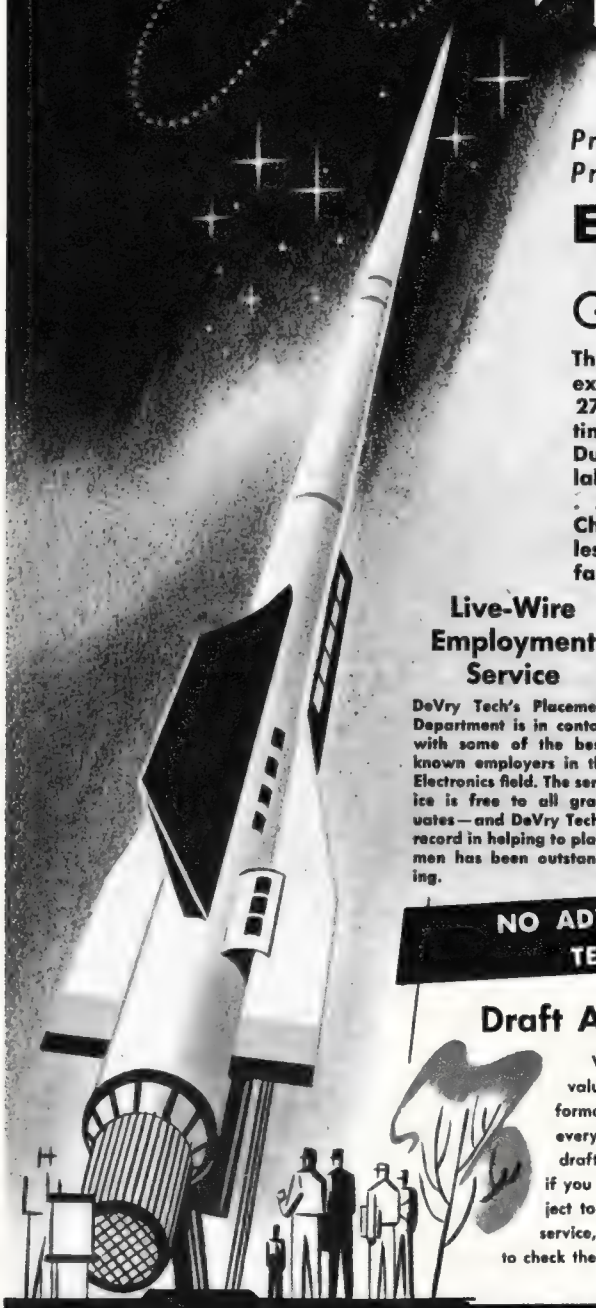

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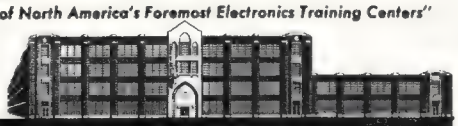

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Bloody Nose Ridge

continued from page 14

made pinkish by the light of the flames, and at times it would quiver and flicker like a neon sign, while the rumble of an especially heavy detonation came rolling out to us.

Our landing craft had disgorged our amtracks about a half mile from shore. We had come rolling out of their bowels like the ugly offspring of a monster Martian, and had felt the impact of a vast roaring and exploding and hissing and crackling—the sound of the bombardment, and, so it seemed to us, the sound of the utter destruction of that little island.

OUR great warships lay behind us, and before us lay the foe. Overhead all of the airplanes were ours. It was a moment of supreme confidence. A fierce joy gripped me, banishing that silly conviction of death, and I ran my eye over all that bristling scene of conquest.

"Duck soup," I shouted into the wind and noise.

Hoosier grinned again and returned the salute, and at that moment, there came an odd bump against the steel side of our craft and then a strangled sound. The water began to erupt in little geysers and the air became populated with exploding steel.

The enemy was saluting us. They were receiving us with mortar and artillery fire. Ten thousand Japanese awaited us on the island of Peleliu, ten thousand men as brave and determined and skillful as ever a garrison was since the art of warfare began. Skillful, yes: it was a terrible rain and it did terrible work among us before we reached the beach.

At that first detonation, Hoosier and I had ducked below the gunwales, and I had not dared raise my head again until we were a hundred feet offshore.

Our amtrack was among the first assault waves, yet the beach was already a litter of burning, blackened amphibian tractors, of dead and wounded, a mortal garden of exploding mortar shells. Holes had been scooped in the white sand or had been blasted out by the shells, the beach was pocked with holes—all filled with green-clad helmeted marines.

With Lieutenant Deepchest of F Company, to whom Filthy Fred and the mild Twin and I had been assigned, I leapt over the side of our amtrack and scraped a hole of my own. Behind me a shell landed, blowing a man clear out of his high-laced jungle boots.

We were pinned down, but not by mortars alone. Machine gun fire came from an invincible outpost which the Japanese had blasted out of a coral promontory jutting into the bay. We had found an opening in it, and even then were filling it with all manner of small arms fire: grenades, sticks of dynamite hurled by men who had crept up to it, or billowing fire from the flame throwers who also had gained the hole—but the answering fire continued to rake our deadly picnic ground.

Examining our position, now, I saw that the beach lay before a line of scrub. Beyond this were the coveted airfield and the main enemy fortifications, which we were to call Bloody Nose Ridge. In the scrub I saw a yellow butterfly darting among the foliage and the waving pennant of a moving thing that turned out to be a tank—a Marine tank. There came a lull, and I could hear the shout that rose when the tank rumbled into position opposite the fortress that had pinned us down. It fired shell after shell down the hole, its machine-gunner discharged a belt into it—but still that outpost's guns worked against us.

Then began an odd procession. The hole suddenly was filled with the figure of a Japanese soldier. He jumped out of sight. Then another. Another. Each appearance set of a mad crackle of small arms fire. We might have been shooting at rabbits, for they appeared with the quick furtiveness of rodents, disappearing just as swiftly, as though their fortress were a warren—which is what it was, for the Japanese had possessed Peleliu for two decades and had blasted into the coral a network of mutually supporting caves. When a Jap jumped, he was making his exit to another position—perhaps even scurrying away beneath us.

One, only one, of these departing defenders died. He was fat and ponderous, with his blouse and trousers stuffed with rice, and because he moved so slowly the bullets struck him in a sheet and disintegrated him in a shower of flesh and rice.

It was hot. The white sand burned through our clothing. It was the enervating heat of the steam room. The sweat slid into one's mouth to aggravate thirst. The water in our canteens was hot, and when I had drunk it all, I filled it with dirty rain water lying in shell craters. Peleliu has no water. The Japanese caught theirs in cisterns open to the sky, and ours had been floated in to us in gasoline drums. from which some fool supply officer had neglected to cleanse the residuary oil. Smelling and tasting of gasoline, it was undrinkable. A brazen sun beat upon us when, freed by the silence of the fortress, we rose and marched through the scrub to the airfield.

Just before the airstrip, on the edge of the scrub, lay an enormous shell crater.

We stayed in the crater. Our advance had halted. There had been many casualties. The defenders were resolute and resourceful. The marines began to chip foxholes in the airfield coral.

At noon I tried to eat, but I could not swallow even a mouthful of beans from the ration in my pack. I never ate on Peleliu.

There was a violent outburst of gunfire. I poked my head above the crater. Through the lacy branchwork of the scrub trees I saw an enemy tank streaking along, with snipers in camouflage hanging onto the rear. It was but a moment's glance, but at the same time, my eye caught sight of a marine from F Company, a veteran, running bowlegged to the rear, his face writhing, shouting, "Tanks! Tanks!"

An officer grabbed him and spun him around and kicked him and propelled him back to his post. In the crater, we prepared for defense, like a caravan attacked by Indians. The enemy tanks whizzed past, their little wheels whirling within their tracks. Machine guns clattered, bazookas whammed—our airplanes came screeching down from heaven, and there rose the detonation of their bombs and the roar of exploding tanks.

Once a torpedo plane flashed by, so low its belly might have scraped the coral. To my right, I saw a line of our tanks advancing, firing as they came, seeming to stop each time their guns stuttered. Then it was over.

The Jap tanks had been destroyed.

I got up and made for the airfield. About twenty yards away was a burning tank. Some of the enemy dead were inside. The snipers hung in their nets like dolls stuffed in a Christmas stocking. I turned to go, and as I did, nearly stepped on someone's hand. "Excuse me," I began to say, but then I saw that it was an unattached hand, or rather a detached one. It lay there alone—open, palm upwards, clean, capable, solitary. I could not tear my eyes from it. The hand is the artisan of the soul. It is the second member of the human trinity of head and hand and heart. A man has no faculty more human than his hand, none more beautiful nor expressive nor productive. To see this hand lying alone, as though contemptuously cast aside, no longer a part of a man, no longer his help, was to see war in all its wantonness; it was to see the especially brutal savagery of our own technique of rending, and it was to see men at their eternal worst, turning upon one another, tearing one another, clawing at their own innards with the maniacal fury of the pride-possessed.

THE hand saddened me and I offered it a respectful inclination of the head while recovering my balance and making a careful circle round it.

I gained the edge of the airfield and saw the other tanks and the scattered piles of corpses.

We were advancing again. Our objective was Bloody Nose Ridge. This was the high ground visible from across the airfield. It gave the enemy perfect observation. Advancing across the flat table of crushed coral on which there was hardly a single depression, we were as easily sighted as clay ducks in a shooting gallery. But there was no other route and we had to take it. Grass-cutting machine gun fire

(*Continued on page* 56)

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SEND COUPON FOR MY FREE OUTFIT

We'll set you up in a Money-Making Shoe Store Business FREE! Just 8 Easy Orders a Day bring you up to $960 a month!

Want Plenty of Money? Just show young men, college or high school students America's newest, hottest shoe craze . . . Mason Kampus King. They go wild over colorful school letter or personal initial right on each shoe. You take easy orders—collect cash deposits—get big Bonuses and Prizes every month you work spare time or full time.

121 Exciting COLOR COMBINATIONS. *Your customers choose from 121 different combinations of colors and letters. Ideal for schools, colleges, fraternities, bands, etc.*

Mason Men have made big money for half a century—but now a whole new market is open to them. This exciting new shoe style can be your private "gold mine". No wonder the Kampus King sells on sight to organizations, marching units, students, and "hep" individuals. No wonder your first sale will start such an "endless chain" of sales and profits, because this is the kind of NEW IDEA young folks go for BIG!

You Offer 210 Fast-Selling Shoes and Jackets—Something for EVERY Man and Woman

Yes, here's a wonderful business for you, if you want to make really important money with a line you can sell to everybody—if you want steady cash profits every month. And you never invest one cent—we furnish everything FREE, so you can start raking in profits your very first hour! No rent to pay—no light bills, clerk hire or other overhead. You keep 100% of your profits!

Here's PROOF: Ambitious man wanted in every town, to earn this kind of money! James Kelly took so many orders for these Nationally Advertised shoes he made $93.55 in ONE EVENING! Fred Mapes makes $5.00 to $10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe Business. Charley Tuttle averages over $80 extra weekly in part time. How much do YOU want to make? It's up to YOU!

Stores Can't Compete. People PREFER to buy from you as the local Mason Shoe Counselor. You offer at-home or at-work convenience no store can match. Your customers get the size they want, because you draw on stock of over 250,000 pairs of dress, work, sport shoes in sizes from 2½ to 15—widths from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE. Famous Air-Cushion insole shoes give supreme comfort, so you get plenty of repeat orders and recommendations. You make a LOT of money with amazing Ripple Sole shoes with revolutionary new kind of sole that has shock-reducing *gliding action*—forward thrust with every step.

Everything Furnished FREE! We'll furnish your complete Starting Outfit FREE! Just rush coupon. It brings you—FREE and POSTPAID—*everything* you need to take profitable orders for Kampus King Shoes—sensational Ripple Sole Shoes—insulated Jackets & Boots—Sylflex Shoes—work shoes—210 in all! You can start with Mason in Spare Time, switch over to full time when you like. Get your own and family's shoes wholesale! You can't go wrong—so send the coupon now!

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 981 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

YOUR SURE SOURCE OF EXTRA INCOME!

Wherever you go, working people are eager prospects for famous Mason Air Cushion extra-comfort on-the-job shoes. That's why so many Mason Shoe Counselors multiply earnings with **quantity** orders, by specializing in shoe needs of policemen, postmen, factory workers, nurses, waitresses, service station men! We furnish sales aids . . . show you how to get the orders. Don't delay—mail coupon for **your** FREE Starting Outfit **today!**

FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 981
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Ok, Ned! I want to make extra spare time money fast—up to $960 a month for 8 orders a day. Rush EVERYTHING I need to start—FREE and POSTPAID!

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

(*Continued from page* 54)

swept the airfield. Mortar shells fell with the calm regularity of automation. It was as though they had determined at what rate they could kill the most of us and were satisfied with it, unhurried in its application. Marines fell. They crumpled, they staggered, they pitched forward, they sank to their knees, they fell backwards. They kept advancing.

NOW the day was dying amid hoarse cries for water or help for the wounded. An empty amtrack from another unit had strayed into our sector, and Lieutenant Racehorse, seeing it, bounded alongside, sprang aboard and ordered the driver to our front. Racehorse wanted to bring back the wounded.

But the driver was not eager to obey. He was from another outfit, he was tired, he saw no reason in risking his flesh for a strange officer. He said he could not obey. Racehorse told him he had better. The driver refused openly.

Racehorse drew his pistol and laid it against the driver's head and said, "Get youah butt moving," and the driver quickly shifted gears and drove frontward with a roar. Racehorse had won a Navy Cross for his bravery on Guadalcanal. He won another at Peleliu, but it was awarded posthumously. He perished attacking a pillbox, may he rest in peace.

Now it was growing dark but it was still the first day of battle. We had drawn back to consolidate, and I, with Filthy Fred, lay inside the big crater again. I had tried to eat another mouthful of beans but I could not. Tension made my stomach a vibrating intestinal harp. Finding the water in the crater exhausted, I scrambled out and headed toward the beach, hoping to find some there. Perhaps they had gotten rid of the gasoline-filthy stuff—which had already sickened many men—and had brought clean water ashore. I made my way cautiously through the brush.

Runner came out of the brush.

"Chicken got it," he said. "Damn fool kept pulling out the plasma needle the corpsman stuck in his arm. You know how Chicken was. Stubborn. I don't know," he said, shaking his head gloomily, "I don't know. Maybe he would have died anyway. It was a nasty wound. But he didn't help himself any, poor kid." Runner peered at me through the dusk. I got the feeling that he had distinguished himself that day and was struggling with his modesty to tell me. "Boy, it was rough!" he burst out. "Ask Chuckler—he'll tell you Guadalcanal was a pink tea compared to today. I mean for the fighting. And this one was supposed to be easy! You should've seen it when they threw those tanks at us. We knocked them out with machine guns and hand grenades!" he proclaimed triumphantly.

I asked him if he had found any water, but he turned his canteen upside down in reply. We walked back together, sadly, each to himself alone, wondering if this were to be the end.

"REMEMBER the guys who got it back on Guadalcanal?" Runner asked. "We used to think they were poor slobs—getting it so soon. Maybe they were the lucky ones. They didn't have to go through all of this crap and wind up getting it anyway."

We parted at the lip of the shell crater. I had never missed him and Chuckler and Hoosier more.

It was dark now but the noises of battle were resuming. Mortars were crashing again. From point to point on our lines rose the angry chatter of machine guns and rifles, sometimes sounding indignant, as though the marines resented those nocturnal intrusions in the manner of a farmer chasing poachers. Even the dark retreated, for we began to use flares. They were of the kind that had illuminated our second night of warfare, when they were dropped above the jungle roof on Guadalcanal: persistent, greenish, eerie.

Then our rockets roared overhead in a dreadful hissing barrage that must have been terrible to receive. Someone within the crater muttered that the Japs had carved a gap in our lines and that the rockets were being used to plug the hole with steel. I tried to snatch moments of sleep, lying against the crater rim with my helmet over my eyes. But it was impossible. The night passed like an interminable waking nightmare. We met the heat of morning with dried mouths, and lips that were beginning to crack, and stomachs grumbling with unrequited hunger.

"Let's go," said Lieutenant Deepchest. "Right," I said, and told Filthy Fred and the Twin to get their gear on. We left the hole and made for an opening in the scrub to the left, through which the airfield was visible. It was early morning.

We passed two marines lying in their foxholes, asleep. I bent to wake them. "Hey," I said shaking one of them. "Wake up. We're moving out." He did not answer. He lay inert. I rolled him over. There was a bullet hole in his head. He was dead. So was his comrade.

I began to run. . . . The heat rose in stifling waves. . . . The bullets whispered at times, at other times they were not audible. . . . I ran with my head low, my helmet bumping crazily to obscure my view, like waves rising around a small ship. . . . In a moment I could not see Lieutenant Deepchest or Filthy Fred. . . . I was alone and running. . . . There were men to my left, still falling . . . I ran and threw myself down, caught my breath, rose, and ran again. . . . Suddenly I ran into a shell crater full of men and I stopped running.

The crater was like an oasis. I had imagined there was no cover available on the airport, and suddenly, this. It was not nearly as large as the one in the scrub where I had spent the night. But it was large enough to contain about ten men.

FOUR of these were men from the Fifth Marines, among whom was a wounded lieutenant, and the rest were men from my battalion, including the commander of F Company—Captain Dreadnought. They made room for me without a word, and suddenly, with the sound of enemy shells crashing around the hole, I realized that I had found cover indeed, but also the only feature on that entire airport which enemy gunners could see and shoot at.

A heavy machine gun mounted at the lip of our crater, facing toward what we called the enemy "built-up" area—a cement-and-steel blockhouse and some barracks, the only above-ground structures on the island—had also drawn those red and roaring missiles down on us.

So far, one thing seemed to have saved us from destruction. The Japanese gunners (it was a land-mounted naval rifle, as I discovered later) could not get their shells into our pit. They could neither lower nor raise, nor shift their sights to

"Oh, come on—give me a frown."

(*Continued on page* 58)

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(*Continued from page 56*)

the exact point which would land a missile among us.

"That one was close," someone murmured, when an especially loud crash rocked us.

"Yeah," another whispered. "I sure hope they don't come up with any short shells. That might do it, y'know."

"Shut up!" Captain Dreadnought commanded fiercely. "Here," he said to his walkie-talkie man, "see if you can get that thing going. I want to talk to Battalion."

Walkie-Talkie sat below me, on the crater floor. He hunched his shoulders toward me and asked me to twirl certain dials. I did, but he could not seem to get through. There came the screech of a shell. I braced my back for it, even though I knew that the ones you hear are not to be feared. But how fear the one that gets you, the one you do not hear?

ANOTHER voice was audible, now. The Fifth Marines lieutenant who was wounded—who was, in fact, dying, as I learned later—was speaking by his walkie-talkie to his regimental commander.

"The glorious Fifth Marines have gone through, suh," he was saying, "and have achieved theah objective. We ah now in contact with the First Regiment."

I looked at the lieutenant. He was young and possessed of those clean-cut athletic good looks characteristic of West Point or Annapolis men. He was in pain, now, and the ordeal was beginning to wear upon the discipline of his facial muscles.

A shell screamed in and we ducked. It exploded with a shattering, squeezing roar. It was the closest yet. Captain Dreadnought shouted, "Where is that fire coming from?" The men looked dumbly at one another, shrugged, and contemplated the atmosphere, through which a fine dust was falling. "Here, there—let me up there," Captain Dreadnought shouted at the man on the machine gun. He crawled up to the crater lip and raised his head. He studied the built-up area and Bloody Nose Ridge rising to the left of it. Then he crawled back to his former position, drew forth his map, examined it, and made a random mark with his pencil.

"Try Battalion again." This time contact was made. "Hello, Battalion, this is Fox Company. Enemy artillery fire sighted at 128 George. Request fire mission on same. Over."

Incredible! Captain Dreadnought had no more idea of the location of that enemy gun than he had of the shape of the enemy commander's nose!

In a moment I heard the sound of our own shells roaring out toward "128 George." I looked at his tense sunburned face and wondered if he was not also too disturbed by the enemy shells still falling around the pit. But then he spoke and I realized that his stupidity was matched at least by his courage.

"How many men here from the First Marines?" he asked.

We raised our hands.

"Six, eh? That ought to be enough. We'd better take that blockhouse over there. That's where all that machine gun fire seems to be coming from. As soon as this shellfire stops, we'll move out."

Just like that. The blockhouse had resisted even naval gunfire. It had taken bombs point-blank, and remained standing. It was obviously covered by a maze of pillboxes. We—six of us—were to take it.

Captain Dreadnought might be stupid, but no one could say that he was not gallant. I felt disgusted and resigned myself to an unprofitable death. I looked at the men from the Fifth, who were regarding us with wonder, and envied them for having retained diplomatic relations with the state of sanity. Their commander was hardly conscious, now, but he had heard. He waved a hand weakly in our direction and grinned, as though to say: "You'll never make it, but there's no harm trying." And, of course, to a dying man, I suppose there was no harm.

It had been quiet for some minutes. The enemy bombardment had stopped, as though to confirm Captain Dreadnought in his miraculous powers. From behind came a rumbling noise, and peering out, I saw one of our Sherman tanks approaching, firing at the blockhouse. Captain Dreadnought was overjoyed. A tank! With a tank to aid us, we hardly needed anybody! Six was overwhelming. Captain Dreadnought might almost do it alone!

We scrambled out of the crater and deployed behind the tank, which lumbered in the direction of the blockhouse. But the tank was now the object of the enemy gunners, and shells began to land around us again. The air buzzed and hummed again with vicious and invisible fragments of steel. It was not wise to stay close to this clanking behemoth. At that moment, the tank commander decided that it was not wise to remain such an obvious target, and shied his metal mount farther off to our right flank.

The shells drove us back to the crater. Once again Walkie-Talkie had difficulty with his apparutus. He could receive, but not send. Battalion was asking for positions. "You'd better report back to the Command Post," Captain Dreadnought said to me. "But come back out."

I scrambled out and darted back to the scrub. As I reached the C.P., the artillery fire increased. It grew furious for a minute or so, then ceased.

I STRUCK out more to our right flank, because the artillery had begun again. As I walked, I came upon a Japanese rifle which had been thrust into the ground by its bayonet. Odd. I approached it to examine it. Perhaps it was booby-trapped. I came up to it and looked it over curiously, and there came the sharp crack of a rifle and the ping of a bullet passing me.

Another report! A puff of dust behind me. Get out of here, you fool! It's a sniper's trap. The rifle is his aiming stake! The cool brass of him—operating right inside our C.P.

I came to an ammunition dump, which had been set up on the edge of the airstrip. Stretcherbearers were bringing in a wounded man. A bullet had pierced his shoulder and blood oozed thickly from a ragged hole. He was in a gay mood, laughing, looking up at the men who had brought him back, as though to say: "I've got mine, boys, how'd you make out?"

I took firm hold of my Tommy gun and adjusted my pack, secured my map case, and circled the pile of shell casings to return to the shell crater. It was my last warlike act. For the last time, I set my face toward the enemy.

About a hundred yards out, a shell exploded in front of me.

Another shell. Another. But closer. Four more. Another, closer still. I halted. A horrifying fact became clear. I had inserted myself between the enemy artillery and their target! They were hunting something, perhaps the ammunition dump behind me, and were "walking" their fire in its direction.

There was no cover. To go forward was to die. I could only run away from this approaching death, hoping to get out of the target area before it caught me.

I turned and ran.

I ran with the heat shimmering in waves from the coral, with the sweat oiling my joints and the fear drying my mouth, with the shells exploding behind me, closer, ever closer—and the air filled with the angry voices of the shrapnel demanding my life. I ran with an image in my mind of the Japanese gunner atop his ridge, bringing each burst carefully closer to my flying rear, chasing me across that baking table in a monstrous game of cat-and-mouse, gleeful at each greater burst of speed called forth by a closer explosion—and then, tiring of the sport, lifting the gun and dropping one before me.

A SHELL landed alongside me, perhaps five feet away, but it did not explode or at least I do not think it did. One cannot be certain at such times: there is a different space and time with fear. But there was the shell—a two-foot blob of burning red which struck the coral with a thunderclap and then seemed to glance off into the air to go wailing away into the bay.

With that, I called upon my remaining strength, and also then, the Japanese gunner hit his target. The ammunition dump was hit.

The war ended for me. I had been shattered. No good, a dry husk. Modern war had had me. A giant lemon squeezer had crushed me dry. Concussion, heat, thirst, tension—all had had their way with me. I must have stumbled about, unable to speak, until at last I sank to my knees beside two men scratching a foxhole in the sand. They were startled. As though from afar, I could hear them discussing me.

"He can't talk. What d'ya think's the matter with him?"

"Search me. He don't look wounded. Maybe he got a near miss. Hey fella, what's wrong with ya? Can't ya say something?"

(Useless. I had felt like this when I was a kid playing football and had had the wind knocked out of me.)

"What d'ya think we ought to do with him?"

"I don't know. You notice he has a Tommy gun?"

"Yeah. That'd sure come in handy around here at night. I wonder where the hell them Japs came from last night? I thought the beach was secured."

"Underground. They got a whole set up underneath. Boy, we sure could use a

(*Continued on page 60*)

We'll train & establish you in
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If you have longed for the prestige and financial independence of YOUR OWN business, you can now realize this desire . . . if you can qualify for a Duraclean dealership. We are now enlarging this 27-year-old chain of independently-owned service dealerships which has rapidly grown to a world-wide service.

You must however be honest, diligent, and able to make a small investment in a business which we will locally assist you in establishing . . . a profession for which we will personally and quickly train you. If needed, we will help finance you.

We want to assure your success. A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal the Duraclean System and his successful plan of building customers. He will work with you. This business is easy to learn . . . quickly established.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT ORDERS and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of $5.00 on own service plus $3.00 on EACH serviceman at National Price Guide charges.

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DURACLEAN ® (left) cleans by *absorption*. It eliminates scrubbing . . . soaking . . . shrinkage. Aerated foam, created by electric Foamovator, restores the natural lubrication of wool and other animal fibers in rugs and upholstery. Dirts, grease and many unsightly spots vanish. Fabrics and floor coverings are cleaned with a *new consideration for their life and beauty.*

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R. E. Schenck: The customers I had on House & Garden ads were very pleased. Their furnishings came out beautiful.

R. Kimbrough: Finished First White House of Confederacy and am to Duraclean the Governor's Mansion.

Margarette Turner: Took in $186 and worked 15 or 18 hours.

T. Komori (Japan): We have 1,000,000 yen contract Duracleaning for U. S. Army.

More dealer comments given in our literature.

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As a Duraclean dealer, your services are backed by this famous seal of quality . . . proof that Duraclean has passed the most rigorous tests. No competitor in your town can boast this seal. Customers will also see that your service has been tested and certified by the American Research & Testing Laboratories. No wonder it's so easy to get business!

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Demonstrations win new customers. Men with **DURACLEAN** Dealerships find REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders become a major source of income. Customers tell their friends and neighbors. Furniture and department stores and interior decorators turn over cleaning and moth-proofing to **DURACLEAN** Dealers. We show **27 ways** to get customers.

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A moderate payment establishes **your own** business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales books, demonstrators and **enough material to return your TOTAL investment.** You can have your business operating in a very few days. **Mail coupon today! No obligation.**

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Without obligation, tell me how I may enjoy a steadily increasing life income in my **OWN** business. Enclose **FREE** booklet and full details.

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City.....State.....

Duraclean Co. 8-313 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois

(*Continued from page 58*)

Tommy gun. Rifle's no damned good. D'ya think maybe we ought to take him down to the aid station?"

"Might be a good idea. Poor guy looks really beat up."

They arose and pulled me erect, got a shoulder apiece beneath my armpits and dragged me like a dummy through the sand. Like a life-sized doll in whom the spring has broken, they dragged me to the doctor.

"What's wrong with him, Doc?" one of them asked.

"I don't know," the corpsman answered. "He's pretty beat up, though. Blast concussion. I'm sending him back to the hospital ship."

ONE of the pair looked longingly at the Tommy gun beside me. His glance seemed to say: you won't need that any more. I told him with my eyes to take it, and he slung it over his shoulder with immense satisfaction. Then they left. They had had their reward.

Mortars were falling as they carried me onto the beach with about half a dozen other casualties. We lay there and I wondered dully if the Jap gunners were to catch me after all. At last a landing boat took us aboard and roared off for the ship.

I began to feel shame. The others were badly wounded, some put out of pain by morphine, and here lay I in a corner, quietly retching like a frightened kitten, intact, my face unblemished, my bones unbroken. The war was ending in ignominy. I was ashamed.

My spirit crept away from the staring eyes that fastened upon us as the boat was drawn up out of the water to the deck. People in white coats thronged the rail, and two of these at the center gazed with authority into the boat, searching for the wounded most in need of aid. I shrank from that expert stare, when suddenly one of them pointed at me, and said: "Him. Get him downstairs right away."

They grasped me, stripping me naked as they did, and hurried me down a ladder, laying me on a table and again thrusting a needle into my arm. With the liquid flowing into my body came the warming flood of returning self-respect. The dull, dispiriting shame had disappeared the moment that pointing finger singled me out. I had been hurt. I was in need of aid. With a healing power of which he had no inkling, the doctor had restored my spirit to me.

So the war ended for me.

From the operating room I was taken to the cots below, and in the space of three days my power of speech returned and I was able to walk.

Each day for a week I ascended the ladder to the deck and gazed in morbid fascination at Peleliu a mile or so away. They were still fighting. One could hear the sound of firing. Bloody Nose Ridge rose like a blasted lunar mountain from that pock-marked coral plain.

We were leaving. The battle had been won. Extermination had come to the Japanese ten thousand on Peleliu and my regiment—the First—was licking its wounds on the beach. Of my battalion—a force of some fifteen hundred men—there remained but twenty-eight effectives when the command came for the last assault on that honeycomb of caves and pillboxes which the Japanese had carved into Bloody Nose Ridge—in men and blood and agony the most costly spit of land in the wide Pacific. When the command came, they rose from their holes like shades from sepulchers . . . and advanced. They could not run, they could barely walk—and they dragged their weapons. But they obeyed, and they attacked. They were taken from the line on the brink of collapse.

We were leaving. The more badly wounded were to be transferred from our attack hospital ship to a splendidly equipped one that would sail directly for the States. Among those leaving was the soldier, whom I had found on the third or fourth level below decks, lying on his bunk in an agony of suffering from a terrible hole in his thigh.

It had been stifling and I had found a helmet which I filled with water to bathe his forehead. I had found a doctor, too, who relieved him of his pain and ordered the dressings changed. I was sorry to say good-by to the soldier, but my spirits rose as though rocketed when I saw Runner among the minor casualties transferred to our ship in exchange.

RUNNER still had a Japanese bullet in his arm. He was proud of it, quick to pull back the bandage and show it to me when I hailed him.

"That'll get me plenty of free drinks back in Buffalo," he giggled.

His good spirits were reassuring, almost a guarantee that the others were safe, but, of course, I asked the question, "How're Chuck and Hoosier?"

"Okay, I guess—but Chuck sure got a nasty wound. Hoosier got hit, too, but not bad. He didn't get it until the sixth day. Chuck and I got hit on the fourth."

"Together?"

"Not exactly, but almost. I'll tell you." His face saddened and his dark eyes shone with compassion. "You know that replacement from Texas? The good-looking kid, nice-mannered? Well, maybe you didn't know, but he'd already had two brothers killed in the war. He was scared of dying, not for himself, you know, but for his mother. He was afraid of what it'd do to her if a third son was killed. Well, on the fourth day, they began to hit us with mortars. And this poor kid gets hit." Runner looked closely at me. "Honest, Luck, I'll never forget it. The corpsman gave him morphine right away, but it was no use. 'I'm dyin',' he said to Chuckler. 'Chuck, I'm dyin'.' Chuckler tried to joke with him. 'No, you're not, kid. It's just a bad wound, that's all. You'll be all right.' 'I'm goin', Chuck, I'm goin',' the kid said. 'I don't want to go.' And he died right there." Runner paused, and then resumed his tale. "Then the mortars came in again. Chuckler got a big hunk in his left thigh close up to the crotch." Runner laughed in retrospect. "It was funny. He was so scared he'd lost the family jewels. 'Are they all right?' he asked the corpsman. 'Quick, tell me—are they all right?' 'Take it easy,' the corpsman tells him—'it wasn't even close. You got plenty of sack time ahead of you.' So the Chuckler lies back smiling. He was so relieved you'd think he'd only cut his finger or something. I swear he'd have begged the corpsman to shoot him if it had been the other way."

The ship's engines throbbed. We were moving. Runner and I crowded to the rail with the others, bumping against Rutherford's friend with the slung arm. In silence we studied Peleliu, tan and blasted, a few scrubs standing starkly on Bloody Nose Ridge, their ragged branches raised to heaven in supplication, like the gaunt cross I had seen in the Ozarks.

But now we, the preserved, were leaving Peleliu, departing the holocaust. The ship was gaining speed. We gazed upon that diminishing dot of rock.

"So long, boys," Runner said, as we reached the open sea. ***

"How can I forget her when she keeps sending me these confounded forget-me-nots!"

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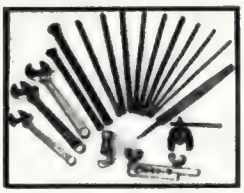

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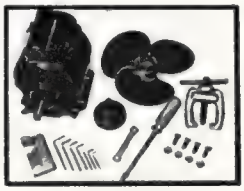

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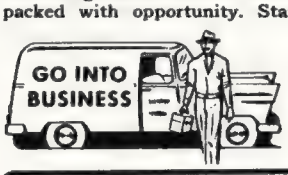

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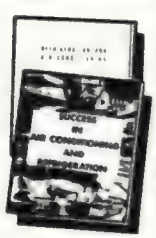

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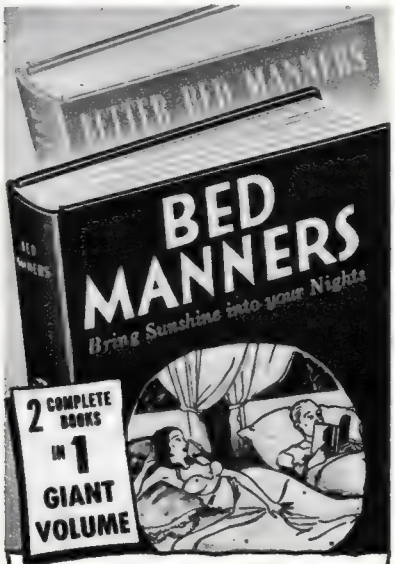

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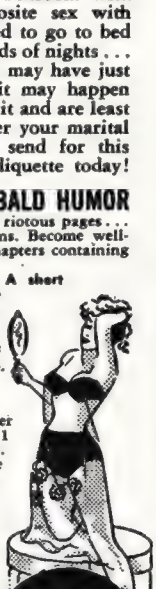

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Silver Men

continued from page 24

and clanking gear. I remembered having read somewhere that there was a leper colony on Okinawa, and was just turning to mention it to my buddy, Red Callahan, when we heard the mad whine of diving planes and the excited wham of anti-aircraft guns.

"Air raid!" somebody shouted. "Hit the deck!"

We dove off the road. But no bombs fell among us. Rolling over on my back, I could see black shell clusters popping into view in the sky behind us. Our ships were back there, in the bay.

"Kamikazes," I hollered. "It's not for us."

WE got up and slogged forward, still meeting no opposition in our thrust across the island's beltline to seize the eastern beaches. Yet, we had been warned that Okinawa would be the fiercest battle of the Pacific War, bloodier than Pelelieu and longer and more nerve-wracking than Guadalcanal.

"It's their last position between us and the Jap home islands," Lieutenant Whatley had said. "They'll fight like hell to hold it."

But in two days, no one had fired a shot. We had not seen a single Jap. Only frequent Kamikaze attacks and the distant rumble of the AA served to remind us that the Japs were still contesting Okinawa. On the morning of the third day, we dug in at the foot of a ridge and sent out patrols.

"It's a picnic," I cracked to Callahan as we set up our machine gun.

"Yeah," he said, grunting as he clamped the gun tight in its tripod. "It's a joke, Higgy—a regular April Fool's joke."

A BAR on our right opened up with a burst of four. It was Stretch Henry firing up the ravine. We jumped on our gun and realized that the joke was on us.

The lepers were attacking.

They came, thirty or forty of them, into the tall grass of the ravine. They came hurrying, with four or five Jap soldiers poking at them from behind with bayonets. They were about 100 yards away. We could barely make them out. But we knew that they were not enemy soldiers. The way they ran or leaped, sometimes crouching, sometimes staggering—we could only tell that here was some company of horrors that the Japs had unleashed to penetrate our lines.

But no one fired. Everyone seemed to be gazing upon that approaching crowd with debased fascination. Then a Jap smoke bomb exploded in the ravine. The smoke thickened and swirled upward, and the lepers came on into the smoke.

The Jap guards turned and ran back out of the ravine. Red's gun stuttered, and the others around us opened up. The Japs fell. One of them got up and ran again with his pack streaming flames. Then he sank to the ground as though melted.

Our guns fell silent. Through the smoke and into our lines came the silver people. Racing silently, like voiceless phantoms on a motion picture screen, they came—waving their greying hands. There were the lion faces—features thickened into deformity by the disease. There were the faceless faces—the eyeless, the noseless—and the handless, the footless. They carried no guns. They seemed unaware of us, crouching there. They seemed terrified. Yet, they broke our lines. We fell back. In three years of fighting, the men of the First—the sardonic, hard-bitten raggedy-tailed—had not taken a backward step before a charging enemy. But this time, we fell back.

(*Continued on page* 64)

"Oh-h-h, Stanley—it's dazzling!"

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MEDICAL RESEARCH

We have listed below some of the extensive Medical and Laboratory research that has been done with Royal Jelly:

Many authorities still dispute the efficacy of Royal Jelly while others consider it a potential Boon to Mankind.

- *Dr. de Pomiade, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 5, 1956.
- Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.
- Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)
- Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevin Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)
- Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

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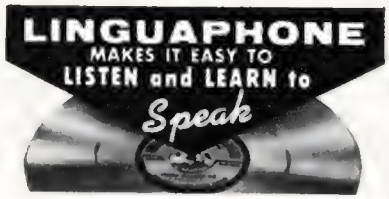

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(*Continued from page 62*)

"Like hell!" Red Callahan bellowed, tearing down his gun while the smoke curled about us and choked us and the phantoms hurried by. "I ain't fighting zombies! I'm haulin' butt."

SWIFTLY, stumbling in our haste, struggling against the panic that might turn a short retreat into a wild rout, we scrambled from the ravine and up the hillside behind us. We set up our guns there. We peered down into the smoke, straining for the sight of little, bowl-helmeted men spilling into the mouth of the ravine. They should have been charging, yelling and throwing grenades, as they always did. We wondered why they had not exploited the break, why they had not fallen upon us in the confusion of our pullback. The smoke thinned and vanished. No one was there. Only the bodies of the dead Japs remained as proof of the reality of that charge.

The silence was broken by voices beginning to rise around us—harsh, querulous cries of wonder and disbelief. Stretch Henry was almost babbling. "He had no feet . . . no feet . . . he was riding piggyback on another one—but he must've been blind. He had no eyes."

"They stank," someone said. "They smelled like dead men."

Red Callahan muttered, "I tell you they was zombies. Didn't you see how gray they was? Silver like?"

"Cut the crap," I growled, remembering what I had read. "They were only lepers."

Lieutenant Whatley strode up to our guns, his face writhing in contempt. "Ah thought yawl were Marines," he sneered. "Get yo tail off that gun an' follow me."

We followed him back down the slope. Whatley walked up to the dead Japs and kicked at one of them. He got his toe under him and flipped him over. "Japs," he said.

"Where are the others?" Callahan asked.

The lieutenant spun and stared at the end of the ravine. "Back theah," he said. "Callahan, get yo squad and search back theah." Callahan swallowed and Whatley's face hardened. "Ah doan care if they are zombies—get goin'!"

We walked to the end of the ravine. We found the first leper crouching behind a rock. He had been trying to climb the hillside. But without toes, with only bones for heels, he could not get far. He lay there and looked up at us with frightened, pleading eyes. We shrank from him, from the dead silver flesh and the face pitted with sores. "We've found one," Callahan shouted. "He's up here." We retreated and watched him.

LIEUTENANT Whatley came bounding up, followed by more search parties. They scoured the hillside and the deep caves lining it. They found more lepers—in the caves, in the ruins of houses, hiding behind rocks or cowering in gullies. But not a Marine stirred to move them.

The battalion surgeon was called. I saw him work his way up the hillside, breathing strenuously. He was a short, squat

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man who seemed always out of breath. His round, swarthy face was creased in anxiety. He glanced around him and expelled his breath in a long sigh of pity. He wheeled on the Marines who had moved away from the lepers.

"Get them out of here," he barked. "You there," he said, glaring at Stretch Henry, "get that old woman on a stretcher."

"Not me," Stretch mumbled. "I ain't touchin' no leper."

THE surgeon's eyes shot from Henry to the rest of us, standing in twos and threes at a safe distance from the lepers. His throat rippled and he shouted, half hysterically. "Goddammit, I'll have every last one of you court-martialed! Get those people out of here!"

They looked away in silence.

The surgeon began to plead. "My God, have you no pity? Can't you understand? These people are sick. Look," he said, bending to rub his hand gently on the face of the old woman, "It isn't too contagious. See what I'm doing?"

Stretch coughed gently. "You're a doctor, sir."

The surgeon fumbled for a cigarette and turned to Whatley. "Where did they come from?"

Whatley shrugged. "The Japs threw them at us. I guess they let them out of their camp. They must have figured they could use them to break our lines." Whatley spat. "It's just like them. But they never followed it up. They never do."

The surgeon was drawing hard on his cigarette, his eyes flicking sideways to take in the Marines and then roving back to the lepers. "Can't you make your men obey my orders, lieutenant?" Whatley's face flushed. He made as though to move to the old woman's side, but then he halted, rooted in revulsion. He swallowed and turned to the surgeon, his face fixed in loathing, and just then I noticed that other Marines had drifted up to the hillside. Among them was a little Cajun from the Louisiana swamps. He was a new man in the outfit, dark and wiry, given to chewing tobacco. He had been listening to the surgeon talk to Lieutenant Whatley. Suddenly, he stepped forward and went to the old woman's side. He put his arms under her and called for a stretcher.

Somebody hissed. "Get away from her! You want to get leprosy?"

The Cajun looked up calmly. "My daddy died of this," he said softly. "You can't catch it. I know. I took care of him for years. Somebody bring me a stretcher."

Henry gaped. Then he went towards him. He helped him get the woman on a stretcher. Slowly, reluctantly, the rest of them attended to the other lepers. Callahan got a line of rope. Holding his nose, he had himself lowered into a deep pit to haul some of the others out.

By mid-afternoon, a medical team had been sent up from regiment. An emergency aid station was set up. Soon, it became the mecca for a throng of raggedy Marines, trooping up to donate the loot they had gathered in the swift sweep across the island. They gave the lepers bright silk kimonos and obis they had snatched from summer houses. They took their chocolate rations out of their packs and handed them over. They dredged deep into their pockets for precious cigarettes, and looked away in mixed horror and embarrassment as the lepers placed the butts in mouths that sometimes had no lips.

Within an hour, ambulances began to arrive from Headquarters in the rear. The lepers were loaded aboard. Some of them waved weakly from their stretchers, and then they were gone.

"Gawd," Stretch Henry said, shivering, "and we think we've got it tough."

THE little Cajun smiled and patted him on the back. In another few days, in the fighting to the South, both of them would be dead.

Then, we took up a collection and turned the money over to Lieutenant Whatley. He said he would send it back to Division to be used for the lepers.

No one of us knows how they used it, or if it ever helped to ease the burden of their blighted lives. For soon, the men of the First were fighting. The enemy had been found, concentrated in heavy numbers in his rocky, fortified heights to the South. The men whom only the lepers had caused to take a backward step fell in a flaming fury upon the Naha-Shuri Line. And they took a terrible revenge upon the grinning yellow men who had played that ghastly April Fool's joke.

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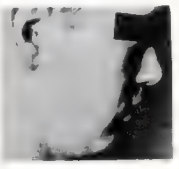

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Terrible Turk

continued from page 16

them to dance as though they were soft, musical flowers in an underwater garden. They were quite dead, of course, but the darkness at the bottom of the sea and the lilting sway of their bodies gave them a curiously lifelike demeanor. They seemed to be beckoning to the shocked diver, as though they were in need of a male partner to join, and perhaps complete, their strange underwater ritual. The diver was in no condition for this kind of nonsense. He signalled to be drawn upward. Once back on the deck of his fishing trawler, and once his bewildered brain had calmed slightly, he offered his story. There were no takers. The suggestion was made that the man make no more dives for the remainder of the season until his waterlogged brain was restored to normal.

THE story, of course, made perfect sense. But only if you knew something of the reigning sultan of Turkey at that time, The Terrible Ibrahim, whose indulgences, caprices and cruelties paled the deeds of his predecessors into insignificance. Ibrahim's appetite for women was of legendary proportions, but more important to the story was the short-lived nature of this appetite. Ibrahim, as it was, grew tired of women quite rapidly; especially after a more heated debauch, this fatigue would become unbearable. At such a time, Ibrahim would call for a cleaning out of the old faces, a ringing in of the new. He would then summon his chief eunuch who would gather together the 300 or so odd women of Ibrahim's harem and have them taken to the shore of Seraglio Point on the Bosporus. The doomed women were then sewn into leather sacks, Ibrahim himself wielding one of the giant needles. The sacks were then weighted with stones and the women loaded aboard the sultan's boats. In the open sea, with Ibrahim presiding, the ladies of the harem were slipped with little ceremony into the water to begin their graceful and eternal dance.

This, of course, was only one small tidbit in the bag of tricks of the world's most ribald sultan. Ibrahim grew up from the age of two in an isolated cage in the corner of the Seraglio while his wild brother, Murad, held sway over the country. Murad had a most peculiar attitude toward his brother. Each day he would sentence him to be executed and then spare his life at the last moment. That's pretty much the way it was in Turkey. When you held the crown, you either assassinated all your male relatives (so there'd be no competitors) or you kept them close to the edge of insanity.

In any case, Ibrahim lived in a state of terror for 20 years, until one day, on a cold drizzly morning, he heard a commotion outside his prison-apartment. Trembling with fear, Ibrahim barricaded his door. The voices outside grew louder.

"Murad is dead! Long live Ibrahim!" he heard them shout.

"Go away," Ibrahim screamed. "I am only Murad's slave. I don't want to be Sultan!"

Nothing could convince him that Murad was, in fact, dead until the Queen-mother persuaded him to open his door a crack. And even then he didn't fully believe his own mother until slaves dumped Murad's body at his feet. A ghastly smile spread over Ibrahim's features. Flinging his hands in the air he danced around his brother's corpse.

"The butcher is dead at last!" he cried hysterically.

During his imprisonment Ibrahim had received only a rudimentary education. His only companions has been two elderly and sterile slaves from Murad's harem. One woman had taught him basket-weaving and he had woven baskets until he was sick to death at the sight of reeds. Even the Koran had given him no comfort.

Suddenly thrust onto the throne of the greatest Empire of his time, Ibrahim tried desperately to make up for his lost youth. For the next nine years, he lived as though each day were his last.

The Seraglio in Constantinople on the banks of the Bosporus was a city within a city. Inside its thick walls were elaborate, turreted palaces and fantastic gardens. The buildings, put up over the centuries, were a huge maze. Some passages, unused for more than 100 years, were covered with cobwebs. In one wing, room after room contained the fabulous treasure that now belonged to Ibrahim. The harem contained hundreds of apartments. At times more than 3000 slaves were housed there.

When the tour ended, Ibrahim called a meeting of his cabinet ministers. He told them he would be pleased to have them continue in their duties. "Everything I have seen is in order. I have only one suggestion. Every woman in the harem not gainfully employed is to be sold."

"Now we have a Sultan," exclaimed the Grand Vizier, "who will rule wisely."

Ibrahim smiled slyly. "My brother Murad might have been a judge of good wines," he continued, "but obviously his taste in women was poor." He turned to the Queen-mother. "You will see to it that my harem is filled with attractive women. Two hundred will do nicely as a start. I will inspect them tomorrow night. Now the meeting is over."

Ibrahim's mother outdid herself and purchased 280 young virgins at an average cost of $500 apiece. They were delivered to the Seraglio early next morning. Bathed, perfumed and clothed, the girls were assembled in one of the lovely palace gardens.

According to custom, the Sultan tossed a tulip to the girl of his choice. After a sumptuous banquet, Ibrahim's mother handed him the ceremonial flower. At a signal from the eunuch, the girls danced, sang or played an instrument. To be chosen by the Sultan was considered a great honor. Should a slave bear him a son, her child might well mount the throne —if one of his brothers didn't get there first. Of more immediate importance, girls favored by the Sultan enjoyed tremendous power and incredible luxury.

Faced with so much pulchritude and charm, the delighted Ibrahim felt one tulip entirely inadequate. Improvising, he tore the petals and distributed the fragments to 30 of the most attractive girls. That night, one of the slaves related, Ibrahim carefully locked the door. The women, lounging on pillows and rugs, chattered in hushed voices. Ibrahim acted as though he were alone. He crawled into a darkened corner to crouch there like a hunted animal. The women stared at him, frightened in turn by his strange behavior. Free of his prison at last, Ibrahim was still reliving the pattern so firmly established during his childhood and youth.

One woman, bolder than the rest, crept to his side and gently touched his hand. Ibrahim trembled and then, as though waking from a bad dream, began to giggle. He strode to the door, whipped it open and roared, "Food, drink and music! Murad is dead! Long live Ibrahim!" Before the night ended, each of the slave girls had been given a chance to sire a future ruler of Turkey.

FOR months on end, Ibrahim devoted himself to carousing. He ordered rich silks and gold brocades from Italy for his rapidly increasing harem. He lavished rare gems and gold on his favorites. He surrounded himself with buffoons, clowns and yes-men. At first, the Grand Vizier and Queen-mother were pleased to run all affairs of state without interference. Soon, however, Ibrahim's wild spending sprees threatened to drain the treasury. If someone suggested a new and odd kind of orgy, the Sultan thought nothing of rewarding him with a small province of the Empire.

The Grand Vizier, who was not above lining his own pockets with shekels, protested that Ibrahim was bankrupting them all. The harem, by then, housed more than 4000 women. Expenses in the Seraglio were enormous. Cabinet ministers quarreled over the budget. The Grand Vizier struggled in vain to persuade Ibrahim to cut his extravagant spending.

Ibrahim, tired of the Grand Vizier's constant carping about money, readily found an opportunity to get rid of him when the statesman dipped his hand into the royal till once too often. The Sultan called a meeting of his cabinet. Four huge deaf mutes, official executioners of the palace, dragged the Grand Vizier before them. Quickly, Ibrahim read the charges, pronounced the verdict of guilt and ordered the punishment. First, the wealth accumulated by the Grand Vizier was to be confiscated. Then, at a nod from Ibrahim, the mutes wound a thin silken cord around the Grand Vizier's neck and released him from office and life.

Mustapha, one of Ibrahim's toadies,

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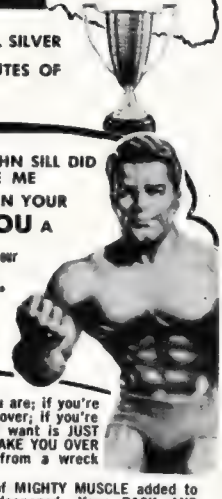

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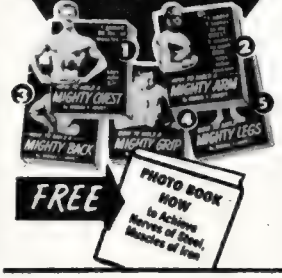

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took over as the new Grand Vizier. Mustapha was not only a yes-man, he was an absolutely-positively-it-can-be-done-man. When Ibrahim expressed interest in an obscene statue, Mustapha filled the palace with pornography. He became Grand Vizier for the Sultan's boudoir as well as his Empire.

Daily, Ibrahim sought new games to amuse himself. One of them was played in the garden and was actually an elaborate form of "tag." He assembled about 20 young palace women in the garden. There, the Sultan and the maidens stripped off their clothes. While they pretended to be butterflies, he went galloping among them, his long beard streaming in the breeze, neighing wildly and playing the part of a butterfly collector. By his command they struggled and kicked while he "captured" them one after another until his strength was exhausted.

From time to time, Ibrahim had terrible nightmares and fainting fits. Mustapha was able to comfort the monarch by a crude psychology. He brought a wise man to the palace. This fakir went through a wild mumbo-jumbo and burned foul offerings to bring peace and contentment to Ibrahim. It was this same wise man who suggested Ibrahim burn rare ambergris perfume as an aphrodisiac. In short order, ambergris was burned constantly in the Sultan's quarters. He grew to like the perfume so well that he rubbed it on his beard, his clothes and on the drapes of his rooms.

The Sultan was always receptive to the wildest suggestions. One night, a companion told him about a king who always dressed in fur robes. "I think," said Ibrahim, "I would like to be a fur-king too." Before long, he had a morbid craving for the rarest and costliest furs. Sable-skin drapes and rugs filled the palace. Furs were heaped in corners, and he even had sable bed covers, sheets and pillows. "Sliding about on fur," he claimed, "heightens a man's passion."

WHEN not cavorting in the boudoir, Ibrahim fluctuated between spells of weeping and senseless acts of cruelty. Once his chef failed to spice a salad to his taste. Ibrahim had the poor fellow impaled for his carelessness. On another occasion, he heard the harem's master of music teaching a choral group a melody that had once been Murad's favorite tune. Enraged, he choked the life out of the hapless teacher. Quite often he acted like a cruel boy pulling wings off flies. When he grew tired of firing a bow and arrow at the usual targets, he found a better way to enjoy archery. Posted at a window that overlooked the Bosporus, he took pot shots at the people on passing boats and barges.

Although slave girls were brought to the palace in wholesale lots, every Friday night the Queen-mother, the Grand Vizier or one of the wealthy pashas presented him with a virgin. These girls were bought or kidnapped from every country in Asia and Europe. Polish, Russian, Circassian, Persian, and even German, French and English girls were brought to Ibrahim. Often these girls came willingly, hoping to gain wealth and power in the constant intrigue within the royal walls.

The Friday night, or holiday virgin, was bathed, perfumed and clothed by the chief eunuch. Entering the Sultan's bedroom, she crept to the foot of his bed, kissed the coverlet and then crept under the covers until she was lying by his side. No woman would dare to jump into bed from the side without his permission.

AROUND this time, one of the Sultan's favorites gave birth to a son, named Mahomet. The slave girl thus attained the rank of Sultana and won a favored position in the harem. To celebrate the birth of a male heir, the Sultan rode through the streets of Constantinople tossing gold coins to the people. Inside the Seraglio, the Queen-mother arranged a banquet that continued night and day for two weeks. For his own private pleasure, the Sultan had artisans build him a bedroom made wholly from mirrors. The walls, the ceilings, the floors and the bedstead were mirrors. "In this way," Ibrahim explained, "true love can be reflected a hundred times to the glory of the Empire."

While his Empire was torn by war, burdened by oppressive taxes and his subjects tyrannized, the ladies of the harem acted like wealthy suburban matrons. They loved shopping and Ibrahim allowed them to take anything they liked from the stores and bazaars without payment. One woman happened to say she preferred shopping at night. To indulge her whim, Ibrahim ordered all the shopkeepers to remain open at night and provide torchlight for their wares to be clearly seen.

Once while traveling in Scutari, Ibrahim saw, by chance, a huge Armenian woman and was smitten. She stood well over six feet four inches tall and weighed more than 200 pounds. Ibrahim was madly in love with her. To show his affection, he appointed her tax collector of Damascus. In six months, her agents collected more than three million dollars for her.

On the theory that you can't have too much of a good thing, Ibrahim soon gathered more than 200 women built roughly along the lines of his Armenian love.

Ibrahim also got a big kick out of issuing royal edicts for the marriage of oddly-mated couples. He got a hundred laughs out of marrying very tall women to very short men, or very fat men to women thin as a rail. His biggest joke was to marry off young boys to old ladies or young girls to old men.

One day, he insisted that the 68-year-old Youssof, Captain-Pasha of his armies and immensely wealthy, marry one of his daughters who was not yet four years old.

"How can you do that to your own daughter?" the Queen-mother protested bitterly.

"Don't worry," Ibrahim assured her. "The girl will be a widow before she's five."

On some slight pretext, Ibrahim had Youssof strangled and then confiscated

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his son-in-law's property. The Captain-Pasha was loved by his troops. When the men learned of his death, they mutinied. Ibrahim crushed the uprising, executed the leaders and exiled more than a thousand men.

THROUGHOUT all these cruel murders, one woman remained in Ibrahim's good graces during his entire reign. She was nicknamed *Shechir Para* or Sugar. Not only did she suggest new ways to satisfy his passion, she acted as his scout in finding women to delight him. Sugar regularly visited all the public baths in town, looking particularly for women with extraordinary proportions. She then described these women to the Sultan in such vivid detail that he could seldom rest until he had them in his bed.

On one such excursion Sugar saw the Mufti's daughter. Sugar praised her to Ibrahim and concluded that "she was the most excellent and admirable work that nature ever framed."

The Mufti was the most powerful religious leader in the Empire, and even Ibrahim proceeded cautiously. Sending for the venerable Mufti, Ibrahim asked for the hand of his daughter. The Mufti was gracious, but told Ibrahim that his daughter had always been given the right to make her own decisions. The girl knew Ibrahim's reputation and wanted no part of him.

The Sultan, refusing to take "no" for an answer, dispatched Sugar to change the girl's mind.

"Please," the girl begged, giving Sugar an expensive diamond ring as a bribe, "persuade your lord that I'm undesirable. Put him off, do anything. Perhaps in time he will forget me."

Pleased with the bribe and anticipating more, Sugar played both ends against the middle. She convinced Ibrahim that it was only a matter of time before the girl gave in. Day after day she put pressure on the girl to accept Ibrahim and got a large bribe from the distraught woman to put the Sultan off.

For weeks Ibrahim was kept on tenterhooks. Finally, he lost all patience. One day, while the girl was going to the bath attended by only a few women, she was grabbed by the Grand Vizier and dragged to Ibrahim's harem. There, Ibrahim raped her cruelly. Believing himself an incomparable lover, he hoped she would soon end her resistance. Instead, she continued tearfully reluctant and sullen. Her dismal attitude took the edge off his passion, and he returned her to the Mufti with a note of scorn and contempt. The Mufti suppressed his anger but secretly swore vengeance.

Under the Mufti's leadership the populace was inflamed and with influential pashas, cabinet ministers and army generals on his side, the Mufti overthrew Ibrahim in a bloodless coup. Mustapha, the Grand Vizier who had gone into hiding, was found and executed. Mahomet, the 7-year-old son of Ibrahim, was crowned Sultan.

Once again, Ibrahim was imprisoned in the Cage with two female slaves, the Koran and a large supply of reeds for basket-weaving. After two days, he went berserk. He beat his head against the wall. He broke every stick of furniture and screamed so loudly he could be heard even in the main rooms of the palace.

Exhausted finally, he resigned himself to his imprisonment, hoping that soon his loyal followers would put him back in power. But he had forgotten that sentence in the Koran which says: "When there are two Caliphs, kill one."

TEN days after his imprisonment, a band of soldiers raised a cry for Ibrahim's return. At that moment, his fate was sealed. Executioners were dispatched to his prison. At the sight of the four sinister-looking mutes, Ibrahim sprang to his feet. He cast his eyes upward to a latticed gallery that projected high up on the wall. There, through the gratings, he could see the cold, dispassionate face of the Mufti.

Ibrahim fell to his knees. "Have pity on me," he whined. "Have pity on the Padishah. Spare my life."

The executioners trembled and hesitated. A cold voice echoed hollowly through the gratings. "Kari-Ali, do your duty!"

The mute placed his hand on Ibrahim's shoulder. With an awful cry, Ibrahim fled to a corner and hid behind the two women. Kari-Ali and his executioners fell on him there. As they placed the slender silken cord around his throat, Ibrahim cursed those responsible for his death. In a moment, he was silenced. Thus, Ibrahim perished at the age of 31. ***

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Matt Brayton

continued from page 23

mannered boy, a product of his peaceful surroundings.

In the summer of 1825, however, that peace was abruptly shattered. A tribe of Huron Indians from Malden, Ontario, appeared in Upper Sandusky, on a festive visit to their cousins the Wyandots, who lived there. One day, three Huron braves were jailed as drunks. In reprisal, the Hurons descended on the Braytons' pasture at dusk and plucked the seven-year-old Matthew away from his brother William, as the two boys were watching their cows.

For the next ten years, Matthew Brayton became an item of trade, his value increasing as he acquired Indian skills. In 1826, the Hurons sold him to a band of Potawatomies on the shores of Lake Michigan—for three and a half gallons of whiskey. In 1827, the Potawatomies sold him to a band of Paw-Paws—for five and a half gallons of whiskey. In Wisconsin, the Paw-Paws, who were moving westward toward beaver country, traded him to a band of Chippewas—for nine and a half gallons of whiskey.

As Matthew grew, his muscles bulged, his hands became nimble with tomahawk and bow—and his memory dimmed. The rolling hills and valleys and church services of Ohio slipped out of his mind. By the time he was 17, in 1835, he had been sifted through tribes of Chippewas, Winnepagoes and Oglala Sioux, and bear grease covered his body.

One day, the Sioux joined a band of Snakes on a buffalo hunt in Wyoming. From a high rock, the Snake chief, Kissewa, watched the young Sioux brave slaughter many bulls by the light of the moon, though night dews stretched bow strings too loosely for lesser tribesmen to shoot their arrows far. Next day, the Snakes bought Matthew from the Sioux for 50 gallons of whiskey.

By now Matthew stood six-feet-four, taller than a buffalo bull. He could carry in his arms a pony's load of beaver pelts and could choke the breath out of a bear with his great thumbs. The Snakes named him Owahowahkishmewah, which meant Three-Times-A-Man.

One night in 1837, Owah's new chief, Kissewa, taught him the lessons that made him a killer. All along the plains, the white man's fur companies were moving in trappers, and these were followed by settlers, then soldiers.

"This is the white man's promise that we might live on our land," said Kissewa, and he let a handful of dust drift through his fingers to the ground.

Then he took a brown, lumpy piece of meat from a skin bag and held it to Owah's face.

"And this, Owah," he said, "is the bowel of a Snake child torn from its body by a white soldier's bayonet."

In 1838, at Plum Tree, Nebraska, south of the Platte River, Owah scalped a white man alive. The Snakes, on a regular mission of destruction, descended on a farmhouse owned by one James Morgan. It was Owah, the first flush of blood, the smell of it in his nostrils, who tossed the first lit brush that was the torch.

When the house caught fire and the Morgans ran out screaming, a whoop tore out of Owah's throat. He flung himself from his pony and raced into the parlor, bent first on pillage. While curtains and furniture blazed about him, he ripped open trunks and drawers, pulled out female hats and stared at himself in a mirror until he guffawed at the sight of the huge brave who faced him with a bonnet and a long tassel dangling.

He ran out and stood on the steps, laughter in his heart. Around him his brothers were yowling and screaming as he was. He felt love for them. Suddenly, across the corn field, he spied Morgan's 17-year-old daughter, her yellow hair streaming behind her as she fled. He leaped onto his pony and spurred it. The girl turned her face towards him as he sped up behind her and he howled with glee to see the strange light blueness of her eyes. He reached down and grabbed her dress at the neckline and with one tug ripped it away. Now he saw her white body, too, and the blood burst in him. The blueness of the eyes, the whiteness of the body, the hair on arms she crossed in front of her, bending over her nakedness, cowering in the grass!

"No! No!" she screamed, and he could see the wet bubbles of saliva that dripped from her red tongue.

He lifted his head then and yelled at the big sky and the Great Spirit behind it who could make such fresh, new things for his people to see. When he looked down again, the girl lay stretched out in her nakedness, her eyes closed, her arms limp across her breasts. She had fainted.

Up ahead, James Morgan, the father, ran aimlessly towards his burning house, a foolish bucket of water in his hands. Owah swooped his pony down on him and closed his fingers around the man's neck. While Morgan kicked his legs in the air and cried out, Owah took his knife and dug a circle with it on the top of Morgan's head. Then he pulled off the scalp with one jerk, the blood of the head flowing into the brown hairs, and held it aloft. The man, quiet now, put his hand to the bleeding tissues. Owah snorted and threw the scalp down at him. Smiling gently now, Morgan picked up his scalp and laid it carefully in the bucket of water, smoothing out the hairs. Then he was suddenly running in circles, searching for someone to sew his scalp back on. . . .

There, at Plum Tree, Owah learned his

contempt for the white man, who did not die well. It worked in him strangely, he could not say why. But he felt it more strongly than even the bloodiest of his Snake relatives. Later that year, at Ft. Hays on the Smoky Hill River, he led the charge that annihilated, by riding their ponies over them, the soldier recruits who had boasted each could kill 50 Indians.

But though the Snakes killed and pillaged, they could not stop the relentless advance of the white man. They moved into Montana, where there was still buffalo.

It was there that Owah had much joy, in the region of easily slain buffalo below the Yellowstone River. He and his brothers feasted on the succulent ribs of the cow, they filled parfleches with jerky and bags with pemmican that would last them for the seasons when there would be no buffalo to hunt. And they sucked their teeth after swallowing the choicest part of all—the warm, quivering ten-foot length of buffalo gut.

No brave enjoyed gut more than Owah. One day, he and his friend Takara arranged a share-feast. This was a contest. Two men would sling a gut over a pony until its midmost point rested at the center of the pony's back. Starting at the ends, each would wolf down the intestine, without biting into it, until their mouths met in the middle. Only close friends staged share-feasts.

While the band hunched on a hill slope to watch, Owah and Takara grinned at each other and began. Owah slowly, sucking the juices and squeezing the excess through his upper teeth. He heard a burst of laughter from the onlookers. He raised his head and saw Takara, eyes crinkling, had consumed a foot more than he had. Owah waited. A growl came into his chest. He let Takara swallow more gut. Then he dug his teeth into his part and flung his head back. The yank pulled two feet of the buffalo's intestine out of Takara's stomach. He stood there, choking, retching. Owah laughed and touched his forehead to the ground when he received the plaudits of the crowd.

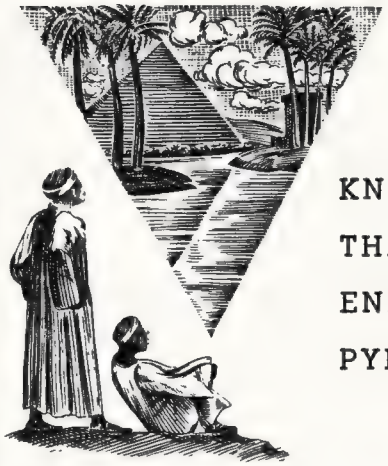
BUT he did not have such enjoyment very long. Soon the buffalo were gone. There were roots on the plains, but the Snakes would not reduce themselves to the filthy habit of eating them. They moved on, crossing the Great Rockies through the North Pass into Canada.

That winter, 1847, he took to warm his stomach Tefronia, the daughter of Kissewa, his chief. Though her face was not oval nor her eyes deep like the faces and eyes of crow maidens, she was solid in the haunches. Once, when he was wounded in the leg by a Blackfoot tomahawk, she had taken a bone needle and sewed the cut with two stitches of buckskin, so gently it did not hurt.

He came to her in her father's lodge, and Kissewa was pleased to see his mission. But Owah was troubled for he was huge, and Tefronia was small, and he did not know if they would sleep well together.

Then Kissewa gave them his own blanket. "Go, my children," he said. "See if the blanket will hold you."

That night, Owah spread the chief's



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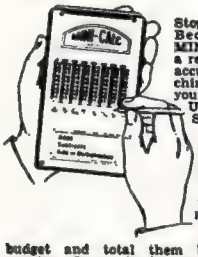

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blanket in his tipi. Then he and Tefronia lay on it, apart. He waited many hours, but Tefronia did not get up and run away. Toward dawn, she turned to him and they embraced. She put her mouth to his chest and pulled the edge of the blanket over so that it covered them both. The blanket had held them. They were married.

Owah lived with Tefronia many years, though early in the first year a bad thing happened. It happened because Owah was forced to leave Tefronia alone during a week's trapping of beaver in British Columbia. While he was gone, a brother Snake brave brought a blanket to Owah's tipi. The blanket held him and Tefronia too.

Kissewa told Owah of the incident when he returned and gave him the Knife Of The Adulterers of which he, as chief, was keeper. In Owah's tipi, Tefronia sat heating water with hot stones. She saw Owah's sad face and knew.

"I am sorry, Owah," she said simply.

"I, too, am sorry," Owah said.

He went to her then and lifted her by the hair from the floor of the tipi. With the Knife Of The Adulterers, he cut off her nose, and buried the severed flesh in the snows.

They lived happily then, in mutual, steady devotion. Early in 1851, Tefronia bore Owah a daughter.

IN September, 1851, the Snakes began to move again towards the southern plains. They had been forced to chew ants and drink the blood of mules. There was a report now, brought by a friendly Sioux, that the buffalo had returned. But the Sioux also brought bad news. Barring the Snakes' path south was a large band of hostile Blackfeet. The Sioux said the Blackfeet had many guns, much powder. The Snakes had only beaver pelts.

So on the morning of September 20. 1851, the strangest day of Owah's life, a decision was made to take the pelts to the Hudson's Bay Company post that lay five miles from their camp, to barter for powder and rifles. Owah was one of six braves in the trading party.

The French trader Charbon admitted the party to the stockade, one at a time, each carrying his portion of pelts. Three of the braves returned with powder. It was now Owah's turn.

He put skins on a table and waited. The trader came from a back room, carrying rifles. But when he saw Owah a queer look came into his eyes. Owah, alarmed, reached for his knife. But the trader ignored the knife. He peered into Owah's eyes, then stepped back and surveyed the huge frame that faced him.

Then he said slowly, *"Tu n'es pas Indien."*

Puzzled, Owah growled and reached for the rifles.

"Pas de rifles," said the trader, pulling the guns back. *"Tu n'es pas Indien.* You are no Indian."

Owah stared. The trader called back the party leader and explained he would give no more armament unless Owah, who was a white man, was left at the post. The leader refused. The Snakes could not afford to part with their most ferocious warrior.

At the Snake camp, Owah lay down in his tipi. He tried to think, but he could not think well. He could not be a white man. White men lived and died in battle badly, while he killed with joy, though his own moccasins squeegeed with blood. But it was also true he could not remember the squaw who bore him or the place of his birth.

That night, he spoke to Kissewa of the French trader's words.

"They were lying words!" the chief said sharply. "If they were truthful words, would we not have given you to the white men, as the trader asked?"

Doubt sickened Owah's spirit.

That night he decided to leave his tribe and find out. That night he told Kissewa again of his desire. And that night he was given the mark of the Indian.

Yet the mark did not give him back his good heart. Soon even Kissewa saw that Owah was of little use in battle. In the summer of 1854, the Snakes joined other tribes at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to discuss a treaty with the white men. It was a time of great tension and mistrust. While thousands of Indians waited for the peace talks to begin, a foolish Minniconjou stole a white man's cow. A brash young first lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry, J. L. Grattan, took out 50 soldiers to slaughter Indians in reprisal.

It was Owah's band of Snakes who massacred Grattan, killing all but one man. Him they took back to camp and lashed to a stake. Here Kissewa attempted to cheer Owah by giving him the flaming branch that was to set the soldier's feet on fire.

Eyes bugging, the white soldier struggled and screamed in his lashings. He cried, "God in Heaven, save me! Please! Please don't burn me! Get away from me—get away!"

Owah dropped the branch to the ground. "I cannot," he said. Takara burned the soldier to death then, and Kissewa said to Owah, "Go then. You are no longer one of us. Go and seek the Sioux band from whom we took you many moons ago."

OWAH left his Snake tribe in August, 1854, destined not to find his people for five long years. In December, 1856, he began walking alone. There were cold nights under the stars and no Tefronia to warm them. There was no food to shoot, and one day he found himself nibbling at the roots he had despised.

Owah walked to Wisconsin. There the Winnebagoes directed him to the Paw-Paws in southern Michigan. Memories now glinted in Owah's brain, but they were small. He walked around the tip of Lake Michigan and came to a place which frightened him with its size, the bustling of its wagons, the skirts of ladies who walked past as if he, Owah, owner of 100 scalps, did not exist. He was in the city of Chicago.

Owah walked to Detroit and from there crossed into Canada, begging food in return for his story. In Fremont, Ohio, a man in a bar heard him out, a big expansive man whose heart warmed when he drank whiskey.

"Why hell, yes," the man said cheerfully. "There's a family in Cleveland lost a kid way back to Injuns. Nice family.

Guess they're yourn and you'll like 'em. Name of Todd."

The men in the bar chipped in and bought Owah a railroad ticket to Cleveland. By now it was November, 1858. He found no family named Todd living in Cleveland, although newspapers ran his story on their front pages.

No clues unearthed themselves. Ready to quit, Owah decided on one more try.

He walked to Sugar Grove, Pa. Next day he would cross the state line into New York and visit the Cattaraugus Reservation to see if he could find one of the Hurons who had captured him 35 years before.

That night he lodged with W. T. Smith, an innkeeper. At two in the morning, April 19, 1859, he heard a knock at his door. He opened it and saw two men, one a Sugar Grove doctor, the other a man of about 50 whom the doctor had led to the inn. The man was William Brayton and he held a copy of the Cleveland *Daily Herald*. William Brayton exchanged a few words with Owah. He examined a long purplish birthmark on Owah's foot. Then the brothers fell into each other's arms.

MATTHEW Brayton returned home to Upper Sandusky then. He found his aging father. He found brothers Peter and Asa, the latter a physician who had studied at the University in Leipzig in Germany. He found his three sisters, Harriet, Lucy and Mary. Mary gave piano lessons and Lucy was president of the Upper Sandusky Ladies' Sewing Circle. Matthew Brayton did not find his life.

After the hometown parade that greeted him, after the introductions to old friends and old memories, Brayton supported himself briefly by telling of his adventures among the Indians at club meetings and tea parties. Soon he ran out of the truth. For the whiskey that he grew increasingly fond of, he began to add a few extra details to his real-life adventures. He told Sandusky matrons of the Flat Head Indians whose skulls, he said, were perpendicular at the top and ended in points. He told of the Copper Heads who, he said, fed on the bones of white women—such as Sandusky's matrons. But his inventiveness was limited. He began to wet his throat more and more frequently. He became the town drunk.

At the end, though, Matthew Brayton redeemed the blood of his true ancestors. When the Civil War broke out, he joined an Indiana infantry regiment and fought in the long, bloody battles of Richmond and Vicksburg. He won many medals and earned a captaincy in the field.

He found his star at Shiloh. Off to one side of the battlefield, he engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a Confederate soldier. As his great hands inched towards the soldier's throat, a sniper's bullet caught him in the back. The feel of his own blood rushing out of his body must have torn his true soul loose from its late-found moorings. It's difficult to say. Yet when the regiment commander found the two bodies after the battle, it was the conclusion he drew.

The Confederate soldier's neck was broken. And his scalp, cleanly removed, lay clutched in Matthew Brayton's dead hand. ***

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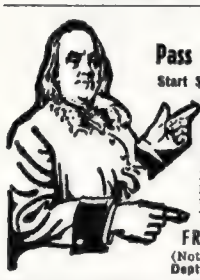

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10 Bad Girls

continued from page 31

which a riot began because Diana took off her clothes and walked out in the streets on a bet. Once when she got into a violent debate with a communist street agitator, and then fought with the police. And once again when she and a drunken companion stole a police car while the two policemen were inside a coffee pot having donuts. On this last misdemeanor, she served two months in the women's reformatory. Her companion, a young writer whom she lived with, was given a similar sentence on Rikers Island. They both thought it was very clever and amusing.

Authorities found out that Diana had been under psychiatric care for four years.

Diana's father was an alcoholic movie writer and her mother was a four times married nymphomaniac 20 years older than her husband. Diana had spent a good deal of her teens traveling between Hollywood and New York and Europe, usually in the company of much older people and terribly neurotic people. "They're all flips, those creative cats," she said. She had been privately tutored during this time. Her first affair was experienced when she was 15, with a ski instructor in Switzerland. She has affairs now as easily as most people engage in petting.

Analysis has helped her, this is certain. Her disturbed, anti-social outbreaks are decreasing in scope and regularity. Her doctor, officials learned, has hopes of orienting her around marriage with a young director who is in love with her. He feels that she desperately needs a sincere, deep love. Her future possibilities are very good. With her intelligence, sensitivity, and talent, plus fine medical care, she can rehabilitate herself.

THE FAT GIRL

Janine is a chronically fat girl. She is five feet six and weighs 165 pounds. She is freckled, blue-eyed and insists on wearing her hair long, in the manner of Shirley Temple. She looks, at first glance, like an overgrown baby; actually, she is 18. When she was arrested she had two candy bars in her purse. Janine's arrest culminated a long investigation in a Bronx neighborhood to discover the source of obscenely vituperative poison pen letters to local teachers and officials. The police caught Janine after she started making anonymous phone calls to these people, and to the police. A particular call was traced while she was still in the candy store, and she was picked up.

Janine had a record of several run-ins with the authorities. She had been on probation during her junior high and high school years as a result of setting fire, with a group of other troublemakers, to the school auditorium. In high school, and outside as well, she was known as hysterical, given easily to crying for no apparent reason; extremely talkative, an almost pathological liar, and a compulsive eater.

Janine's parents were themselves extremely disturbed people. Her father, a shoe salesman, was conspicuously shy and lacking in self-confidence, and frequently stuttered. His wife, who was several years older, was domineering and loud and in general assumed the male role in the family. Janine was terrified of her, and once ran away to escape frequent beatings. She was found in Norfolk, Virginia by police and returned to New York. Janine has two younger brothers who obviously are favored over her by both parents. "I hate them," she said.

When she was 17, Janine and several other teen-agers broke into a delicatessen and completely wrecked it. They had an orgy with the food, and were finally located by the police when they tried to sell several hams and turkeys to other stores nearby. Janine was sent to a girls' reformatory for six months for her participation in the crime. Janine, incidentally, was the first one of the group picked up, and she willingly revealed the identities of all the others. She was beaten up for this by one of them before the police could intervene. Janine's reputation as a liar and informer and glutton grew during her stay in the reformatory. It was not long before she was persona non grata with both the inmates and the officials. Among other things, Janine frequently complained that she was being molested sexually by the other girls and also by the male guards. "They can't keep their hands off me," she whined. None of these charges were ever confirmed.

Prior to her arrest on the poison pen, phone call misdemeanor charges, Janine had made a nuisance of herself to the neighborhood police by hanging around bars and becoming involved with much older men. She was always the aggressor, according to witness, and the men were almost invariably drunk when they went out with her for immoral purposes. When she became pregnant, she hysterically implicated several neighborhood men. The child was sent to board with out of state relatives.

The authorities have decided to send obese Janine to an experimental, inmate run institution in the country. Here, they feel, she will be given a sense of belonging.

THE FEEB

Physically, Mavis is developed far beyond her years. She is a large blonde girl, 17, heavy boned, sullen, with the body of a woman in her late twenties. Mentally, she is subnormal, can barely read or write, shows no signs of being educable to any degree. What reading she does is usually confined to the comic magazines, movie

magazines, or simple wild literature of the type sold around junior high schools. Her other form of entertainment is the movies. She goes to one almost every day, very often in the company of strange men whom she asks to take her out in return for her company later on.

Mavis was finally picked up by a woman policeman operating in mufti in the Broadway area. At first Mavis lied to the officer, telling her she was from out of town and was married to a taxi driver. "He has the biggest muscles ever and he loves me more than anybody." At this particular time, she had not been home in three days. She would not say where she had been, but police station authorities surmised that she had been sleeping in all-night movies and also with men who bought her meals in cafeterias, then took her with them to the small hotels and rooming houses nearby.

Mavis comes from a large family of transplanted southerners. Her father and mother brought Mavis and her five brothers and sisters to New York from Tennessee. The father is a bricklayer with practically no educational background. The mother is a former farm girl who, when she saw that Mavis was backward, simply had nothing more to do with her. She was raised by an older sister. Though the family was not impoverished, there was barely enough money to take care of the necessities. Three of the five children held various jobs. Mavis was from an early age turned into the family drudge, cleaning, washing, etc., while the mother spent her time out with the neighbors.

In school, Mavis was of course put in a class of similarly backward students. Even so, she was a constant problem to her teachers. The older boys in the school were continually luring her away from classes into automobiles parked nearby. Mavis brained a dog one day after it had playfully nipped her, and on several occasions she had to be stopped from hurting her classmates in ordinary competitive games.

Mavis had one previous run in with the police. Two older boys in the neighborhood—one of whom was her admitted lover—talked her into becoming a lookout for them one evening when they broke into a clothing store. All three were caught when a burglar alarm sounded. Mavis was let off. She kept referring to her boyfriend as her "husband." "He told me he would take me to Hollywood."

Mavis' future is indefinite. Obviously, she needs to be completely stabilized socially so that she will not become a ward of the state. The authorities hope to get the parents' consent to putting her in a religious girls' school in the country for the next two years.

THE PROSTITUTE

Marian is 20 and has the figure of a fashion model. "I could have been one too." She has been a prostitute since she was 16, when she permanently left school. Police arrested her the first time for soliciting around a bowling alley with an older woman, whose rooms they took their customers to. The arresting officer, a vice squad detective in mufti, had to call for additional police help to bring the girls into the station, so violently did

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they react to the arrest. Marian was put on probation this time. Apparently, however, she went right back to working as a prostitute. Her family's reaction to her plight was desultory at best. Her mother had her hands full with four other children; the father had abandoned the family years ago. They had been on relief nearly all this time, helped somewhat when the mother could get work as a part-time domestic. The mother had never had time, or the energy, to cope with Marian; consequently, neither felt especially attached to the other. "As far as I'm concerned, she's a stranger."

Marian was arrested again a year later. Police raiding a suspected dope drop found Marian in bed with the suspect. "Well, don't look so damn surprised," she said to the police. The man had hidden about $50,000 worth of raw opium in the apartment. This time Marian was sent to a girls' reformatory. Five months later she gave birth to an illegitimate child. Upon her release, Marian tried working at several jobs. She became a car hop, a bar waitress, a salesgirl, but she lost or quit these jobs after a few months and reverted to prostitution.

She began to work the hotel lobbies, and it was here that she made her first contact with a pimp, an elevator operator. This man steered Marian to hotel guests who wanted entertainment, in return for which he got half her earnings. He also functioned as her boy friend. From time to time, when he was drunk, he would beat her up.

About a year later Marian was arrested again, this time in connection with a pornography ring. She had made considerable money posing for obscene photographs and booklets, working out of a Newark photographer's studio. The literature was being sold in large quantities to high school students. Marian was given three months on this charge.

Shortly before her latest arrest, Marian was picked up with another pimp in a stolen Cadillac. No connection could be established between Marian and the theft of the car, so charges against her were dropped. The man got three years. Marian had been living with him and using their apartment to entertain customers he sent up from the streets or from bars nearby. She made about $20 a day at this time. Also, she had found it absolutely necessary to work with a pimp.

On this latest violation of the law, Marian will probably get a year in the women's prison. However, all attempts will be made to re-moralize Marian. It is remotely possible that she can be given a creative attitude toward herself to supplant the destructive one she now has.

THE LESBIAN

Adele insists that her first name is Leslie or Les and not Adele. "And don't call me anything else, you dirty rats." She said she adopted this name when she was ten years old and nobody since has called her Adele. She is now 19. When she was arrested as a participant in an all girl barroom brawl in Greenwich Village, she was wearing men's clothes. According to witnesses, the fight started when Adele, or "Les," made a pass at another girl's girlfriend. In her world, Adele is known as a "Butch," that is, the male member of a homosexual team—aggressive, domineering, and troublesome. The girl she made a pass at was a "Mary," or the passive member, who dressed like a girl. The bar is a notorious lesbian, or "dike," bar and has twice been raided.

Adele came to New York from Indiana, where she had been in and out of institutions of one kind and another since childhood. Her school and institution record show that she has masqueraded as a boy since ten or 11. She was a problem child in school and was finally transferred to a state-run girls' school for assaulting a teacher who attempted to stop her from "preying upon" a younger girl in the class. Adele's mother, who had been separated from her husband for years, was incapable of controlling or helping her. According to Adele, the mother never had much to do with her, but, instead, "spent all her time entertaining a bunch of bums!" The mother, who was employed as a waitress in Gary, frequently used to lock Adele in the bedroom so that she could "make love to her stinking boy friends on the couch in the living room."

By the time she had lived for a year in the girls' school and had reached the age of 15, Adele was an obvious aggressive homosexual. She was the head of a gang of delinquent inmates, and was the terror of the normal, younger, attractive inmates who were afraid of being beaten up, robbed, or forced to submit to her homosexual advances.

While she ostensibly lived at home with her mother, Adele spent most of her time with a gang of lesbians and hoodlums who hung around the Gary nightclubs and dance halls. Her girl friend was an older woman dancer who had spent time in state hospitals for narcotics addiction. It was with this woman that Adele finally came to New York.

Since living here, Adele has worked only sporadically as a cook's helper—also as an elevator operator and a car hop. She was twice picked up by vice squad members for loitering in parks for the purpose of homosexual pickups. She spent three months in the Women's Reformatory on the last pick up. This was the result mainly of the violent and abusive

time she gave to the arresting officers. She has been living with two other lesbians in Greenwich Village, one of whom is a Mary and who supports the other two from her pay as an advertising secretary.

Since none of the girls involved in the Village fight will press charges—"I'll kill any louse who squeals on me!"—it is doubtful if Adele will get a stiff sentence. She has two distant relatives in New York who might be interested in her and who might take her to live with them.

THE TOUGHIE

Sophie is the leader of a group of girls who call themselves the Aces. They conduct themselves like a gang of boy hoodlums and comprise the troublemakers of their particular neighborhood. They terrorize the other girls in the neighborhood and are notorious for shaking them down for protection. Sophie is seventeen and prides herself on having gotten herself tattooed on her right arm.

Sophie also hangs around with a group of male "hoods" in her neighborhood, and it was with a group of such "hoods" that she was arrested on assault and robbery charges. In the company of three male companions, two of whom were out of the reformatory on probation, she was involved in robbing a gasoline station. Sophie held the gun on the two station attendants while her companions robbed them. When they had looted the cash register, Sophie joined the young hoodlums in savagely beating the attendants. According to one of them, Sophie was in an hysterical ecstasy while she was beating him with a piece of rubber hose. It was Sophie's idea, in fact, that the men beat the attendants after robbing them.

Sophie had a long history of delinquency. She was first brought to the authorities by her mother, a Polish refugee. She was then 13 and according to the mother, was completely uncontrollable. "She's just like an animal." She fought with her school mates, stole from local stores, and stayed out late at night with a gang of boys. The authorities tried to rehabilitate Sophie then, but were unsuccessful. She was sent to an ungraded girls' school, when she was still in high-school, for smoking marijuana and for joyriding with other girls in stolen cars.

Sophie's home life was ideal for producing her disturbances. Her father, a garage mechanic, had served short sentences in the penitentiary for burglary and assault with intent to kill. Her mother is a tubercular of low intelligence who was never able to adjust herself to living in America. Sophie's older brother ran away from home to join the army. It was common knowledge in their tenement that Mrs. W. was having an affair with her husband's cousin who worked in a nearby butcher shop.

Juvenile authorities and local police received several complaints from neighborhood parents that Sophie and her girl gang bullied and often beat up their children and took money from them. However, none of the offended girls would ever complain themselves, for fear of reprisals from Sophie. Sophie worked for short periods as a stock room girl in a factory and as a clerk in a five and ten cent store. She lost both jobs because of

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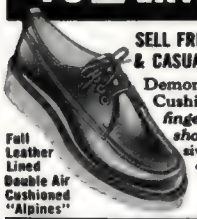

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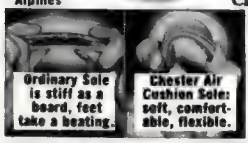

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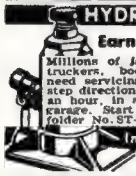

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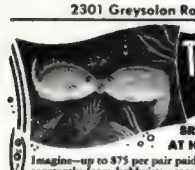

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quarreling with her superiors. "None of them understood me."

Shortly before her arrest in the gas station robbery, Sophie was picked up by police on a park mugging charge. An old woman had been beaten and robbed by a girl resembling Sophie as she walked her dog. However, her identity could not be proven, so she was released. Sophie will be sentenced to two years in a woman's reformatory for her part in the assault-robbery. The possibilities of her rehabilitation depend upon the authorities' success in working out Sophie's feelings of being a social outcast, and also teaching her to work and live with other people.

THE ALCOHOLIC

Early one Sunday morning police were summoned to a West Side rooming house, where a young lady tenant was causing a disturbance. The tenant, police discovered, was named Sally, a stunning blonde girl in her early twenties. She had been winding up a drunken spree by throwing empty whiskey bottles out of her window into the street below. This, plus a continual violent and obscene quarrel with her equally drunken boyfriend, resulted in the call to the station. Neighbors said Sally had spent the entire weekend drinking and fighting without ever going out.

Police learned that Sally's background was upper middle class. She was, in fact, the daughter of a very well-to-do investment broker in Boston. Her father had married her mother against his family's wishes. They were divorced when Sally was three, and Sally went to live with her ex-show girl mother. The mother was unsuccessful in her attempts to return to the stage. Sally's life with her was marked by periods of acute depression, heavy drinking, and many boyfriends. Her mother died when she was 16, and Sally was "taken in" by a spinster sister of her father's. "I don't think he ever knew I was breathing." The father showed no interest in her.

This aunt was fully as neurotic as Sally's mother. She drank a great deal, and it was due in part to the nearness of liquor, plus her own misery, that Sally began to steal liquor and drink it in her room. The aunt hated her, thought she was "lower class" because of her mother and constantly reminded her of this.

Sally remained in college for two years. While there she managed to become a member of the wildest group of students, and as a consequence spent an inordinate amount of time partying and staying away from school. She had become a sort of alcoholic at this time, and was known to drink secretly at lunch time in her rooms with friends like herself. She admitted that almost every evening she went to sleep tight. She said the thought of being sober terrified her. She was asked to leave school after a spectacular automobile accident. She was driving back from a wild party, very drunk, when she lost control of her car and it crashed. A girl in the crowd was killed and another injured.

Sally then came to New York and lived in Greenwich Village for a time. She spent most of her time at the bohemian bars and quickly became known as that "college lush." She was arrested as a drunk several times. After a while, she began associating with cruder and lower types of men. She became something of a bum, losing all interest in her appearance and her general social decline. She had two illegal abortions in two years. When she was not drinking or hanging around with her new friends—who frequently, it was learned, beat her up and took what money she had—she was trying to paint. This was her one interest in life. Her rooms were filled with unfinished but talented paintings. Shortly before she was arrested this last time, Sally was found by police wandering in the streets without any clothing, completely in a daze.

Authorities hold out some hope for Sally's recovery. She has a desire to be something—her painting indicates this—and she has intelligence of a high order. She will be sent to a nursing home for a few months, and then will be put in the care of a psychiatrist who was a friend of her father's.

THE KLEPTOMANIAC

Barbara is the daughter of a well known surgeon. She is 20, medium height, brown hair and eyes, nervously shy, and quite attractive except for a noticeable tick around the corner of her mouth. She is of superior intelligence and well educated, having attended one of the most fash-

ionable finishing schools in the East. She was picked up in Macy's by store detectives after she had walked out of the store with a flannel skirt under the one she was originally wearing, three necklaces, and a pair of shoes that were too small for her.

Upon investigation, police discovered an enormous cache of stolen goods hidden in various parts of her parents' home. Among the items were dresses of all sizes and values; shoes of all sizes; men's ties and belts; costume jewelry of all quality and design; underclothes by the dozens; cameras, silverware, a pocket radio, and four watches. Apparently, there had never been any attempt on her part to either use the stolen goods or sell them.

Barbara's first manifestation of kleptomania came while she was staying as a guest in the home of a school friend in Boston. The parents reported to police the theft of several pieces of jewelry from a bedroom. Under questioning, Barbara confessed. She said she really didn't know why she had done it.

Her parents were of course consulted and medical treatment was prescribed. However, her father was too busy pursuing his professional successes and her mother her complex social life for any overseeing to be done. "They were like strangers to me." Consequently, the general practitioner who was treating her, in a pseudo-analytic way, soon dropped the case. Barbara's father and mother, it was discovered, had shortly after her birth turned her over to a series of nurses and governesses to be raised. During the first ten years of her life, they often saw her no more than an hour a day, just before she was put to bed. The mother and father, the court social worker reported, were both extremely cold, impersonal, withdrawn people who should never have had a child in the first place.

Barbara ran away from home twice. On both occasions, when she returned it was discovered that she had become pregnant. She was sent to the country during her last months of pregnancy, to avoid being noticed, and when the babies were born they were immediately taken from her and given out for adoption.

In the next few years Barbara became a confirmed kleptomaniac. She stole mostly from department stores. Whenever she was picked up, and her upper class background discovered, she was let off, and the parents hushed things up. For real emotional satisfaction, she kept the company of delivery boys and lower class boys in the neighborhood. Her own friends knew about her kleptomania and were often surprised to find she had stolen small things from their homes.

Her latest thefts have alerted her parents finally to the seriousness of her problems. They have agreed to put her under immediate and sustained psychiatric care in a Washington, D. C. clinic. Also, they have agreed to examine themselves and come up with a plan for including Barbara in their everyday feelings and lives. Without this, she cannot be helped.

THE JUNKIE

Unless you examine Laureen's arms closely, you will not see the many needle marks in them. She has cleverly covered them up with flesh colored make-up. "I hate the sight of those damn holes." Laureen is an addict and a pusher of "horse," or "junk," or cocaine or heroin. She has been "on" junk for three years, since her third year in high school. She is now 20. Except for a definite pallor, due to her use of narcotics, Laureen is quite a pretty girl, dark, short hair, large eyes that, when examined closely, reveal the addict's dilated pupils. They are the eyes of a sleepwalker, and when she was arrested by members of the narcotics squad, she was in a dreamy, semi-conscious state.

Laureen was picked up when she sold half an ounce of heroin to a detective who was posing as a "junkie." She was not an unknown to the police. Two years previously, she had voluntarily come to the authorities as an addict and asked that she be held to "kick" the habit. Consequently she spent several months in a government hospital where, presumably, she did lose her desire for narcotics. However, upon being released she returned to her old environment, and old friends, and was soon again an addict. It is quite possible that had she gone to a completely different place, with new friends, she might not have returned to dope addiction. "Honest to God, I didn't know where to turn." Her friends were mostly members of the jazz world, with some slight involvement in the rackets. Her boy friend was a saxophonist, and also an addict.

Laureen started on dope for "kicks." Then she developed a craving for it. In order to raise the large sums of money needed to buy the cocaine, she began stealing from her parents. Then she quit school and became a waitress, during which time she was able to "knock down" enough on the cash register to purchase her daily quota. When the restaurant closed, she and her boy friend staged a series of small holdups, gas stations, candy stores, etc. She was not caught at any of these crimes.

For a while, after her first release, she tried prostitution as a way of getting money. But this was eventually repugnant to her, and she quit. "It made my skin crawl whenever they touched me." It was later suggested to her by her "connection," the man who sold her the narcotics, that she herself become a "pusher" of the dope.

Laureen's reasons for taking to narcotics were mainly to withdraw from a world she felt had never accepted her. Her friends were all addicts, and when they were all "on" together they had the feeling of being members of a very exclusive, "hip" club.

When she was brought to the police station, Laureen became hysterical. She was afraid of the "cold turkey" treatment —that is, of being absolutely denied any drugs. When this happens, the addict usually goes into convulsions, and very often dies. She calmed down when the official doctor in charge of such cases, immediately assured her that she would be taken off the drug slowly.

It is quite possible that Laureen can be permanently cured of her addiction. She will be sentenced to another sanitarium, and during this time, probably a year, she will be morally and physically rehabilitated. ***

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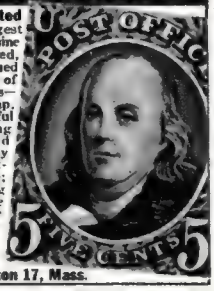

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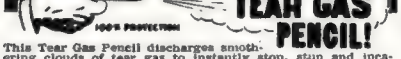

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Madcap Mobsters

continued from page 41

tunate barman by the right wrist and—slowly, to increase the torture—bit off his thumb at the first joint.

Capone heard of this incident in his Lexington Hotel headquarters and instructed two of his gunsels, Machinegun Jack McGurn and Gus Winkler, to go and get Morton. "You mean we should kill him?" asked McGurn, with his boyish enthusiasm for such errands.

"Kill him!" Capone exclaimed. "Hell, no! He's a valuable man. I want to hire him."

So it was that Nails became a member of the big Chicago mob, starting out as a disciplinary officer in a Capone brothel.

Nails proved almost at the outset that he was worth more than his $100-a-week salary. He introduced an efficiency system known as the "four-minute-speed-up," that being the stop-watch length of time any dame could dally with a paying patron.

Capone always was one to reward genius, when it made a dollar or even a dime for him, and Nails got a series of quick promotions. He had machinegun experience from World War I, and talents along that line were highly appreciated. Within a year, he was a member of Capone's brain trust, which meant he was a big thief instead of a cheap one.

CHICAGOANS became accustomed to seeing them together—Capone, a fat slob, and Morton, a tall, lithe, good-looking man. They were a pair at the race tracks, baseball games and theaters.

Nails fancied himself as a horseman, as well as a two-olive martini man, and he often took a canter through Chicago's Lincoln Park on an animal rented from a North Clark Street stable. He should have stayed with his real talent of killing people or biting off thumbs.

A wind-blown bit of paper skittered the horse one morning on the bridle path. The beast bucked and Nails landed head first on the ground, trick riding britches and all.

When help arrived, Morton was dead. His worthless neck had been broken. The horse was cropping grass nearby, unaware of the shining public service it had done.

Capone, a sloppy ham, mourned noisily over his pal's death. He set up a $15,000 funeral for Nails and ordered three of the aldermen on his payroll to be pallbearers. And, at the wake in a funeral parlor owned by a police captain, Capone bawled that Nails' untimely death would not go unavenged.

So it was that Two-Gun Louie Alterie came to the Clark Street academy of horsemanship. He hired the same horse on which Morton had taken his last ride. He rode the beast to the same spot where Nails had taken his ungainly topple to eternity.

Alterie then alighted (somewhat shakily since his last experience with a horse had been on a merry-go-round as a child), and shot the animal through the head with a .45 caliber revolver. The horse fell dead.

Two-Gun Louie, a mite chafed, delivered the obituary report on the horse to Capone in person. "Fine," the big boss said. "That'll teach 'em. Nobody gets by with killing my guys. Not even a horse."

THE Nails Morton thing was typical of the screwiness of Al Capone's time. Chicago cops stood guard outside the Capone gambling joints to prevent robberies. Police captains and politicians lined up at Capone headquarters, hats in hand, to take their weekly payoffs.

You could walk a mile along Clark Street and never miss a call on the horse races at the country's tracks, blaring over the microphones through the open doors of Capone handbooks. Illinois state troopers rode convoy on motorcycles with Capone beer and booze trucks to ward off hijackers.

Mobsterism was a way of life, murder was a side issue that added up to a big joke and Capone was a hero.

There were a couple of people who didn't relish that philosophy, and one of them was Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of baseball. He was at Wrigley Field one afternoon when Capone had a first row box for a Chicago Cubs-New York Giants game. Over flocked the stars of both teams to shake the mass murderer by his usually-sweaty hand and to pose fawningly for photographs with him.

This spectacle ignited the low-fission point of Landis. He blew up in all possible directions. "If I ever see another baseball player within 100 feet of that fat hoodlum, the player will be barred from the game for life." The commissioner roared—and he made the ruling stick.

That slap in the puss should have been enough to teach Capone to lie low and keep out of the way of decent people, in public at least. But he was too vain for any withdrawal. He went on to annoy, affront and insult an even more important personage—Herbert Hoover, then President of the United States.

Hoover was spending the night on a yacht moored in beautiful, sparkling Biscayne Bay, between Miami and Miami Beach. On the shore of Palm Island, only about 50 yards from the yacht, the granddaddy of all wild parties was going on.

A band played far into the night. Girls

frolicked about a garden of tropical flowers or dived into the bay from a pier. Some of them had forgotten their swim suits, it being an informal affair. Two-gun Louie Alterie enlivened things by firing machinegun bursts into the sky.

The Presidential party was sleepless during this din. So two Secret Service men rowed over to the island and asked for a little quiet, please, on behalf of President and Mrs. Hoover.

The agents found themselves on Capone's estate. The lord and master greeted the callers and, half drunk and swaggering, heard their request. "Go to hell," was his response. "This party is going to last until morning and nobody is stopping us."

As the agents rowed back to the yacht, Capone bawled another insult after them: "Tell Herb and the missus to come over and join the party!"

The yacht up-anchored soon after that and moved away to quieter waters. But Hoover didn't forget. Upon arriving back in Washington, so the story goes, he gave orders to his department heads: "Put that man Capone in the penitentiary, where he belongs."

President Hoover got results, too. Capone went away to prison as an income-tax cheater. The pollywogs of syphillis already were squirming in his sluggish bloodstream, and he had shied away from treatment because of a babyish fear of needles being poked into his flesh. He did his time, came out a hopeless idiot, and died.

I KNEW this oafish lug. I interviewed him many times. I covered his income tax trial, as an Associated Press reporter. And I was standing below his window the night of January 25, 1947, when a great wail from the womenfolk went up within the walled Capone fortress on Palm Island. Capone was dead.

This story is no eulogy for him. It is intended to be, instead, an account of the nutsy, fabulous follies of his day. . . .

The weird impact Capone had on the public seems incredible in these years since Senator Estes Kefauver and Rudy Halley made public bums out of the mobsters. People, even big shot newspaper editors, took the fat slob as a kind of demi-god. Frank Costello, in his best days, never approached the glorification Capone had.

One of my interviews with him, back in the spring of 1932, was a goofy example of the boobishness of editors where Capone was involved. He then was the most distinguished guest of the new Cook County Jail, lolling in de luxe hospital quarters and gorging on the finest steaks.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's first born son was missing and presumably held by kidnapers for ransom. I dropped in to see Capone as an Associated Press reporter. He had a big grin, a moist handshake, an offer of a dollar cigar and a gigantic publicity hoax for me.

"If they'll let me outa here for 30 days," he said, "I'll bring back the Lindbergh baby. I promise it. I got connections."

What a hunk of flapdoodle that turned out to be! The child already was dead, murdered by Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a New Jersey jury decided later, within an hour after the kidnaping, although the body was not found for weeks. But the country's newspapers grabbed at the story with the fervor of a Chicago call girl clutching for a drunken conventioneer's wallet.

My employer, the AP, then looked on as the dried-up, virginal spinster of American journalism, carried reams of my interview. Capone's guff included an offer, among other ridiculous propositions, to leave his young nephew in his cell as security while he was gone on his Sir Gallahadian journey.

ANYWAY the newspapers headlined this nuttiness by Capone about rescuing Lindbergh's son. They treated it with the reverence usually held back in those depression times for a pronouncement by Herbert Hoover that prosperity was just around the corner, the imprisonment of Wall Street brokers, or the suicides of midwest bankers with shortages in the till.

Only one newspaper, to my knowledge, handled the civet-smelling Lindbergh-Capone story with the sarcasm it deserved. The *Chicago Times*—now the *Chicago Sun-Times*—proposed sardonically that all the jails, workhouses, reformatories and prisons of America (both North and South) be left unlocked for a month so that all murderers, thieves, blackmailers, rapists, burglars, swindlers, forgers, counterfeiters, income tax cheaters and other convicts could join Capone on the crusade.

The federal government, perhaps with President Hoover's feelings in mind, ignored the thing. Capone stayed in the jail, pending a denial of his try for a new trial on the income tax conviction, until he was shipped off to prison.

The gay abandon with which Capone murdered and got away with it—personally, at first, and then with hired hands, plus a bit of help from the law—began in the early 1920's. He then was breaking in as a ruffian and thief with Big Jim Colosimo, pioneer Chicago goniff and gunsel.

Al's introduction to the newspaper reading public was as screwy as he later became in the head. A visiting British journalist was interviewing Big Jim one midnight in his night club, the Four Deuces, at 2222 S. Wabash Avenue.

UP to Colosimo's table came a goo-goo-eyed punk with a scar on his meaty jowl to hand the big boss a bundle of money thick enough to make a rhinoceros burp after swallowing. It was the night's take from a crap game, with lopsided dice, down the street.

"Who was that?" asked the limey, when the money man had left.

Big Jim replied: "He's Al Capone. He's Johnny Torrio's bodyguard."

"And who is Mr. Torrio?" the Londoner inquired.

Colosimo gave an answer that was to delight British readers and to be quoted widely in the United States press. "Torrio is my bodyguard," Big Jim replied. A London columnist remarked that an American gangster's bodyguard having his own bodyguard recalled the long ago times when the coachman of King Henry

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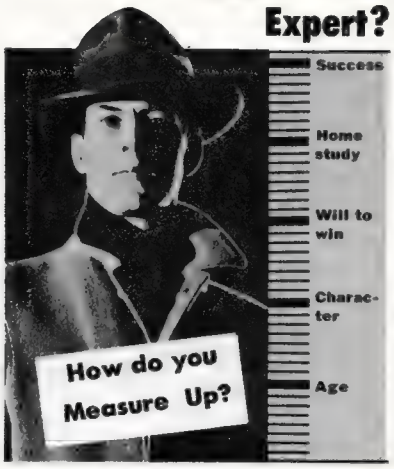

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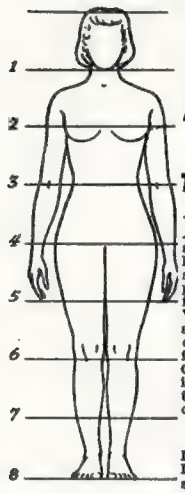

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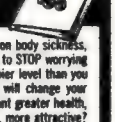

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VIII had his own coachman for Thursdays off. Everybody had a good laugh.

Capone's first recorded venture into murder came some months after the ill-advised Colosimo interview. Big Jim now had been liquidated into a solid bronze casket and his successor, Torrio, had skittered out of town between dark and dawn, fingering delicately at a bullet hole through his neck.

Al, with the jowl that he shaved and talcum powdered three times a day to cover up the hideous scar, now was the A-1 hooligan of Chicago. His income was $10,000 a day, the income tax people later figured.

AS befitted a prince of plug-uglies, Capone had a court jester, or stooge, a runt named "Little Jack" Guzik, a waiter in mob clip joints. Guzik was a sort of super-simpleton. He was a monkey for every crude, cruel practical joke Al could think up.

But Guzik also had a strange talent. He was almost a mathematical wizard and Capone got a boot out of showing him off by asking him such questions as: "Hey, punk, how much is 17½ times 222?" Guzik would answer, just like a quiz kid, that it was 3,885. This was a remarkable demonstration of genius to the mobsters and molls in Capone's circle, most of whom had to stop counting when they ran out of fingers and toes.

It was a thumb—not the one Nails Morton crunched greedily off the bartender, but one of Guzik's, with black-edged nail—that led to personal murder by Capone. Little Jack had the thumb dipped into a bowl of borcht which he served to Joe Howard, a speakeasy owner.

Howard was reputed to be a man whose blood boiled so violently in anger that live steam gushed out of his ears and fire spurted from his nostrils, alternately from left to right like a double-barreled flame thrower. He gave Guzik a hit in the mouth that was to keep a dental laboratory prosperous for weeks.

After spitting out his bloody fangs, Little Jack ran whimpering to his protector, Capone. The scar-faced blubber-belly went gunning for Howard and found him in Hymie Jacobs' speak at 2300 South Wabash, near the Four Deuces.

Capone shot Howard five times in such squeamish areas as the brain, heart, lungs and liver. At least 40 witnesses, including a red-haired hussy slopping up gin fizzes with Howard, saw this gunnery.

THE homicide cops were in the joint within minutes and the witnesses—except for married people who weren't married to each other, and got out fast—gave statements. They described Al Capone right down to his scar, diamond belt buckle and fat, wettish lips. He was the killer, just as sure as there are Democrats in the 43rd Ward on election day.

Capone took a duck into the coziest place a murderer could find to hide—the old Cook County Jail. A genial host, Sheriff Peter Hoffman, fixed him up with a secluded cell with a nice view. Al stayed there for five days. His payroll cops, his bribers and his politicians-for-pay put in a fix like chloral hydrate crystals sneaked into a chump's drink by a B-girl bent on knocking him out. Everybody clammed up.

When fatty-gut knew he was safe, he went to police headquarters and gave up. In came the witnesses from Hymie Jacobs' joint, all of those who hadn't scurried home to wives or husbands.

Surprise! Surprise! Not one of the witnesses ever had seen Al Capone before. No, he wasn't the gunman who killed Joe Howard. Honest to goodness, he wasn't. The murdered Howard's gin-fizz-guzzling redhead put some fancy embroidery on the thing. "Now that I think of it," she said, "I guess the man who shot Joe had a Van Dyke beard." Capone beamed at her magnificent ad lib.

The scar-faced bum went free, of course, and it was a joke. Ho, ho. But can you figure out a killer hiding out in a jail and fixing that many witnesses in modern times of J. Edgar Hoover, U.S. Senate committees and the Parent-Teacher Association watching the polls on election days? Filberts!

Puckishily, Capone's befriending-by-murder of his runt-sized clown, Guzik, turned to his financial advantage. Little Jack used his kinky arithmetic, learned from padding night club checks, to become the mob's expert at shaving odds in handbooks and fixing the payoffs on the policy, or numbers, racket to the poverty level. Guzik helped to make millions for Capone.

BUT probably the most fabulous incident of Capone's heyday followed the St. Valentine's Day massacre. It was a wedding.

On February 14, 1929, the day of love on which a girl mails out lacy valentines to a boy with the hope of getting an unguarded proposal of marriage, or at least a proposition or a heart-shaped box of chocolates, Chicago got its biggest murder chuckle.

On that day of romance, five of George "Bugs" Moran's North Side gangsters, along with two of those widely-known innocent bystanders, were lined up in a North Clark Street combination beer depot-garage and machinegunned into County Morgue refrigerator cubicles.

"Only Capone kills like that," Moran said sadly, and everybody in Chicago agreed, with a flavor of civic pride in most cases.

And a police captain came up with

this triumphant comment: "Them dudes in New York never had a massacre like this one!"

It happened that Machinegun Jack McGurn had been seen around the mass murder scene carrying a paper-wrapped package that could have contained a tommygun, his favorite plaything. The police, ducking outraged newspaper editorial heat, had McGurn picked up for questioning, as a sop. And then the thing got out of hand.

McGurn, with marksmanship far sharper than his intellect, came before the county grand jury, with 23 men and women asking him questions. McGurn lied, and with a kiss-and-tell alibi, at that. He said he had been lolling at the time of the massacre in a hotel suite with an ex-chorus girl, Louise Rolfe, a blonde with bulges that even the maximum security bras of 1929 days couldn't hide.

THE grand jury didn't believe McGurn and indicted him for perjury. The blonde was subpoenaed as the only direct witness who could convict him at his trial. She walked—minks, diamonds, assorted bulges and all—into the prosecutor's office a few days later, and said sweetly that she and Jack now were married.

That ended the perjury charge, of course, since the law says a wife cannot be required to testify against her husband.

It had taken some persuasion to get Louise to marry McGurn, and Murray "The Camel" Humphreys, the mob's ablest quipster, remarked: "That was the only wedding I ever heard of where the groom, and not the bride's father, carried the shotgun."

From that day onward, Louise rode the headlines of Chicago as "The Blonde Alibi."

Practical jokery, much of it crude and frequently bloody, was as rampant in the mob as in a boys' military school, and Frankie McErlane was a master at this type of savage humor. Frankie topped all previous gags on a New Year's Eve.

His pal, Sam "Golf Bag" Hunt—so called for his use of a unique camouflage for carrying lethal weapons—opened a new speakeasy night club, with undressed girlie show, on 63rd Street that night. McErlane pondered deeply on how to liven up the joint and mayhap he was inspired by Two-Gun Louie Alterie and his horse homicide.

At exactly midnight, Frankie came into Hunt's place, leading an aged, shambling horse he had purchased from the whiffletree of a junk collector's cart for $20.

McErlane escorted the animal to the middle of the dance floor, dropped the halter rope, took a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat and, as the New Year bells rang out, fired one shot. The horse flopped to the floor, dead, and dancing was somewhat sticky for the rest of the night.

In the spirit of the times, the merry-making chumps—paying $30 a bottle for champagne manufactured by spiking genuine gingerale with bootleg alcohol—applauded wildly. They plucked strands of hair from the dead beast's mane and tail to fashion into nosegays as souvenirs.

A few weeks later, McErlane, a murdering lunatic, extended his vengeance on the animal kingdom. He shot and killed his wife in their parked car, went away for a few drinks and, on an impulse, returned.

Eight or 10 spectators now were gathered around the car, gawking at the murdered woman within, along with her two prize-winning French poodles.

McErlane elbowed through to the car, unlimbered a revolver and shot each dog neatly through the head. "I never did like them damn poodles," he said, floundering away.

This prank amused Capone vastly, but not the public. There were people, even then, who might regard the killing of a gangster—or even seven men on the day dedicated to love and heart-shaped candy boxes tied in red ribbons—as a joke. But they got queasy over slaughtering women, dogs and horses.

So Capone had to banish Frankie from Chicago to a houseboat moored in the Mississippi River near Savanna, Illinois. He died there all alone, and as miserably as retribution could provide, of acute alcoholism, a booze-rotted liver and pneumonia.

The time came, of course, when Capone overmatched himself with murder. He had Alfred J. "Jake" Lingle, a renegade *Chicago Tribune* reporter, killed because Lingle was squealing on him to the income tax people for reward money. And, with provocation or not, you don't murder an employe of a paper as powerful as the Trib and walk away from it with a hearty laugh.

Colonel Robert R. McCormick, the *Tribune* publisher, lashed Capone with every whip in his editorial torture chamber. Capone whined and said: "McCormick didn't treat me like this when I gave him my sluggers to break a strike." But nobody was listening—least of all Herbert Hoover.

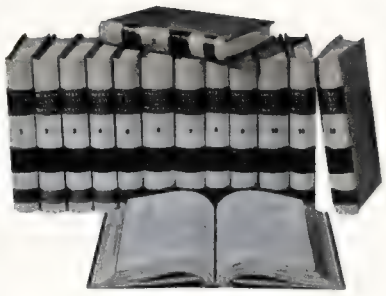
Capone went to prison, came out of Alcatraz a booby and went into seclusion in his walled fortress on Palm Island, the same fantastic estate from which the wild party had annoyed the Hoovers.

ON the night when he died and his womenfolk wailed, my first thought was to get to a telephone and dictate to my office in Chicago. A few hours later, the reporters on the death story were in a Miami Beach night club, buying drinks that would make the expense account auditors snatch themselves bald to their second vertebraes.

One of the photographers, a young lad, was trying to make time with a blonde who got into the party some way. "You want to know something?" he asked the baby importantly. "Al Capone died tonight. I was there, right outside the house."

She shrugged so impatiently that the left one almost tipped over her martini glass. "So what?" she said. "Who gives a damn about that crazy old jerk? Let's dance a while."

A chapter of history ended, for me, right then. ***



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MALE CALL

STUMP MAGIC

In "Inside for Men" I read about a new chemical for making stumps rot faster. I've called the Forestry Service and they don't know anything about it. Could you tell me the name of the product and if it does any harm to the grass or ground around the stump?

Robert Parson
Birmingham, Ala.

▶ It's called "Magic Stump Killer" and is completely harmless to anything around the stump.

NEW LOLOMANIAC

. . . We are having an argument about "The Girl Who Danced With Spiders" (MALE, Jan.), the story of Lola Montez. . . . My friend says it was fiction . . . because nobody could have lived such a wild life, but I say it was true. I'd like to meet somebody like Lola; she had a wonderful time. . . .

Charles Elsworth Russell
Laguna Beach, Calif.

▶ All the stories in MALE, except those clearly labeled fiction, are true. The fabulous Lola Montez was a living, breathing person.

ROCKS AND MONEY JOBS

In May MALE you said that a group of individuals who can write their own paychecks is the geologists. I happen to have majored in Geology at Michigan State. In March I will receive my degree and I don't doubt what you said, but I want to confirm it by having you tell me the whereabouts of the organizations that are desperate for geologists—desperate enough to hire me.

Richard Lancaster
Lansing, Mich.

▶ It all depends on how good a geologist you make them think you are, but why not write to the U.S. Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D.C., to get further information.

In "Inside for Men" for December you referred to certain jobs, and I'd appreciate getting information on: Accountants, $95/week, no college; and Fish and Wildlife Service, rat control expert. I realize the positions are different, but the second one is for a friend of mine.

Walter Devine
Brooklyn, N. Y.

▶ It is our aim only to point out favorable job trends, not to give specific employment details. However, for rat control, you can try writing the Dept. of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington, D. C. Most accountants' jobs require specialized training; check your local employment agencies for details, or the professional accountants' organization in your area.

EXPOSED

I read "The $100 Truth About Your Girl" (MALE, Jan.) and was really surprised. It seems everything you read nowadays is about how men trick helpless women. . . . At last the other side of the story is told. I enjoyed it.

Al Fried
Boston, Mass.

THOUGHTFUL MAIL

I'm French-Canadian, so I think I speak the same language as Simone Auger ("Just An Old Canuck Girl," MALE, Feb.). But from the article I see she doesn't like to talk. Maybe we could get together and understand each other's thoughts. . . .

Bill LaTouche
Montreal, Canada

MEETING OF MINDS?

I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-19-C
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

GUERRILLA CHAPMAN

continued from page 35

with Japs, passed less than ten yards in front of us and came to a standstill . . .

That was my first sabotage behind Jap lines. I'd arrived in Malaya only three months before Pearl Harbor as a volunteer guerrilla for the British Army.

The general in command wanted us to organize raiding parties behind the enemy lines. Some definite information was required to counteract the growing myth of the invincibility of the Jap as a jungle fighter. We were given every possible assistance.

THE more I thought about it, the more convinced I became, that the raid would be much more effective if it were based on a target reconnaissance. Thus I hit upon the idea of going through the Jap lines from the front and crossing the strip of enemy-held country between the Perak river and the coast. Christmas Eve found Sergeant Sartin and myself driving my scarlet V-8 Ford up the road to report to advance headquarters a hundred miles away. The opinion at advance headquarters was that I was crazy and ought to be forcibly detained. Fortunately, the commander of a Volunteer Gunner Battery agreed to take me back with him and to try to find a suitable interpreter. The C. O. soon found us a volunteer in the person of Ian Patterson, an inspector in the Mines Department, who spoke Malay fluently, though he did not know the actual area in which we were going to operate. The C.O. also lent me a sergeant who would accompany us and drive my V-8 back.

We managed to find a boat and cross the river before it was light, then make our way westward parallel to it.

In this jungle the average visibility for two men standing up was at the most only twenty-five yards. This gave us a great sense of confidence, which was soon lost when we had to leave the jungle and cross open paddy fields, where we should have been an easy target for a Jap machine-gunner.

From further east there was now a tremendous racket as our twenty-five pounders opened up on the Japs who were presumably preparing to cross the Perak river. There was also the stutter of machine-guns and intermittent rifle fire, and Jap reconnaissance planes were flying low up and down the road to the north.

We spent some time trying to work our way westward, but there seemed to be no track through the jungle. By the middle of the day a burning sun shone mercilessly everywhere. Our clothes were soaked with sweat which, in that already saturated air, could not evaporate, and we were tortured with thirst. It was as if every dram of energy was being sucked away, and all we wanted to do was to lie down and sleep. At last we were forced to give up the idea of traveling through the jungle and decided to wait for night and then try to follow the road.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found us overlooking the road and the factory buildings of a rubber estate which the Japs seemed to be using as a halting-post. We lay only a hundred yards from the road and could see the enemy, hundreds and hundreds of them, pouring eastward toward the Perak river. The majority were on bicycles in parties of forty or fifty, riding three or four abreast. Their weapons—tommy guns and rifles—were tied on to the frames of the bicycles, so that they would have taken some time to go into action had they been suddenly attacked. As the waves of cyclists and motor transport continued without interruption, we realized we should not be able to cross the road until dark. It was Christmas Day and, standing there in the rain, we ate a miserable Christmas dinner of bully beef, wet biscuits, and wet chocolate, washed down with a minute flask of Australian brandy.

This rain was terrific. Within half a minute we were soaked to the skin, and having been unbearably hot all day we were now equally cold. The rain came down so hard that it actually hurt our bare heads and hands, and we had to take shelter under a grove of coconut palms. The huge drops splashed up from the ground in a pale knee-deep mist.

Once it was really dark we returned to the road and started to walk along it, but the volume of traffic seemed to increase and several times we almost trod on parties of Japs resting or mending their bicycles by the roadside.

There had once been cleared land here, but it had gone back to secondary jungle—what is known on the maps by the Malay name of *belukar*. This is the most terrible going it is possible to imagine. We had only brought a small *parang* ax with us and in one hour of grilling work we made only about a hundred yards. We recrossed the road and tried again further down, but were always stopped by swampy thickets of thorn or bracken. At last, completely exhausted and driven to distraction by the bites of a vicious type of red ant, we had to admit defeat.

WE spent the rest of the afternoon lying up in some paddy fields only thirty yards from the road, in the shade of a little thatched shelter on stilts. From here with our field glasses, we could not only make exact notes of the Japanese numbers and equipment, but could get some idea of their morale and character. On the far side of the road and less than a hundred yards distant were some estate buildings, which the Jap officers seemed to be using as a halting place.

These were the first enemy Japs I had been able to examine at close quarters, and I was astonished by the resemblance to caricatures—bespectacled popinjays with huge ears, projecting front teeth, and toothbrush mustaches, wearing high-peaked jockey caps and untidy uniforms. Some officers had several Chinese and Malays with them, and these were being bullied and beaten up by the interpreter. Once a squat and pompous Japanese Major boxed the ears of a Malay, and then threatened him with his sword. The Chinese or Malays were obviously frightened to death and it was clear that the Japs would have had no compunction in cutting off their heads.

As soon as it was dark we crawled through the grass to the road, and were lying in the ditch ready to dash across when a dog from the estate buildings barked and growled till two Japs came out to see what was the matter—possibly thinking there was a tiger. We had already noticed that the Japs, who are very much afraid of the dark, always carried huge lights with them. We lay flat in the bottom of the ditch with our tommy guns ready, while the Japs flashed the light all around us and passed on down the road. Those Japs will never know how near they were to being shot.

As soon as it was light enough to travel we noticed a movement in some hibiscus bushes, and discovered that we were being observed by a young Malay. He signaled us to join him under cover and told us that many boatloads of Japs had gone by that morning.

We set off downriver in our boat. It was less than ten feet long and pointed at each end, but we found that, with the two rucksacks packed in the stern, we could just fit in one behind the other if we stretched out our legs on either side of the man in front.

ALL night long we were swept along by the flooded river. We tried to keep in midstream, since we were just as likely to be shot at by the British as by the Japs, and from either bank, but most of the time we had little idea whether we were in the middle of the stream or near the side. We could see hordes of crocodiles. The noise of the rushing flood and the tropical rain beating on the water was terrific.

Once, when I was steering, I suddenly saw what appeared to be a boat rowed by several pairs of oars approaching at startling speed out of the darkness. I could see the irregular shape of its occupants and the white water as the oars splashed, and as it rushed past only a few yards to port there was a loud roaring noise. For a second I thought it was an apparition, for no human could possibly row at that speed against such a current. Then I realized that what I had seen was a stationary waterlogged tree. It was our own boat that was moving at such speed, and the current rushing against the branches of the tree had produced the white water and the noise.

At last, we were hailed in English from the bank and told to drop our weapons and put our hands up. Our escort had warned us that there were some British soldiers here and we soon proved that we were not Japs. This was an advance patrol who told us that as soon as they had seen we were not Chinese boatmen we had been covered by six machine guns. After a shave in the local barber's shop, and a hot meal, we continued on our way.

At Kuala Lumpur I submitted a detailed report, which was attached to the Routine Orders of every unit in Malaya. Once again I asked for some men to take behind the lines, and once again I was told, pleasantly but firmly, that the men were not available.

The reconnaissance had justified itself, and I had learned a great deal about the Japs and the country. The conclusion of my report, which I quote to avoid the appearance of being wise after the event, was: "The Japanese troops I have seen are good second-class material, well trained but poorly equipped. Their lines of communication should prove singularly vulnerable to attack by trained guerrillas."

LEECHES CRAWLED through every gap in our clothing, until thin streams of blood trickled down our lumpy bodies

We soon found that all the Chinese Anti-Japanese Societies were prepared to take part in any scheme against the common enemy.

On December 30, 1942, I spent the evening with Frank Vanrenan and Bill Harvey, two planters who shared my belief in the enormous possibilities of raiding or stay-behind parties. I sat up the rest of the night working out the details. Next day I put up a scheme to the Corps Commander. A chain of small self-contained European parties should be installed in the jungle at strategic points.

Each party was to consist of five to ten British officers, including at least one demolition expert and several Malay or Tamil speakers who knew the area in which they would operate.

My own party had to be larger than the others, since we had to deal with the main railway line and with the most important trunk road in Malaya.

The problem was transport. There were plenty of trucks but no drivers. It was unsafe to drive by day, since the Japanese had complete control of the air and used to fly up and down the roads machine-gunning any vehicles they saw.

On January 6, I went down with my first attack of fever. I had a terrible pain behind the eyes, ached in all my joints, felt alternately boiling hot and freezing cold, and ran a high temperature. I staggered to Kuala Lumpur hospital for a blood test and was told I was suffering from "benign tertiary"—a virulent, but not the most serious, variety of malaria. Next day I was worse. I sent for a young M.O. who was not likely to be too difficult, and told him the whole story and explained that it was absolutely essential I should go on the following day. He took my temperature: it was 103°. After much argument, I persuaded him to allow me to go.

Each of us dressed as he thought best. Harvey wore a shirt, shorts, and a pair of gym shoes. This, he said, was what he always wore in the jungle, his theory being that he could see the leeches crawling up his bare legs and pull them off before they got a hold. I had had plenty of experience with leeches in Sikkim on the way to the Himilayas, so I wore some soft leather boots with a heavy rubber sole and sewn-in tongue with the tops laced tightly over my khaki drill trousers. Sartin wore army boots and puttees.

It was a real nightmare journey. I had not realized that in the Malayan jungle a mile on the map may mean four or five miles on the ground and that without a track it may take several hours to cover a single mile. Nor did I realize that though a footpath may be marked on the map, it will be completely grown over in a year unless kept open by regular use and cutting. Our maps were more than ten years out of date. The footpath took us as far as a deserted Chinese hut. By then it was raining hard, and we were soon soaked to the skin. We started to follow a track upstream, but presently had to use our *parangs*, as we intended to cut a wide path which we hoped to use regularly between the two camps.

In the absence of any path the valley of the river provided the worst possible going. The watercourse itself was too deep and rough to follow, and the sides were steep and covered with bamboo, thorns and thickets of every kind. As soon as the ground was wet we found it almost impossible to keep a footing on the steep traverse, and our hands were torn with clutching at twigs to prevent falling. The tommy gun in the jungle is a source of grief and bad language. It is far too heavy and is covered with knobs, swivels, handles, catches, guards, and other protuberances which, however you carry it, scrape and bruise your hip bone, dig you in the ribs, and catch on every twig and creeper in the jungle.

The first night we camped on a sandbank several feet above the waterline, as it was the only more or less level place we could find. When we undressed to bathe in the river, we found many bloated leeches stuck to various parts of our bodies. I had been bitten round the waist and neck. The creatures, being unable to get at my legs, had worked their way up my clothes until they could find an opening. I had pulled off scores during the day and did not know any had crawled through until I felt the blood running down my chest. Harvey was badly bitten about the ankles and hands. He had been using a stick and the leeches had crawled up it to reach their favorite of all places—the web-like flesh between the bases of the fingers. Sartin had also been bitten all over the legs, as they had crawled through the eyeholes of his boots and through the folds of his puttees. As we removed the surfeited leeches, Harvey regaled us with stories of people who had died from leeches—or the swelling resulting from their bites—blocking the more intimate orifices of the body. The theory is that leeches should not be pulled off, as their teeth stay in and fester. They should be removed by touching them with salt, to-

bacco, a solution of areca nut, or a cigarette end. My experience is that the wounds bleed just as much and are just as likely to become infected, however they are removed.

Next day we wasted half a box of matches before we could persuade the sodden bamboo to light; then it started to rain again and we gave up the attempt to dry our clothes. We climbed out of the valley and set a course due west.

I was now to learn that navigation in thick mountainous jungle is the most difficult in the world. The limit of your visibility is fifty to a hundred yards, and even if you are on some steep hillside, where you can catch a glimpse of another steep blue tree-clad hillside, you are none the wiser, as one hill is exactly like another. There *are* no landmarks—and if there were, you could not see them. Another difficulty is that there is no way of judging distance: it took us more than a week to realize we were taking eight hours to travel one mile on the map instead of the three or four miles we imagined. We were continually forced off our course by swamps, thickets, precipices, outcrops of rock, and rivers. That evening, by a strange anomaly, we suffered tortures from thirst as we could find no water and for once it had stopped raining. This is the only time I can ever remember being really short of water in the jungle. During the night it began to rain again and we collected the water in a ground-sheet. That night, although we huddled close together, we suffered so much from cold that it was almost impossible to sleep.

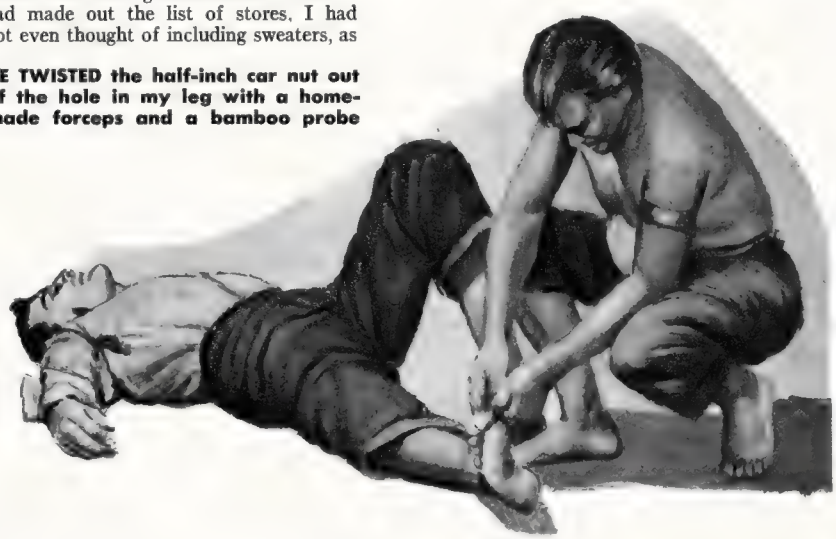
NEXT day we followed our ridge up and up until we came to the summit. Once again it rained heavily all the afternoon, and when we stopped to camp we found that the continual soaking had removed the adhesive tape from the tin containing our matches, which had completely disintegrated. The same thing had happened to our sugar, and most of it had disappeared in solution through an ill-fitting lid, while what was left of our biscuit and oatmeal was a sodden pulp. Had we known that the journey was still to take us another week we should certainly have turned back. That night we finished the last of the tinned food. For the last two days we had water alone.

The going grew worse and worse. Sometimes we clambered up hills so steep that we had to hold on to the vegetation with both hands to pull ourselves up, and on the descents had to lower ourselves from branch to branch. We seemed to meet every kind of thicket—bamboo, rattan, *atap*, scrub, and thorn. The worst going of all consisted of whole valleys full of huge granite boulders half covered with a treacherous layer of moss and roots. Our packs seemed to get heavier and heavier, and the tommy guns nearly drove us demented. Though it was usually dry in the mornings, it rained steadily almost every afternoon and most of the night, so that we were never dry and the wet clothes rubbed away the skin in the most tender parts of our bodies, so that it was agony to start off again in the morning.

We soon developed a regular drill. The man who was in front did not carry a tommy gun, but cut a path so that he could just pass through. The second man widened the track and marked the route more clearly by bending saplings down or blazing tree trunks, and the third man merely followed and checked the course with a compass. For, unless he were carefully watched, the leading man might turn through half a circle in a few minutes, as we could not see the sun and there were no landmarks save the interminable tree trunks on which to march. Every half-hour we changed places. Our hands, unused to the continuous hard work of using the *parang* and softened by being always wet, blistered terribly. Our clothes as well as our hands and faces were soon lacerated by thorns. Two of us had deep wounds resulting from our lack of skill with the *parang*.

As soon as we stopped, we de-leeched ourselves, washed away the clotted blood, and then made a leaf shelter for the night. We then made a huge pile of branches and leaves as a mattress, put on all our clothes, and covered ourselves with our ground-sheets. When I had made out the list of stores, I had not even thought of including sweaters, as I had always been under the impression that Malaya was a hot country.

HE TWISTED the half-inch car nut out of the hole in my leg with a home-made forceps and a bamboo probe



As darkness closed in, the jungle chorus, which had been hushed during the day, came to life, and was so deafening that we had to raise our voices to be heard against it. Every imaginable species of grasshopper, cicada, and tree-frog tuned its individual contribution—musical, unmusical, rhythmic, or strident—to the medley. One made a noise like an alarm clock and fully as loud, others like bicycle bells, cymbals, hunting horns, road drills, fishing reels, brakes of a cart going down hill, or the maddening hum of a bee imprisoned beneath a glass.

One of our chief troubles at night was from insects. Worse than mosquitoes were the midges, whose wings made no noise, but whose bite was really a bite. These were particularly bad in the early morning. As a result of the bites in the night, our faces would be so enlarged and distorted that in the morning we were almost unrecognizable. Often our cheeks were so swollen that the eyes were closed and we could not see until we had bathed them in the cool water of a stream.

By this time—it must have been the ninth or tenth day—our strength was beginning to give out and we had only a small amount of oatmeal left. Both Harvey and I were very worried about Sartin. We did not think he would be able to carry on much longer. Harvey himself, normally large and rather heavily built, had lost so much weight that he had taken in six holes on his belt. I was still feeling the after-effects of malaria and was not going really well, but the stimulus and responsibility of leadership gave me additional strength and I think I seemed less exhausted than I was. Harvey, as jungle expert, said that he thought we ought to go back at once before it was too late. We had for some days given up cutting a wide track, and he thought we could follow our trail back. I was determined to go on.

If it were absolutely necessary, as long as we had plenty of water we could carry on for another week, though we should cover less ground each day as our strength ebbed. So we went on.

That night we finished our oatmeal. To lighten our loads I suggested that we should dump one of the tommy guns and possibly return for it later. Sartin's whole training rebelled instantly at such an idea and, rather ashamed of myself, I apologized for the suggestion. It was astonishing to see how much weight we had lost in a mere twelve days. Our bones stuck out everywhere. Our skin, except where it was mottled with the purple spots of hundreds of leech bites, was a sickly yellow. Our clothes were in ragged tatters, and our hands, knees, and faces were covered with a network of cuts and thorn scratches. As we lay in the sun we watched the antics of a gibbon—*wah-wah* as the Malays call them—swinging himself from branch to branch with his long arms, and I realized that this was the only animal, or even sign of an animal, that we had seen on the whole journey.

Halfway down the pipe line we met

a party of men. For a moment I thought that they were Japanese. They turned out, however, to be Malays, whose job it was to look after the pipe line. They took us back to their *kampong*, which lay a short distance to the south.

Malay *kampongs*, with their thatched houses on stilts, their fruit trees, coconut palms, hibiscus flowers, and vivid green paddy fields, are always attractive. After this nightmare journey we lay on the soft grass in the sun, eating bananas and pineapple, and watching brightly colored bee-eaters and bulbuls hawking for flies overhead. Soon we had a magnificent curry with chicken, eggs, fish, and several vegetables. We were disappointed to find how little we could eat, as our stomachs seemed to have shrunk to nothing. The Malays could give us no news of the rest of our party, but they said that a great many British soldiers, many of them in the last stages of exhaustion, had passed southward on the edge of the jungle.

THE rest of our party had gone, thinking we had deserted them, and our own position was desperate. With no explosives and only our eight magazines of tommy-gun ammunition it was impossible to go into action. Without the transmitter and wireless operator we could not even get in touch with our headquarters, much less supply any intelligence. All we could do was to try to escape from Malaya and make our way by boat to Sumatra, which would be difficult enough with no food and only a few hundred dollars.

It took us several days to recover from the effects of our journey. We had all lost much weight and were so weak and giddy that if we stood up suddenly the blood rushed to our heads and we fell down. One morning when I was up early I was overcome by one of these fits of giddiness and fell into the fire. The others pulled me away, but one arm was burned.

One afternoon, Harvey and I, who were always glad of an excuse to leave the hideout when Sartin was sawing the detonators off the grenade fuse, set off to find a way to reach the road and railway further south.

Slinking furtively through the rubber and the edge of the jungle, and having to take cover whenever we saw a Tamil, Malay, or Chinese even in the distance, Harvey and I realized that it would be necessary, even at night, to go out in disguise so that we should not instantly be recognized as Europeans. As soon as we returned from our reconnaissance we tackled this problem. We were all too tall to pass off as Malays or Chinese, so we determined to disguise ourselves as Indians and to dress like Tamils. All we needed was a white shirt, a *dhoti* or *sarong* round our middles, and a dirty white cloth tied round our heads and left hanging down behind. The matter of complexion caused us some difficulty. After various experiments we found that a strong solution of lampblack, iodine, potassium permanganate, and coffee blackened us thoroughly.

On the night of February 1 we went into action and for the next two weeks operated almost every night. Our routine was to leave the hideout at about 5 p.m., with our faces and hands darkened and wearing battle-dress camouflaged with patches of mud. Each of us carried a tommy gun, a pistol, and two grenades, as well as army packs filled with explosives.

In order to protect the people in the valley we made it a definite rule at first never to operate within five miles of our base. We tried to return to the edge of the jungle well before dawn and then to find our way back to the hideout with a flashlight. To follow a jungle path, even on a moonlit night, we had to use a light of some sort, so we put a green leaf inside the glass. When finally our only battery ran out, we discovered that a few fireflies or luminous centipedes in the flashlight reflector gave quite enough light to read a map, lay a charge, or even follow a path. We all gave up smoking, as our lives depended on our senses working at full efficiency, and the use of tobacco certainly affects one's sense of smell.

Because my eyesight seemed to be much better than that of the others, I always went in front, followed by Sartin and then Harvey. We walked in single file within touching distance if it were dark and further apart out in the open or in moonlight. We evolved a special system of signals, so that it was rarely necessary to talk. We made a clicking noise between the upper teeth and side of the tongue—the sound used to encourage a horse. It is a sound that does not unduly attract attention, as it might well be a bird, an insect, or a rubber nut falling. A single click meant *Stop* or *Danger*, and two clicks indicated *Go on* or *O.K.*

Before setting out we practiced walking and running past each other to make sure that no bit of metal caught the light and nothing such as a half-empty box of matches could betray us by its rattle. We wrapped our tommy guns in adhesive tape to stop them shining in the moonlight.

OUR objective was the bridge a mile south of the railway station, but when we reached it we found that it was a much more formidable target than I had remembered. It was far too solid to demolish with the small amount of explosive that the three of us were able to carry—always our limiting factor—so we buried a charge of about 30 lbs. of P.E. in the middle of the line against the abutment of the north side of the bridge. This charge was connected to a pressure switch placed beneath the rail, so that it would be set off by the weight of the engine. The next train to pass would thus be derailed and, with any luck, would fall against one side of the bridge and overturn the whole structure, so that both train and bridge would crash into the river and road below.

Demolishing a railway line gives plenty of scope for ingenuity. It has been said that the dynamiter's dream is to cause the head-on collision of two trains, both full of troops, in the middle of a tunnel.

We had used up our night's ration of explosive—100 lbs., was the most the three of us could carry in addition to our weapons and other gear—but before we started for home I swarmed up the telegraph posts in several places and cut the lines with pliers.

We had almost finished the job when I thought I heard a train far away to the north. The others listened, but as they could hear nothing I came to the conclusion I was mistaken. Soon afterward, however, we heard a definite whistle. There was no doubt that a train was approaching fast. . . .

That was our first sabotage. We witnessed it from the middle of a reeking swamp, and it nearly blinded and deafened us. We waited quietly in hiding.

TWO chattering Tamil drivers with an escort of Jap soldiers, armed with tommy guns and flashing their torches, walked back between us and the goods wagons to examine the wrecked bridge. We covered them with our tommy guns as they passed, but they did not see us, and after a few minutes, they returned, accompanied by three more Japs from the brake-van at the back of the train. As the locomotive was useless, they abandoned it and set off down the line.

Now we decided to have a crack at our first road ambush. This gave us a chance to try out a new bomb we had invented. We had several hundred pounds of gelignite which had suffered so much from the climate that all the nitroglycerine was running out of it. Such gelignite is dangerous and should be thrown away, but in our circumstances we were reluctant to waste good explosive. As the stuff was sticky, Sartin had stored it inside a section of bamboo—and this had given me an idea—the possibility of setting mines in the roadway.

Our first trial of the mines was carried out early one morning on the way back from an expedition to Kalumpang railway station, three miles south of Tanjong Malim. Along this section of the line we left fifty separate charges.

We had already prepared a bomb consisting of a section of bamboo about eighteen inches long, filled with 5 lbs. of gelignite and a pull switch. On the way down the line earlier in the night we crossed over from the railway to the road and found a place for our ambush just by the fiftieth milestone from Kuala Lumpur. Our bomb was oozing nitroglycerine and was in such a dangerous state that we hated carrying it further than was necessary. We scattered several other bits of bamboo on the road, so that if any driver was suspicious he could satisfy himself that they were innocent.

It was a brilliant moonlit night and we lay behind the bank in a state of intense excitement. There was a sharp explosion to the south—this was one of the shorter delays we had put on the line. Suddenly we saw headlights approaching.

I counted the lights of six cars, but I could not tell what sort of vehicles they were. As this might be our last chance that night, I hit Sartin on the shoulder and we all pressed our bodies down into the soft soil. Harvey and I pulled the pins out of our grenades. The bomb exploded beneath the gas tank and ignited that too. The flash and explosion almost threw us upright, and were followed by a steady and brilliant blaze which lit up the whole scene like a stage setting. As I threw my grenades, I caught a glimpse of another large closed truck crashing into the burning wreckage and the third one turning broadside on with

a scream of brakes. After the explosion there was a harsh stutter as Harvey emptied his tommy gun in one burst up the road. I did the same and then found myself racing down the path, flood-lit by the funeral pyre of the Jap lorries.

It was not until we had reached the railway line that the Japs opened fire, at first sporadically and then at an increasing tempo. As we dashed across the line, we saw in the clear moonlight a party of men with lanterns a hundred yards up the track. They opened fire too and started shouting—though for all they could see we might easily be Japs escaping from the blazing convoy. This must have been a patrol sent down the line on hearing the earlier explosion down to the south. As we plunged through the rubber and then raced along a footpath to gain the estate road, on which we could run even faster, the night was hideous with the noise of rifle, machine-gun, and even mortar fire. Our whole action had taken only half a minute, yet the Japs kept up their firing for over an hour.

Our second ambush on the road to the south was very nearly disastrous. The country there was fairly level, there were no real cuttings, and Sartin's first grenade bounced back off the canvas cover of a lorry and exploded within a few feet of where he lay behind a low bank, stunning him and covering him with earth. When we retired, he failed to appear and we had already given him up for dead when he joined us, having had to wait until the Japs ceased fire before crawling back. He saw at least thirty casualties.

By now we were completely exhausted and our muscles and nerves could stand no more. On each raid, carrying loads of 40 or 50 lbs., we had covered an average of ten or twelve miles and been away from our base for as many hours. The greatest risk in living dangerously—whether it is rock-climbing, driving a car fast, or shooting tiger or Jap—is that through overconfidence or overexhaustion one begins to relax the vigilance and the precautions on which one's life depends. We had hardly recovered from our crossing of the Main Range and since then we had all steadily lost weight with the strain of going out night after night and of being systematically hunted by the enemy. Even back in our hideout we never felt really safe.

WE all found difficulty in sleeping at night, and Sartin, who showed the strain more than any of us, had nightmares. Already we were very short of explosive and fuse, and had run out of some vital demolition devices. The Japs stopped using the road and railway at night altogether, so there was not much we could do until we had given the area a rest and allowed the Japs to regain confidence.

We decided to leave on the night of February 15, the very day that Singapore fell. From what I learned after the war was over, we actually derailed seven or eight trains, severely damaged at least fifteen bridges, cut the railway line in about sixty places, damaged or destroyed some forty motor vehicles, and killed or wounded fifteen hundred Japs. Altogether we had used a thousand pounds of explosive and over a hundred grenades or home-made bombs. The Japs thought there were 200 Australians operating against them at this time.

As we crossed the line near the 50th Milestone, we placed a charge of 15 lbs. of explosive a foot below a sleeper in the center of the track and connected it to a pressure switch beneath each rail. We were crossing the road bridge over the railway half a mile further on, when we heard a train approaching from the south.

AS the train passed beneath us, I overcame the temptation to try to drop a grenade down the funnel—a thing I always wanted to do. The flash and reverberating explosion were followed by the whizzing of pieces of metal through the air and the thuds as they crashed into the rubber. From the parapet of the bridge we had a great view of the demolition.

Half an hour later we saw headlights approaching from the south. We dashed into some seedling rubber on the right of the road—only to be entangled in a barbed-wire fence. I just had time to say, "For God's sake, keep still: don't move a muscle!" when we were floodlit by the headlights of the trucks. We were caught in the wildest attitudes, spread-eagled several feet above the ground impaled on the wire. A prong entered my forehead and made a scar which I carry to this day. We must have been unusually conspicuous with our tommy guns and square army packs, though our faces were darkened and our clothes camouflaged—yet the trucks never stopped.

It seemed stupid to have to walk over twenty miles downhill to Sungei Sempan, so we determined to buy some bicycles. At about two in the morning we reached some coolie lines down the hill, where the Tamils were all asleep. When one of them was suddenly awakened to see three thugs standing over him, he let out yell after yell for a full minute without stopping. At last Harvey spoke to him in his own language and succeeded in calming him down. We bought three bicycles for thirty dollars each. This was six times the Jap price, but we hoped that the extra money would pay for their silence.

Shortly before dawn we reached Sungei Sempan without meeting a soul on the road. Bicycling was the ideal way of getting from place to place. We wished we had realized this earlier.

Our camp had not been touched and we were so delighted to get back that we were nearly blown up by our own booby traps.

Next day we decided that since the whole of Malaya had fallen, it was obviously no good continuing to stick pins into the Japs. Our first object must now be to get out of the country and, in the light of our experience, start training a select force to return with us when the time should be ripe to carry out the same work on a much larger scale.

We gave up disguising ourselves as low-caste Indians and wore uniform, including badges of rank, and carried identity cards. The idea was that if we were caught we should pretend to be officers accidentally left behind and now trying to get out of the country. In this way we hoped to be treated as prisoners of war and not shot out of hand as spies. We invented and memorized a careful cover story before we set off. We traveled for seven days and seven and a half nights, often for ten or even twelve hours at a stretch.

Our first stopover was a Chinese guerrilla H.Q., under the command of Tan Chen King. It consisted of a low *atap* hut about sixty feet long with a sleeping-bench along each side, a cookhouse by the stream, and the headquarters hut about fifty yards from the rest of the camp.

There were about seventy Chinese, including five girls, in the camp.

There were also six Europeans, all of whom were suffering from beriberi. I knew that beriberi is caused simply by vitamin B deficiency, and I managed to procure some ground-nuts and rice bran, which soon reduced the swelling, though it needed more than vitamin B to cure their mental attitude, which was slowly but surely killing them. They were unable to adapt themselves to a new way of life and a diet of rice and vegetables. In this green hell they expected to be dead within a few weeks—and they were.

The truth is that the jungle is neutral. It provides any amount of fresh water, and unlimited cover for friend as well as foe—an armed neutrality, if you like, but neutrality nevertheless. It is the attitude of mind that determines whether you go under or survive.

THE camp was unhealthy. Haywood, an English officer who arrived soon after us, developed the first symptoms of beriberi, which is a puffiness round the knees and ankles and wrists, so that when the flesh is pressed with a finger the dent remains. The diet was no worse than usual—wet rice in the morning, dry rice in the evening, and a small amount of vegetables or fish. The sanitary conditions were revolting. The latrine, which was only thirty yards from the camp—and upwind—consisted of two poles over a pit full of a stinking mass of seething maggots, and was so nauseous that most of the men used the stream immediately below the camp—a stream that was in any case far too small for this purpose. All the refuse from the cookhouse was thrown into overflowing, open pits just across the stream. Harvey became very sick.

One of the gunners was suffering from persecution mania and had already tried several times to escape from the camp. He also thought that the others were trying to do him out of his share of tobacco and food and were even plotting to kill him. Tan Chen King, who was very much concerned for the safety of the camp, asked me to shoot him. This I refused to do, though I gave him permission to do so if, after I had gone, he further endangered the lives of the others.

Altogether Haywood and I stayed for two weeks with this patrol. Most of them had no military knowledge.

Tan Chen King told me that the Pahang guerrillas near Bentong were very short of weapons. Their leader had just been killed by the Japs. The new leader, one Ah Loy, had come over to visit and was staying near Batu Caves—he was not allowed in the camp on security grounds. Tan Chen King suggested that we should

NOTHING EMBARRASSED the married and single guerrilla girls in our huts

let the Pahang group have what we did not want of the three dumps on their side of the Main Range. Harvey was still ill, and Haywood offered to take his place.

We left the encampment about May 1, 1942, and after a few hours' walking reached the hut where Ah Loy and the bicycles were waiting for us. Here we had a meal of fresh dry rice, chicken, pork, and curried brinjols, followed by bananas, pineapple, and coffee. Ah Loy was a genial, coarse Cantonese who put great energy into everything he did—especially eating. He spoke a little English and, unlike most of the guerrilla leaders, was very informative. During the meal we learned that he was the younger son of a rich pawnbroker at Bentong who kept eleven wives.

We had to cycle for miles through rubber estates along tiny muddy paths which shot suddenly downhill to cross irrigation ditches or spanned them perilously on narrow plank bridges.

AT about the 75th Mile, soon after we had rattled at long intervals over a plank bridge, I halted a moment to wait for the other Chinese, whose bicycle had been giving trouble. Suddenly three cyclists overtook me and, as one of them came right alongside, I saw he was a Malay policeman and had a double-barreled shotgun across his handlebars. Recognizing me as an Englishman, he attempted to seize my handlebars. I had my .38 revolver thrust into my belt, but at that time I did not feel I was at war with Malays and the idea of shooting him never entered my head. Instead of that, I gave his arm a terrific blow with the side of my hand and, warding off another Malay who had stopped in front of me, I shouted, "Go like hell!" to Haywood and pedaled furiously down the road. The Malay shot four times. His third shot burst my back tire and hit the muscle of my left calf, so that the leg was completely useless. By this time we were well ahead. I held on to Haywood and we soon caught up to Tan Chen King and Ah Loy, who had hurried back on hearing the shooting.

The moment we reached the dark shadows of some rubber trees on the left of the road, I stopped the party and we clambered a short distance up a steep bank and waited. Soon two of the Malays rode up and we opened fire with our pistols. The Chinese shot before I gave the order, but we dropped the leading Malay ten yards in front of us. He was a brave man; as he lay he fired two barrels at us and then crawled away into a dense patch of jungle bananas on the other side of the road. The other two Malays had by now disappeared.

It was already about 3 a.m. and we were afraid that the whole neighborhood would have been roused by the shooting and that the other Malays would phone the Japs, who would then be waiting for us only six miles ahead. The first thing we did was to cut the wires. My calf was now bleeding profusely. As it was too dark to dig out the shot, we tied on a first-field-dressing and hoped for the best. Taking the Malay's bicycle, from the road, I sat on it and was towed along by Ah Loy, who was as strong as a mule.

As soon as it was light enough we washed the blood from my leg and discovered that the wound consisted of a single large hole. Tan Chen King then made a probe and pair of forceps out of bamboo and started excavating the wound. I fainted and was spared the pain. When I came to, I found that they had extracted a half-inch motorcar nut —apparently the Malay made up his own cartridges—and I was grateful that none of his shots at close range had found their mark. Haywood told me that Ah Wan had chewed up some leaves from a certain tree and, filling his mouth with stream water and holding a piece of bamboo between his lips, had syringed the wound. His primitive surgery—aided by the iodine from my medical set—was certainly very effective, for though I could not move the ankle without great pain for some days, the wound never showed any sign of infection and the swelling gradually subsided.

We now had only two miles to go to reach the house of the Chinese called John who had formerly helped Haywood and his party. We had to crawl under and over a maze of newly cut bamboo, treacherously slippery with the early morning dew. I can remember few more unpleasant three hours in my whole life.

At midday on May 2, we reached John's house and I collapsed with high fever and pneumonia. I have only a hazy recollection of what happened in the next few weeks. I could eat nothing, had great difficulty in breathing and was visited with an attack of dysentery. The first time I went out I was left alone at the emergency latrine over the edge of the path. I fainted and rolled right down the hill to the stream. After a few days John told us the Japs were combing the jungle edge for us, so I was carried on a stretcher right up the hill.

Haywood collapsed, and for two months we were both seriously ill, running extremely high temperatures and being daily shaken by violent rigors. Our crises occurred at different times, so that we were able to look after each other to a certain extent. There were some sulfathiazole tablets in my medical set, and it was probably due to them that I did not die of pneumonia. There was also a thermometer, which gave such readings that at the time we thought it must be out of action, though I have since learned that such temperatures are quite possible with malaria in the tropics. We had some quinine, but no real idea how much we ought to take. Probably we were only taking about a quarter as much as we should have done.

AS soon as I was convalescent, Haywood became ill. In the middle of the morning he would complain of almost unendurable cold and I would fill all our empty bottles with hot water and cover him with every spare blanket we had. All the color would drain from his face and his lips would fade to a bluish gray. Then he would start shivering and for an hour would be shaken by rigors so that his teeth rattled, the whole sleeping-bench shook, and his breath came in gasps and sobs. He would fall into a feverish sleep, from which he always awoke in a state of delirium. He would sit up in bed with white face, black lips, and lines beneath his unnaturally shining eyes. On these occasions he always called me "The Archbishop," and would talk gibberish. Then he would become violent and, imagining the Japs were coming, would try to get up and escape into the jungle. He would also throw things at imaginary enemies, shout and scream, and sometimes burst into tears.

While I was looking after Haywood I gradually recovered my strength and interest in life. But after this double illness I was reduced to 100 or 110 pounds and would not have believed it possible to lose so much flesh and yet remain alive. My limbs were like chickens' legs—straight sticks with exaggerated bulges at the joints—my ribs and shoulder bones stood out, and my face was quite unrecognizable. Deep hollows had appeared on my temples, and my cheek- and jawbones protruded like a skeleton. Though I had not suffered from fits of delirium, my brain was affected. After a week or so my mind cleared, though it took much longer for my wasted body to recover.

The Pahang guerrillas were concerned for our safety, and they suggested we should join their camp, twenty-five miles south. They had a Chinese doctor there and could supply us with plenty of good food, and as soon as we were fit again they would help us to return.

We agreed to this suggestion. Haywood and I kept only a pistol and a grenade each, and all the rest of the gear—2 tommy guns, 10 rifles, 100 grenades, 3,000 rounds of ammunition, and about 1,500 lbs. of explosive, and all the demolition devices—we gave the Pahang Group.

We left the camp in a tiny Morris saloon. The Japs had removed the wiring and headlight bulbs of all cars, but the guerrillas produced some others and we soon had the car running.

SUDDENLY between the 90th and 91st Mile, we saw the headlights of an approaching car. Ah Loy leaned over and shouted excitedly, "Japun! Japun!" I said to myself, "This is the end!" and to Haywood, "Give me your grenade. Get out the moment we stop and lie in the ditch. I'll try to create a diversion. Then get away as fast as you can." And while I held a grenade in each hand he pulled out the pins. It then struck me that it would be far more sensible to abandon the car as soon as we were no longer floodlit by the Jap headlights. I was shouting to Ah Loy to do this when the driver swerved violently to the left to avoid hitting the Jap truck, and both vehicles pulled up within a few yards of each other.

As Haywood and the six Chinese poured out of the car and made for the rough ground on the left, I hid behind the Morris and lobbed both grenades into the crowded truck, then crawled underneath the car for cover. By this time half the Japs were out of the truck and lining the left-hand side of the road, so that I had to run into the rubber on the other side, and cross the path of their headlights. Before I could take cover behind a rubber tree, a bullet passed through my left arm and another severed the cartilage where my left ear joins my head and grazed my cheekbone.

By now the noise of battle was terrific. The Japs had at least one mortar in action, and the stutter of machine guns and of tommy guns was almost continuous. My left forearm was useless. I stupidly abandoned my safe position behind the tree and tried to work my way around through the rubber to rejoin Haywood before he reached the jungle. I ran parallel to the road, which I wanted to cross over once I was out of the glare of the headlights and join the others, as I did not think I could get far without help. I had only gone a short distance when a mortar bomb burst beside me and I was thrown violently against a rubber tree. There was a terrible buzzing in my head. I raced across the road and as far as I could through the clearing beyond. Here the trees had only recently been felled, and in the normal way of clearing the jungle, the undergrowth had been burnt off and in many places was still smoldering. Just in front of me a tommy gun opened fire. Hoping this was one of our guerrillas, I made my way toward it, crawling over the fallen tree trunks and shouting, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" He had the end of one thumb shot off, but was otherwise unscathed. I gave my rallying cry for Haywood, but there was no answer.

The Japs were still firing furiously, so we crouched in the deep bed of a stream for a quarter of an hour. The first thing I did was to be violently sick, and then and for the rest of the night I suffered from acute attacks of dysentery. The whole of my left side was caked with blood from the wounds in the side of my head and my arm. At that time I thought it was broken, so Ah Loy and I put a first-field-dressing on it and tucked the hand into the braces of my webbing belt to keep it out of the way. The Japanese were raking the ground systematically from end to end with mortar and machine-gun fire, and there was no answer from the guerrillas. We followed down the stream, whose bed gave us a certain amount of cover, to strike the road again to the south of the action. Once more I gave the rallying cry, but as there was still no answer we set off down the road. On level ground or downhill you can always go on as long as consciousness lasts. There never comes a time when you cannot go another step. Of course, as in any other form of overdraft, you have to pay up afterward, but as long as a man is reasonably fit the capabilities of the human body are almost unlimited—as I knew from my acquaintance with polar exploration. The trouble was that the last two days' walk was my first exercise for two months, and I had lost a considerable amount of blood from my wounds and was also suffering from severe dysentery pains.

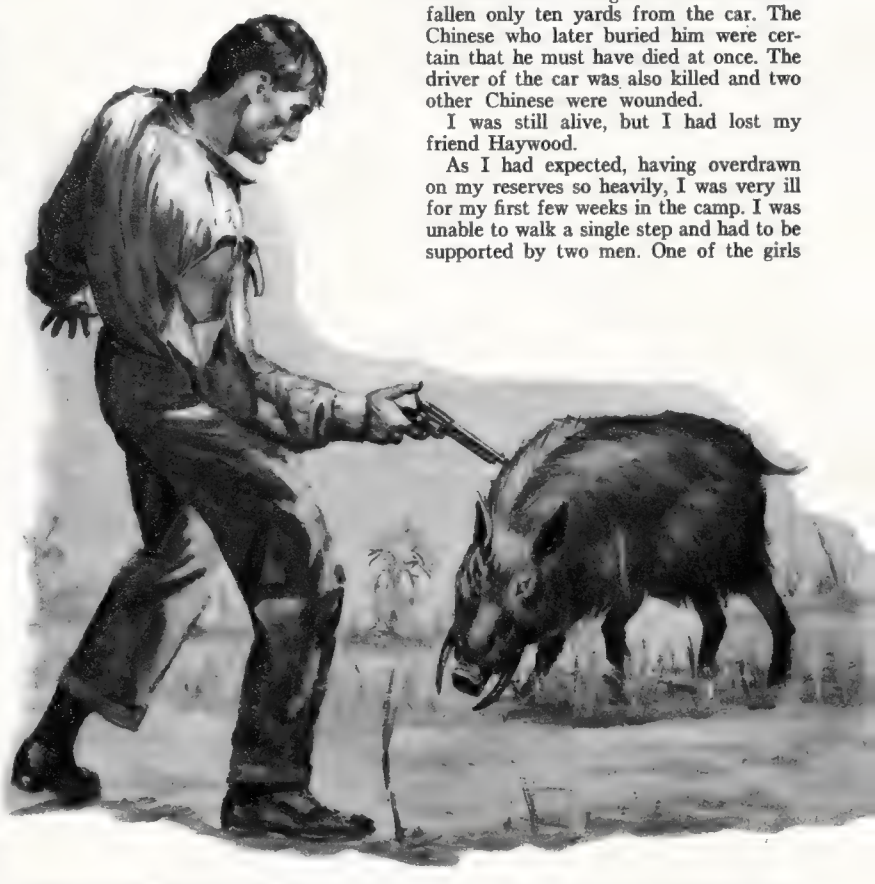
ON the road I could keep up a good pace, in spite of frequent halts caused by my dysentery, and we reached a *kongsi*-house a mile into the rubber at the jungle edge. Here, after washing off as much blood as I could, I was given a Chinese coolie's suit consisting of a jacket buttoning up to the neck and a pair of baggy trousers. I did not disturb the dressing on my arm, which was completely numb and therefore not painful, though very swollen. After a large meal, I was given a bed in a little loft beneath the *atap* roof and fell asleep, hoping not to travel for several days.

About an hour later I woke up to find a guerrilla shaking my shoulder. Apparently a truckload of Japs were carrying out a house-to-house search of the village. We had to leave for the camp at once. This should have been a three hours' march—about three miles on the map—through hilly jungle. But my legs, which had worked mechanically on the road, now simply refused to function when it came to climbing the slightest rise, and it took us nine hours to reach the camp.

For the next week stragglers returned to the camp. It seemed that Haywood had been shot through the chest and had fallen only ten yards from the car. The Chinese who later buried him were certain that he must have died at once. The driver of the car was also killed and two other Chinese were wounded.

I was still alive, but I had lost my friend Haywood.

As I had expected, having overdrawn on my reserves so heavily, I was very ill for my first few weeks in the camp. I was unable to walk a single step and had to be supported by two men. One of the girls



THE 200-POUND PIG smelled me and smashed forward out of the undergrowth

was a skillful masseuse, and after a week I could get about without pain. My dysentery was also so much worse that I was passing blood and had to have a special "arm-chair" latrine built for me as I sometimes used to faint with the pain.

I did not receive a single letter from headquarters and, though I wrote several, I do not believe that any were delivered.

In each patrol there were usually five or six girl guerrillas. These were of two types—the better-educated ones who taught Mandarin and singing, and the tougher ones who helped in the kitchen and did at least their full share of the heaviest and dirtiest chores. All of them also acted as nurses and seamstresses. The girls were very keen to fight the Japanese. But only in a few camps, where there were enough weapons to go around, could they go on guard and attend all parades with the men.

OFTEN they showed incredible bravery, and when we were on the run or moving to a new camp, they carried just as heavy loads as the men. I have the greatest admiration for these girls. They exerted a very good influence in the camps and though they could be as pitiless and cruel as the men in dealing with a captured Jap or traitor, they had a certain humanizing effect on the rougher coolies who predominated in the camps. The girls expected to be, and were, treated exactly like the men. Their average age was 23.

All the Chinese had miniature face towels (with "Good morning" printed in red across one end in English and Chinese). They washed with these, then wrung them out and used them for drying. Toothbrushes were bought through friends in the *kampongs,* but most of us knew how to make our own out of pig-bristles.

The Chinese have another early morning ceremony—that of scraping the tongue, especially at the back, with a thin pliable strip of metal which is attached to the toothbrush. Judging by the amount of whitish sediment that is got rid of in this way, it should be a very healthy habit. Each man wore a small pair of cotton underpants with a sliding cord round the top. Clothed in these, he could change or even bathe in public.

The girls, as is the way of Chinese girls, always looked attractive. Their straight black hair was cut in a short bob and their slim figures showed to advantage in wide black trousers and long-sleeved, high-necked smocks of gay color and pattern. Jewelry and cosmetics were not used; but the girls were often to be seen plucking each other's eyebrows, and removing superfluous hair by a painful-looking process in which one girl stretched a string figure-of-eight between her hands like a "cat's cradle," then ran it up and down the other girl's face so that the hairs were caught between the two taut strings and pulled bodily out.

Shoes were always a problem. Most of the Chinese went barefooted. In later days I went barefooted too for months on end.

One of the first things I did was to set about learning Mandarin, and I was given special instruction by one of the girls. Lectures were given by one of the officers. There was one special lecture on Love which was very well attended. Here they were told that love is a good thing—you have to keep up the supply of little guerrillas and Communists. Ah Chong, one of the guerrillas, had been engaged since before the war to one of the girls in the camp—and a most attractive girl she was; I lived in the same hut with them. If, as sometimes happened, a married couple joined the guerrillas, they would be put into different camps lest they should put ideas into the heads of the rest of us. If a man and a girl in the camp fell in love, the whole patrol would meet to discuss the matter, and they would seriously consider whether, in the interest of the work, it was good that they should marry. The Chinese as a race are anything but undersexed, yet, as I have already said, the normal tone of the camps was high in every respect. Quarrels were practically unknown. And in all the years I lived in the camps I did not come across a single instance of stealing, though such things as tobacco, books, pencils, eating utensils, and even blankets were considered common property among these Communists.

The Chinese in the camps were certainly the cleanest people I have ever lived with. Though the water in the mountain streams was bitterly cold, they would soap and wash themselves daily from head to foot behind the little *atap* screens made for this purpose. The Chinese way was to scoop up water in a mug or dipper and pour it over their heads. In the early days toothpaste was available—the commonest brand having the name of "Girl in the Moon." In spite of their personal cleanliness, nearly all suffered from scabies—which causes intense irritation on the wrists, ankles, and the lower part of the spine. If neglected, the eruptions may become infected. I suffered badly; the irritation was so intense that sleep was often impossible. Huts that had been in use for too long would become infested with bedbugs. The only remedy was to burn the sleeping-benches and make new ones.

WHAT the Chinese really thought of me I do not know. Many of them had never before seen an Englishman at such close quarters, or so intimately, and when I first joined the patrol; they used to stand and gaze at me as if I were some new kind of animal. The Chinese have a tremendous respect for academic learning, and the fact that I was a graduate of Cambridge University impressed them much more than my being a major in the British Army or the fact that I had specialized in the very type of fighting that they would have to do. I enjoyed a great reputation as a marksman, and perhaps my greatest practical contribution to the camp was the amount of fresh meat in the form of deer, pig, and above all monkeys, that I contributed to the larder.

I used a rifle for anything larger than monkeys. For monkey I used a shotgun, and in this camp alone I shot at least thirty—a welcome addition to our diet, though the meat has a strong flavor which I found unpleasant. We also ate snakes—whose meat is excellent, being similar in taste and texture to a mixture of chicken and lobster. Another delicacy was the meat of the monitor lizard—a reptile six or seven feet in length.

It was near this camp that I had my adventure with a bear. I was hunting in a valley I had not visited, about two hours' walk from the camp. As I was after monkey, I carried my old single-barreled shotgun. At that time I had only four cartridges: a lethal ball—consisting of a single large round lead shot; an S.G. —large buckshot—which had already misfired once; and two No. 4, which were all right for monkeys but not much good for anything bigger. I was walking down a steep track, when I disturbed a large grayish animal which ran off with a rolling gait quite unlike the precipitous dash of a pig. A glance at the footprints—just like those of a man's bare feet, but with all the toes of the same size—confirmed that it was a bear. I went through the complicated movements of changing the No. 4 shot for the lethal ball and hurried after the tracks.

SUDDENLY I heard a roaring from further down the valley. I went cautiously toward this din, and all at once I saw an old bear coming silently toward me with his wicked black head and round ears swinging from side to side. I went down on one knee and waited until he was only ten yards from me, and as his throat was out of sight, aimed straight between the eyes. I actually saw a white streak appear in the dark fur of his forehead, but the bear, far from stopping, came straight at me with a roar of fury. I dashed away up the hill and I heard him milling around in the undergrowth and growling ominously. When I returned he had disappeared, though a sparse trail of blood led into a dark thicket where two trees had fallen across a small ravine. I had not spent a year in the jungle to be killed by a bear—a Jap would have been a different matter—and I ran back to the camp for a rifle. By the time I returned, a downpour of rain had obliterated all tracks, but we entered the thicket. Above the tremendous roar of the falling rain I heard a thud, as of a sack falling on the soft ground, and hurrying to where I thought the noise came from I found fresh blood on the leaves. But we saw no more of the animal, though I returned again next day.

Shortly after, I was disabled for six weeks with ulcerated legs resulting from leech bites, cuts, and scratches I had sustained on the journey from Mentakab. On my shins and ankles I soon had about twenty stinking and suppurating sores about one inch across and a quarter of an inch deep. Pus poured out of them and, as a result of the infection, the lymphatic glands in my groin were so inflamed and painful that I could hardly walk, much less go hunting.

I went out one evening to secure meat of some sort. Almost immediately I came upon the fresh track of a large pig, and I followed it for half an hour until I heard a strange gurgling noise in front of me. The jungle was very thick, but I crawled on hands and knees beneath the *ataps* and rattans. Suddenly, only ten yards in front, I saw a hideous pinkish-

colored animal looking straight at me and, as I lay on the ground, towering above me. For a moment I thought it was a new-born elephant, then I realized it was a huge pig sitting on its haunches in a wallow in the red laterite. It sat there with its evil wrinkled snout dripping with mud and I was too astonished to shoot until it had dashed off into the jungle. Only then did I give it a hasty shot with my rifle, and with a loud bark like a dog it crashed out of hearing. When I came to examine its tracks I was amazed to see that I had hit it and there was a thin trail of blood. But it was already getting dark and after pursuing it for a short time I had to give it up and follow my own tracks back to the camp.

AN hour later, just as we were eating the last of our rice, we heard a gasping noise coming from the jungle in the opposite direction from which I had been out hunting, and on going there with a large bamboo torch to give us courage, we found my pig breathing his last. The bullet had passed through his lungs and he had gone in a wide circle which had brought him right back to our camp. This pig, an old boar, was a very large one. He stood about three feet high and must have weighed near two hundred pounds. His tusks were about six inches long and as sharp as a knife. We cut off enough meat to last us a week and grilled it in the ashes of the fire.

Another day, I came upon a tribe of *Sakai*. The women, naked to the waist, wore only a *sarong* of cloth or bark. Some had red, white, or ochre paint smeared on their faces, and a few had, by way of ornament, a match stalk thrust through the piece of flesh below and between the nostrils. A few were beautiful, with luxuriant black hair tied to a bun held up with a bamboo comb. The children were little naked gnomes with round, dark eyes and enormous pot-bellies.

Some of the youths were not yet in their teens, but like their fathers they carried the eight-foot-long blow-pipe and a bamboo quiver for poisoned arrows ornamented with strange designs. They were dressed in a scanty loincloth.

Wearing only underpants, I went down to bathe in the small stream which ran through the vegetable plots. On my return I found the leader—an unctuous, rat-faced little man with protruding ears and a mouth full of gold teeth—armed with my .38 revolver, which he carried dangerously cocked. They went over my things and, finding nothing suspicious, explained that they had had orders to confiscate all weapons.

Next day the rat-faced man asked if he might borrow my .38 to go and shoot a traitor further down the valley as this man, if he heard that I was in the neighborhood, would imediately go and inform the Japs. I could hardly refuse this, but made him promise to bring back the pistol that night. Next day, when I asked him for my pistol, he said that all our weapons had been sent down for use against the traitor, but he would guarantee that they would be brought back on the day after. I did not see any on those weapons again, though I was certain they were kept concealed in the house and were carried by the two men who were on guard each night. When I demanded an explanation, the leader said that he had written to his headquarters but that nothing could be done until a reply came and that might take quite a few days. Meanwhile I was beginning to wonder who these Chinese were. On the surface relations seemed cordial enough, yet I was never allowed to go anywhere alone and there were always two sentries on duty at night.

The house was about twenty feet square with walls of plaited *atap*. A platform had been built over one end of the hut to form a loft, and it was here that I slept. To go out in the night I had to descend a creaky ladder and climb under or over the table which had been pulled across the doorway, thus disturbing the guards who would come outside and watch till I returned.

These men were probably deserters or plain bandits posing as guerrillas trying to sell me to the Communists or to the Japs—whichever would pay the higher price. I decided to give them the slip as soon as possible.

It was now May 10, my thirty-sixth birthday. It seemed an auspicious day to escape. That evening I packed up all my gear in my big rucksack.

In those days we always carried with us an "L-tablet"—L for lethal, in case we should be captured by the Japs and have to face torture. I had long since lost my tablet, but had been given some morphia pills which could be used for the same purpose. I had no intention of killing my sentries. I just wanted to make quite sure they would sleep soundly. My lethal dose consisted of eight tablets. I decided to give them four each. That evening I joined them at coffee, and having previously crushed up the little white tablets it was quite easy to slip them into their mugs before they stirred the sugar. I waited till they had drained their mugs and then I left them and climbed the ladder to my loft. They talked noisily for some time. Quite suddenly, there was silence.

I had already removed part of the *atap* wall in one corner of the hut so that I could slip straight out into the night without walking past the sentries. Shortly before midnight I tiptoed down the ladder from the loft, pushed my bulky pack through this gap and crawled out after it. It was a pale starlit night with a clear white moon. I did not wear shoes lest I should be tracked.

I HAD some difficulty crossing the Korbu river, as it had been raining and the water was waist deep and very swift. Without the steadying weight of my pack I should probably have been swept away. At it was, I had to inch my way across, leaning into the strong current for balance. Padding along a footpath, I almost walked into a herd of pig which crashed away in the jungle with loud sharp barks, sending my heart into my mouth. I then had to recross the Korbu and follow the slippery rock slabs on the further bank. A thin soaking rain was now falling steadily, and the steep clay path was very difficult to climb with my bare feet. I had always imagined that leeches slept at night, but I was wrong and got so badly bitten that I was afraid that if it stopped raining I should be tracked by the trail of blood.

Very soon afterward, at about 5:30 p.m., I came round a corner of the river and saw two Sakai, bathing naked in the water. I approached very cautiously, keeping well in to the bank. Sakai are very timid and I was afraid they would run away if I gave them half a chance. When I was about twenty yards away, I stepped out from the bank and said quietly in Malay, "Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. I'm not a Jap: I'm an Englishman and I want you to help me." At the sound of my voice the Sakai stood still. I saw somebody move on the further bank. He was wearing a high-crowned jockey cap with a yellow star on the front—a Jap cap. He looked like a Chinese, and my first thought was that I had stumbled into a guerrilla camp—they often wear captured Jap hats and use Sakai guides.

Suddenly the truth dawned on me, and I began to edge towards the bank. The man I had seen—a Jap sentry—started jumping from foot to foot, shouting at the top of his voice and waving the muzzle of a tommy gun at me. When I continued to move toward the bank, he raised the gun to his shoulder and shouted, 'Hands up! Hands up!" I obeyed. I was completely exhausted after twelve hours' hard going. With my rucksack I could not have run a yard, and I should have been shot if I had tried to slip it off and dive into the jungle.

MORE Japs closed around me and jostled me up the river bank into their camp. Several prodded me with rifles and tommy guns, and one braver than the others, rushed out of his tent and hit me over the head with his rifle. The stock snapped and the butt broke off and I fell to the ground. I struggled to get up again, but finding it impossible with my rucksack still on, I started to slip the straps off my shoulders. At this the Japs thought I was fumbling for a weapon or preparing to escape and several of them threw themselves onto my feet and held my wrists to the ground. One of them discovered my wrist watch and was just about to take it off when an officer came up and, parting the crowd, started to question me excitedly in English: Who was I? Where had I come from? Was I alone? Where was my gun? Where was I going to? Meanwhile others were patting my pockets in search of weapons and starting to undo my rucksack, and another effort was made to remove my wrist watch. Seeing this, the officer pushed the man back and, waving the crowd aside, took me over to his tent.

He was young, clean-shaven, pleasant-looking, and very polite. He spoke fairly good English. His first words were, "You are English gentleman—you must not speak lie." I asked for a drink of water to make time.

I did some quick thinking. I had two empty holsters but no weapons of any sort. I had maps of the whole area marked: Reprinted in India, 1942—therefore smuggled in somehow since the occupation and my Singapore identity card as "Major Chapman" with a photograph

which was an obvious likeness. I also had a very detailed diary of events. Fortunately, all security details were written in Eskimo, and any place names were in a code of my own which worked on the association of ideas—my association—and therefore uncrackable. But the Sakai names were written in clear and I would have risked my life to protect the Sakai who had helped us. Clearly I must get rid of this diary.

I had finished three cups of water and my captor and a Malay-speaking N.C.O. interpreter were getting impatient. They were filling in time by going through the contents of my rucksack.

I started speaking in Malay. If I lied myself into too much of a muddle I could always blame my lack of command of the language. However, the officer, who knew no Malay, insisted on carrying on the interrogation in English.

I told him a long story. I *had* lived with the Chinese guerrillas in Pahang some years before, but they were Communists and were even more of a danger to the British than the Japanese. I had quarreled with them and had had to run away from their camp.

The officer listened very carefully to me. He made a few notes, looked some facts up in a file, and conferred at length with another officer. Then he started firing questions:

"Do you know of a party of Englishmen living near the Cameron Highlands?"

"No. I have heard of them and have been looking for them, but I hear they have all gone over into Pahang."

"Do you know an Englishman called Colonel Chapman, who is leader of all the Communists?"

This was a two-edged compliment. When I went into the jungle I was a major, but the Corps Commander had said that in order to have more prestige with the Chinese guerrillas, I should have the honorary (unpaid) rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. I knew that in 1942 the Japs had put a price on my head. Apparently he had not connected my name with that on my identity card. But he had it in front of him and was bound to find out sooner or later.

"Yes. He is my elder brother. Have you any news of him? I heard he had been killed in an ambush in Pahang."

And so it went on. I hoped they would let me come with them and see some girls again and drink Japanese beer. But now I was terribly tired. All I wanted was a good meal and a night's rest. They were still worried about my family relationships and were busy scrutinizing my identity card and comparing the photograph with the original.

I had discovered that we were leaving on the following day, and thought I would escape that night rather than try to slip away en route. This would mean that I should get only one meal and a short night's rest, but 2 a.m. is the best time to escape. Oddly enough, I never had any doubt whatsoever that I should be able to escape. It was a matter of choosing the moment.

I knew I should not be able to wear my rubber shoes because the Jap had shown great interest in them, asking where I had got them from and how much they had cost. They had rubber bars on the sole and made a conspicuous pattern. I should have to go barefooted. They had no objection to my having a bath, though six armed guards stood round me while I waded naked into the stream and poured the ice-cold water over me. I noticed that my shoulder and hips were bruised and bleeding from the rucksack, and my legs were scarred with scratches and leech bites. After the bath I put on clean underclothes, my stoutest shirt with long sleeves, and a pair of khaki drill trousers. Then I sat in the officer's tent by the fire and was given as much rice and salt fish as I could eat. My host apologized for the lack of variety and for the absence of whiskey, but said he would make up for that when we got down to the plains.

I then asked if I could get my pipe out of my rucksack and was allowed to fumble inside it while several guards watched me closely. Fortunately the top of a rucksack is narrow so, although they were observing me carefully, I was able to find the small soft-backed notebook in which I kept my diary in tiny writing, to roll it up, and put it inside a handkerchief. I then produced the handkerchief, wiped my nose with it to show what it was for, and asked if I could put it in my pocket. This was allowed.

IT only remained to burn the diary which I had extracted from the handkerchief and rolled tightly up. In order to get a little shadow from the brilliant light of the bamboo fire, I asked if I could hang up my blanket to dry. Then having found my old bamboo-root pipe I filled it and went to the fire to light it. I chose a fair-size bamboo brand, then standing in the shadow of my blanket, lit the pipe and at the same time pushed the rolled-up diary inside the hollow stem of the bamboo. Having lit my pipe, I threw the brand back into the fire.

At about ten o'clock we turned in.

Although they did not attempt to tie me up, they took no other chances. There were three sentries. An N.C.O. carried a pistol—I saw him take it out of its holster, cock it, and push it into the belt of his raincoat. A sentry with fixed bayonet strolled up and down beyond the fire in front of the tent. Another with a tommy gun hovered on the edge of the firelight.

In the days when I was fieldcraft instructor I had read every book on escaping and used to lecture on the subject. My first plan was to pull up the canvas at the back of the tent and to slip out that way. But it had been tightly pegged down and my bed-fellows were too close to allow me to work at it. My next plan—the obvious one—was to go to the edge of the jungle to relieve nature and then to make a dash for it. I rehearsed this, but the N.C.O. on guard called up two sentries with fixed bayonets, and they stood so near me that nature refused to function and my guards were suspicious.

My next idea—one of desperation—was to set the officer's clothing alight and then to slip away in the hubbub. I was allowed to smoke my pipe and managed to put some bamboo embers among my neighbors' spare clothes, but there was insufficient draught and nothing came of it. After this I went to sleep, I would have to escape later.

At about one o'clock I woke up. The N.C.O. on duty had been changed and the new one did not seem so vigilant. I watched him closely, and while pretending restlessly to stretch my arms, I was able little by little to ease up the canvas behind my head. Before I could continue operations I had to do something about the fire which, in the chill early

THE SAKAI GIRLS then loosened their sarongs, plunged in the icy water, and showed me the best way to wash

morning, had been made larger and more brilliant than ever. After preliminary hiccoughs, I got up, retching horribly, and pretended to be violently sick. I had saved up spittle for some time and the results, especially the noise, were most realistic. The N.C.O. was quite sympathetic and I explained that the heat of the fire was so great that I was unable to sleep and was indeed—as he had seen—very ill. He immediately called up the sentries and together they damped down the fire and raked it further from the tent.

From there the firelight still shone onto my blanket sleeping-bag, but I was able to put on my rubber shoes (which I should have to wear until daylight) and then to collect some of the miscellaneous gear belonging to my bedfellows—a haversack, a tin hat, some spare boots, and pushed them down into my sleeping-bag, arranging the boots to resemble my own feet thrust into the corners of the bag. Meanwhile, with legs doubled up, and watching the guard through half-closed eyes, I worked myself further and further back into the angle of the tent. A Japanese rifle caused much discomfort to my backbone.

I waited till one sentry was out of sight, the other at the far end of his beat, and the N.C.O. not actually looking at me. Then, in one movement I thrust myself violently through the opening at the bottom of the canvas. I heard a "ping," as a peg gave or a rope broke, and a sudden guttural gasp from the N.C.O.—and I was out in the jungle.

I crashed through a bamboo thicket, raced in brilliant moonlight along the trunk and branches of a huge fallen tree—a balancing feat I could never have accomplished in cold blood—dived through some undergrowth, then half fell into the river. I slithered down between the rocks for a short distance, then stopped to listen. There was not a sound, not a sound of any sort: no shooting into the jungle, no voices, not even the snapping of a twig. I could only imagine that the Japs were listening too, and I slid a long way further down the stream—once going right up to my armpits in a deep pool. It was then that I discovered that my watch was missing—a disaster for my subsequent navigation: the leather strap must have caught on something in my dash for freedom.

I was now below the camp. My plan was to make a fairly wide detour, to strike the river above the camp, and then to follow it up until dawn, by which time I hoped to get onto the Sakai path I had found the day before and follow it over the watershed to Larek.

I clambered out of the stream and felt my way up through the steep undergrowth on the far side, for only an occasional gleam of moonlight filtered through to the floor of the jungle. When I was some distance above the noise of the river, I paused to listen. There was still no sound of pursuit. After half an hour I struck a good track.

As soon as it was light enough I took off my shoes and followed the track eastward. Though I was not yet beginning to lose strength, I did not expect to be able to travel at this rate with only water as a diet for much more than a week.

Five days of hard going brought me to an estate. Here I found six Chinese men, who seemed delighted to see me. After a bath in the stream (while one of them kept watch on the road) and a large meal of rice cooked with sweet potato, a stalky green vegetable and dried fish, one of them gave me a small home-made pipe and we settled down to talk. The men said they could put me in touch with the guerrillas, but in the present disturbed state of things it might take a week or more. They took me back to a tiny hut on the very edge of the jungle. There were half a dozen other fugitives in this small house, underfed and dressed in rags, several of them in a high fever from malaria.

HIS RIFLE BUTT came swinging around and splintered across my skull, while the other soldiers stood and grinned

I GATHERED from them that at this time the Japanese had just started a drive against the *kampong* Chinese on the jungle edge—about 150 miles. This was probably the most savage of any of their organized massacres. Each morning two or three two-engined planes would circle the main road and the edge of the jungle. At the same time a cordon of trucks would be placed every fifty yards along a section of road to shoot anybody attempting to break out. The cordon would close in. Young able-bodied men were taken away to work in the labor camps, and murdered if they refused. Girls, even children of twelve or thirteen years, were often raped at once or taken away to fill the military brothels. An enormous number of Chinese were tommy-gunned or bayoneted. Others were driven into the *atap* houses and burned alive. Everything in the houses that was of any possible value was taken away—every cent of money, watches, trinkets, clothes, cooking utensils, even the vegetables from the gardens.

Next morning, May 19, I watched these Jap planes circling round and round so low that I could see the pilot's helmeted face looking down, and I wondered how they could maneuver their large two-engined machines so low among the steep valleys and wooded foothills. I could easily hear the noise of firing and the screams of the victims. While I was there several half-demented fugitives came running up the lane into the jungle.

At midday one of the six men at the tapioca *kongsi*-house came up and told me that a thousand police had been posted along the jungle edge to intercept and kill anybody who tried to escape that way, and that though they wanted to help me, it was impossible just then and I must go back into the jungle.

On the next night, being unable to sleep, I was sitting on a log outside listening to the hunting cry of a tiger, when my attention became fixed on what I thought was a bright and constant firefly. Suddenly I realized it was a light which was gradually approaching. In case it was an enemy, I hid in the jungle, but soon recognized the voice of the leader of the Chinese and came out to meet him.

I was in touch with the guerrillas again.

They gave me the first news I had for months. The Russians were driving the Germans out of the Crimea. A "second front" had been opened in Italy where there was heavy fighting. British and Americans had landed in force in France and the invasion of Europe was in full progress. At this news, I was more than ever anxious to get out of Malay to India. I was burning with impatience to start off

as soon as it was light though I was really in no fit state to travel, especially after a sleepless night. I was so enfeebled that I could barely keep up with the guides, who traveled at an appalling pace. After fourteen hours flat out, we reached a large *kongsi*-house, where I had a bath and a good meal, though I was too tired to sleep. Next day I left the house before dawn.

After an hour's walk along cart-tracks, over rivers, and through countless tapioca plantations, eight men rushed out and pointed four tommy guns and as many rifles at us, a most formidable armament. This was one of the traitor-killing camps I had heard so much of, and it was to be my sanctuary until permission came for me to proceed on my way. This turned out to be yet another month.

ONE day two of them returned to camp with a sack full of women's clothes and jewelry They belonged to a girl whose brains they had beaten in with a *changkol* that morning. It appeared that a month or two before, half a dozen Chinese prositutes had come to live in a large *kampong*. Each week one of the girls would make a journey to visit her aged parents. A guerrilla, becoming suspicious, followed her into the town and was not surprised to find that her "aged parents" lived at the Jap military police headquarters.

There were reported to be both bear and wild goat within a mile of us at the source of the little stream that ran through the hut, but at this time I was too ill to go hunting.

For the whole month that I was in this traitor-killing camp, I suffered from the most terrible pains behind the eyes whenever I stood up. I had no appetite and could not sleep, and my pulse was consistently between 80 and 90—instead of my normal 65—and increased rapidly at the least exertion. And I was forced to exert myself as much as twenty times a day and night, by a most violent and agonizing attack of dysentery, which lasted for more than a fortnight and left me very thin and weak. I was also suffering from another crop of jungle ulcers on my legs, and as usual the lymphatic glands in the groin were so swollen that walking was almost impossible. I bathed the ulcers four times a day with hot tea, dressing them with *kow-yok* (a Chinese ointment similar to pitch or tar), and in this way they gradually healed so that after a month's treatment practically all had closed up.

At the end of my month's stay in the bandit-killing camp, I was fit enough to make the trip to another guerrilla camp not far from the Malacca Straits. Here I met several other officers, including an old buddy, Richard Broome. We had to kill eleven slow months in this camp, while we tried to contact Allied H.Q. in India.

Looking back on those wearisome months, it surprised me how little we quarreled—except occasionally over food. Yet we were living under the most difficult conditions it is possible to imagine: one or more of us was nearly always ill, often very ill; food was so short that we were usually hungry and what there was upset our stomachs; the unnatural existence in the gloom of the jungle was extremely trying to both health and nerves, and we had no work to occupy our minds or muscles. We seemed to be making no advance in our efforts to make contact with India. Such is the depressing effect of insufficient food and bad health that of my three and a half years in the jungle these months were by far the worst.

One afternoon, a guerrilla brought us two old car batteries that had been stripped from a disused Jap truck. Within a few minutes we had picked up All India Radio from New Delhi and were listening to the news. We heard—my diary records—that General Sir John Dill had died in the United States, that the Prime Minister of Japan had made the gloomiest speech ever uttered by a Prime Minister at war without actual surrender; that in the Philippines the Japs had lost 2,400 planes compared to the Americans' 400, and that twice the weight of bombs had been dropped on Cologne as the Germans had loosed on Coventry in November 1940. Antwerp and Budapest had been taken and all Greece was liberated.

The problem now was to arrange a submarine rendezvous. It was decided that Broome and I should work our way to a quiet part of the coast, where a sub could pick us up and take us from the Straits down to Singapore. From there, we could fly to Colombo, Ceylon, and report on the Malayan situation. But first we had to get to the coast.

The Navy agreed at once to our plan, and after considering the moon and tides, they proposed May 13 as the date for the pickup, and the pass and countersign words were also arranged to eliminate the possibility of Jap ambush. The submarine would send an armed "ferry party" ashore for us under cover of darkness. During the preceding day, if all was well, we would display a white sheet at the point where we wanted to be picked up.

Our first stop was an *atap* hut, where we sheltered from a violent thunderstorm and gale of wind. We must have heard nearly a hundred trees or branches come crashing down with a terrifying rending noise, and we were afraid that one of the enormous dead trees above our hut would come through the roof. I had another near escape that night. I heard a dry scratching noise beside my head and, not daring to move, I asked Broome to switch on his light; this revealed an enormous black scorpion crawling toward my face.

WITHIN two days we had reached the enormous crocodile-infested Perak River, which discharged into the Malacca Straits. We went downriver in a tiny rowboat, provided by Malayan patriots, hugging the bank all the way, to avoid river traffic.

On May 12, we landed on a strip of silver beach at the river's mouth. This was the rendezvous, and next day, May 13, was the great day. Broome and I had a bet of a dinner at the Galle Face Hotel, Colombo, as to which of us would see the submarine first. From 6:30 a.m. onward one of us held up the white flag in the middle of the bay, while the other watched the Straits with field-glasses from a rocky outcrop. At 7:10 Broome saw two bright flashes, as of reflected sunlight, far out to sea and at the same time we heard the noise of distant aircraft. After that the morning dragged interminably. What had happened to the sub?

AS our white flag must have been visible for at least ten miles out to sea, we decided only to show it for a minute every quarter of an hour. Suddenly, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the periscope quite clearly out beyond the middle of the bay. We rushed to the sheet and raised it, standing conspicuously naked by it, looking as white as possible. The periscope then came up again about six to eight feet out of the water and very close in.

That evening we were all ready by six o'clock, though we had seen no sign of the submarine since three and assumed that having had a good look at us, she was lying up further out to sea. At seven o'clock we started flashing our red torch as arranged, at first each quarter of an hour and then, when the appointed time (8:30 p.m.) passed, every five minutes. A new moon was shining over the Straits as it grew dark, but it soon set, and as the stars were hazy the visibility was poor and now we could only just make out the arms of the bay. At 9:15 p.m., I saw an indefinite dark shape in the very center of the bay, and a moment later we heard a hail, "Ahoy!" Straining our eyes, we could just make out what appeared to be a boat with two men in it.

We collected our gear and ran to the edge of the water. Over the still surface of the sea came the password, "How are your feet?" We replied with the countersign, "We are thirsty." Then they came back, "You will have to swim: we have got no boat." At first I thought it was a leg-pull on their part, as it seemed to us we could see the boat, but when we had made them repeat it twice, I realized that what we saw was the submarine itself. Broome was a very weak swimmer, but under these circumstances I think anybody could have swum—and Broome swam. As we clambered over the slippery, barnacle-covered side of the submarine, up the stays and over the rail, I realized that what I had thought was a small boat with two men on board was actually the hull itself with the three-inch gun and conning tower silhouetted.

Our wet Chinese garments were taken away to be dried. A bottle of whiskey was opened in our honor, and we introduced ourselves, trying to appear as if we were in the habit of being picked up in the night by a submarine.

On May 19, in Trincomalee harbor, we tied up beside the submarine mothership. We went to one of the Force 136 camps, where we had a bath, shaved off our beards and mustaches, sent our Chinese clothes to the incinerator, and drank large quantities of gin.

The same afternoon we flew back to Colombo, but I did not see much of the view. I was far too busy reading the first mail I had for three years and five months. ***

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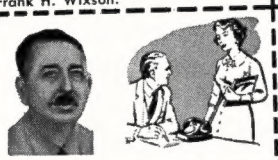

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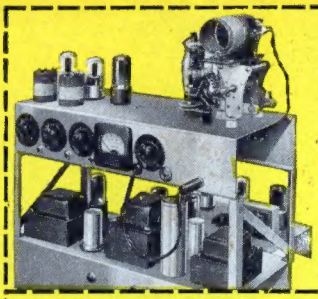

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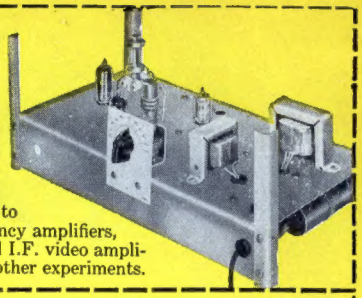

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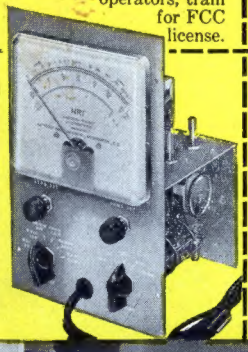

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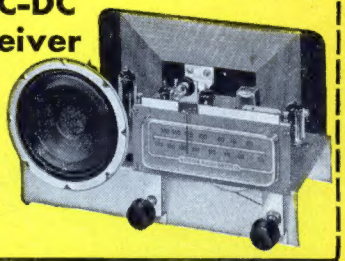

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